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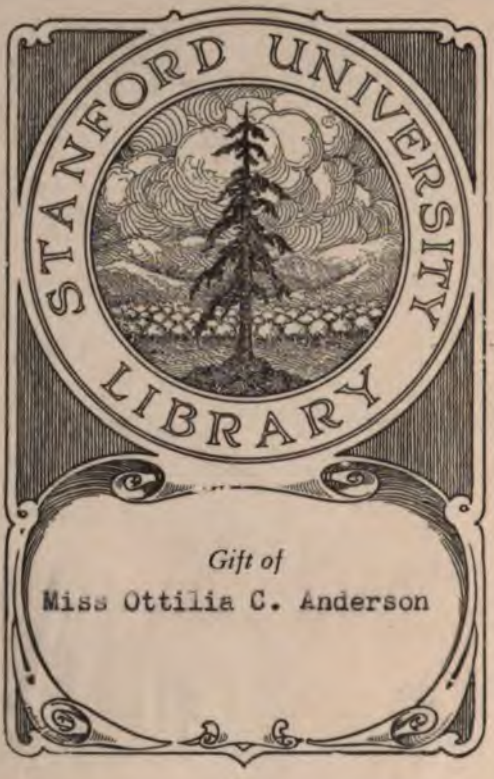
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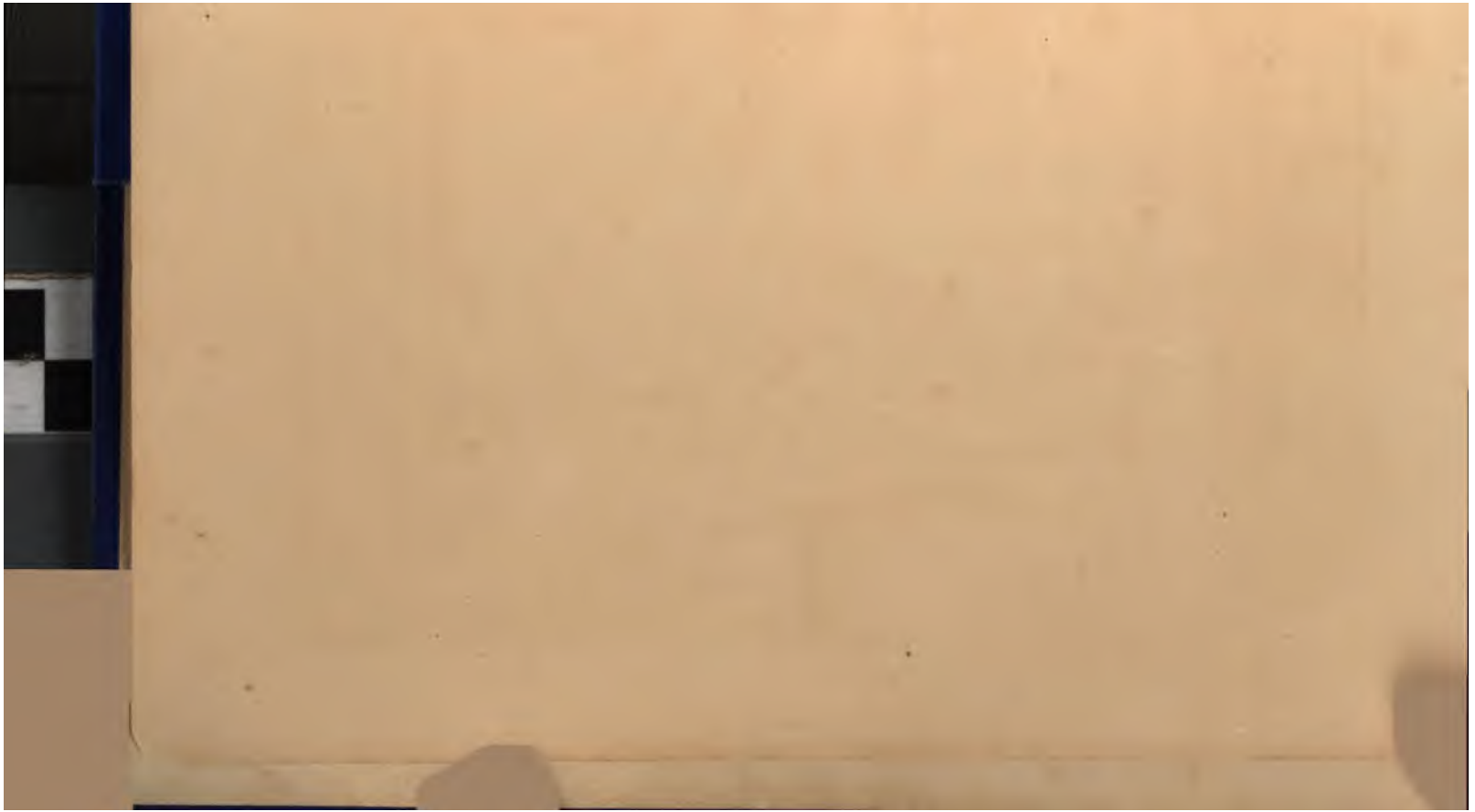

METROPOLITAN LIFE UNVEILED
OR THE
NEW YORK,
SHINGTON CITY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
SALT LAKE CITY,
NEW ORLEANS,
MYSTERIES AND MISERIES
OF
AMERICAS GREAT CITIES.

MYSTERIES AND MISERIES

OF

AMERICA'S GREAT CITIES,

EMBRACING

NEW YORK, WASHINGTON CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, SALT LAKE CITY, AND NEW ORLEANS.

By J. W. BUEL,

Author of "Border Outlaws," "Heroes of the Plains," "Exile Life in Siberia," etc., etc.

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PROLOGUE.

WHY THE VEIL HAS BEEN UPLIFTED.

THE following pages, descriptive of five distinct phases in American civilization, have been prepared solely for purposes of enlightenment, which, it is my earnest hope, may be regarded in the light of wholesome revelation. While the descriptions are devoted to unmasking social evils, they are not prompted by pessimistical reflections, but rather to show the dark and ominous sides of national life, that the beauties of refinement and purity may appear nobler by comparison.

The rich are too often painted with colors which fawning sycophancy delights to use, and are made subjects for adulation even though their virtues be the bane of society. I have, therefore, sought to dispel illusions, and present pictures of vice which may serve a useful purpose in estimating metropolitan life.

The labor involved in this work has not been altogether pleasant or agreeable to my better feelings. Recognizing the importance of faithfulness in my descriptions, and to familiarize myself thoroughly with the subjects treated, I visited personally the cities of NEW YORK, WASHINGTON CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, SALT LAKE CITY and NEW ORLEANS, and remained an appreciable length of time in each, studying the phases of their social life.

No apology shall be offered for the language herein employed, for I have diligently striven to avoid pruriency by using chaste euphemisms when the subject was of offensive character. My motive is none other than a wish to enlighten the public upon matters which, if universally understood, would be a blessing to all humanity, by mitigating misery, restoring domestic and social con-

fidence, and by keeping pure the morals of our youth.

In describing the hidden or secret vices of city life, I have tried to remove the seductive masks which sin assumes and expose its hideous deformities. The pitfalls of depravity are on every side, how important then is the duty of those who know them, to erect sign-boards of warning that none may fall therein.

"Sin is a monster of such hideous mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

It is the sentiment expressed in this popular couplet that has prompted and directed me in the preparation of this volume, and if I succeed in turning one soul from a dangerous contemplation of alluring vices, or influence one to an honorable life, it will be a full measure of compensation for this labor.

I have to acknowledge obligations to J. M. Dorcy, Esq., New York's most noted detective, for services rendered me while visiting the Metropolis, and also to John Avon, Esq., a world-famous detective of San Francisco, who gave me such valuable assistance in my studies of Chinese life. Mr. Avon was guide to President Hayes, and also to Gen. Grant and party, during their trips through Chinatown, and his knowledge of the imported Orientals causes his services to be sought by all distinguished people visiting San Francisco. In Salt Lake I had the cooperation of so many prominent Gentiles that it would be tedious and a needless sacrifice of space, to mention them individually. Washington City and New Orleans are familiar to me through repeated visits on journalistic missions. Whatever may be the omissions in this work, absolute reliance may be placed on the truth of every description and declaration it contains. With what success my self-allotted task has been performed, I leave for the judgment of my readers.

J. W. B.

ST. LOUIS, April, 1882

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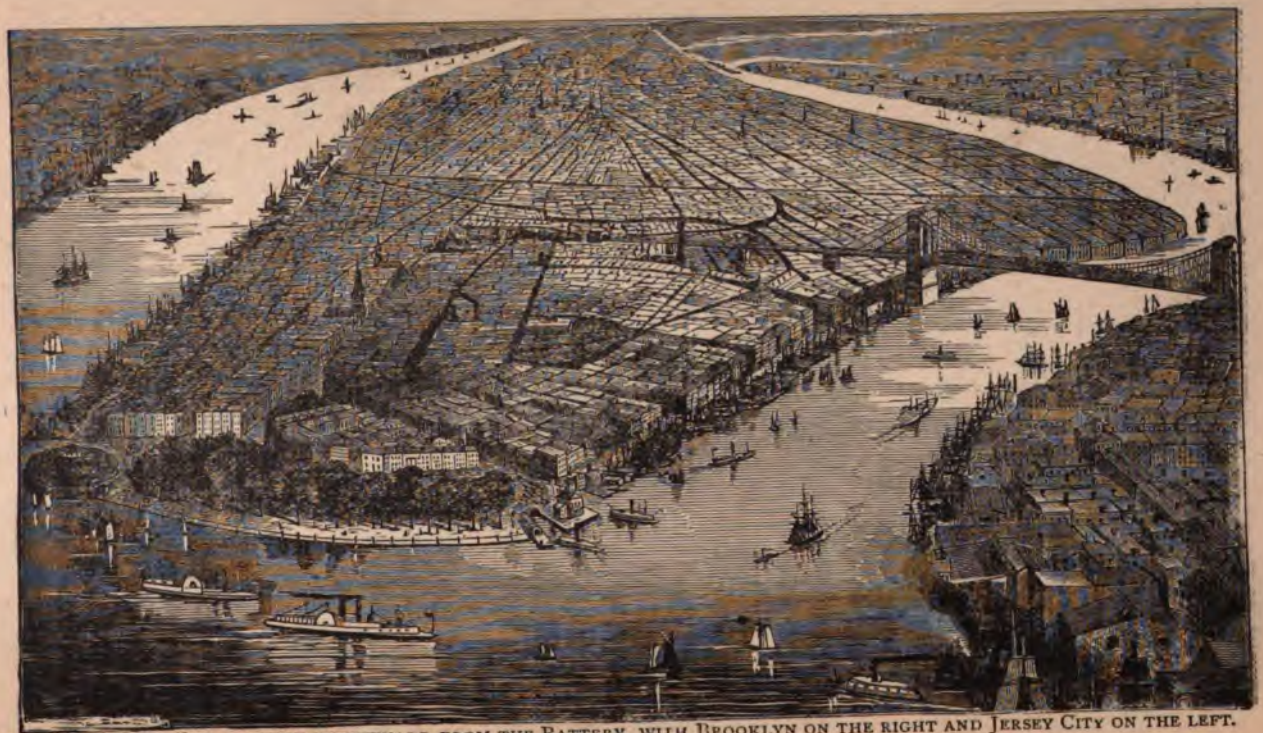


 NEW YORK CITY LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM THE BATTERY, WITH BROOKLYN ON THE RIGHT AND JERSEY CITY ON THE LEFT.

MYSTERIES AND MISERIES

OF

AMERICA'S GREAT CITIES.

NEW YORK CITY.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT MAELSTROM OF VICE.

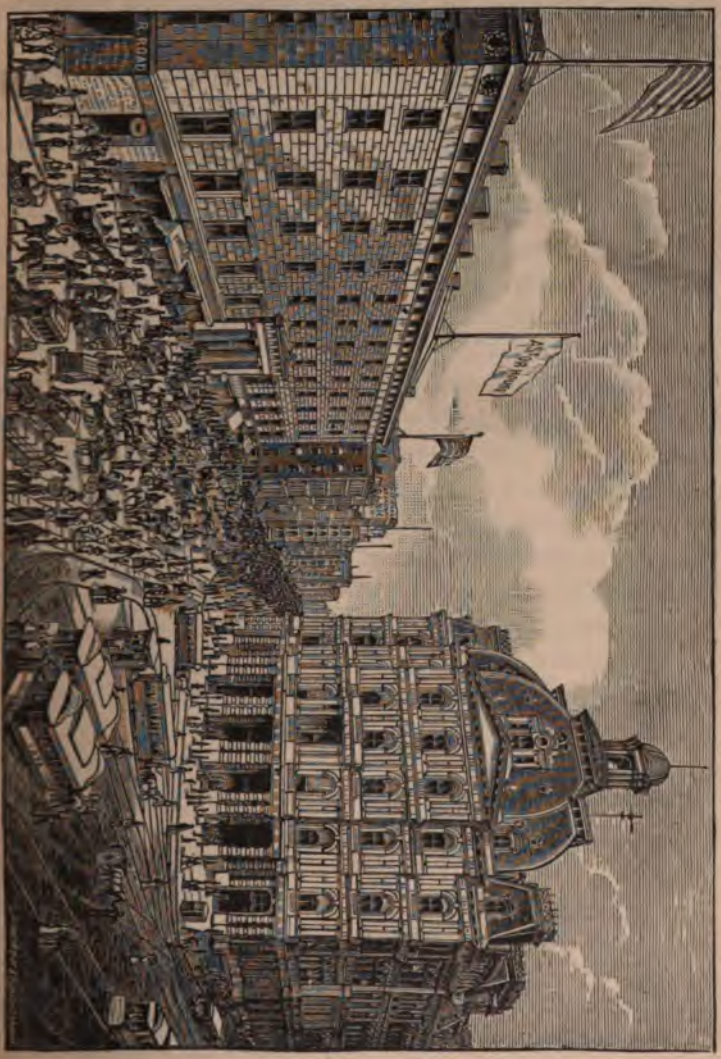
First in the category of American cities stands that of New York; first in size, first in wealth, and first in all the abominations which curse humanity. It would be unfair to say that New York is exceptionally full of iniquity, without adding some qualifying words in explanation; but with a proper understanding of the causes, it can be said with all truthfulness that she is no less a great Metropolis of blighting vice than the grand commercial and monetary mart of the nation. Being the largest and busiest city on the continent, she is naturally a lodestone, which attracts almost irresistibly the moving tide of men and women who, in their efforts to improve their condition, draw on their fertility of resource, and thus become authors of cunning schemes and bold adventures.

There is hardly a woman in America who does not have some longing to visit the nation's Metropolis, and this feeling is the consequence of a marked difference between the sexes, viz.: every man is more or less ambitious to possess riches, but possession with him is rarely ever the goal at which he halts for the enjoyment

his accumulations might purchase; they serve rather to quicken his pace in mad ambition's race to heap riches on riches, like Pelion upon Ossa. *Per contra*, woman's happiness is in spending; her day dreams and aspirations are all linked to a desire for multiplying her charms; money has no value to her beyond its purchasing power; she can never extract pleasure from a sight of her treasures, handling bank-bills, or estimating her resources with the view of investing them for larger additions. She is, therefore, in this respect, the very opposite of man, and in this difference her weaknesses are found, her temptations more apparent.

But what is peculiar to life in New York, is only less peculiar to other large cities in degree. I use the word "peculiar" in this sentence not in the sense of "distinguish," but having reference to the phases of which I write. Hence, I repeat, the giddy voluptuaries who find pleasure in guilty abandon and corrupt morals are not indigenous to New York, but flourish in only a lesser degree in all great cities, so that what is written of the Metropolis may also apply, in a general sense, to St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, or any other populous municipality.

The first visit to New York is always productive of a singular sensation — a realization of your utter inconsequence in the world; a feeling that every one who swells the crowd and rush of Broadway is of infinitely more importance than yourself, and that you are as much out of your sphere as though some mighty occult force had suddenly transported you to a strange planet, the inhabitants of which were rushing wildly about in their efforts to destroy themselves and every world in the infinite firmament. In such a mass of princes and beggars, natives and strangers, the visitor is kept dodging, halting and shuffling



BROADWAY, NEAR THE POST-OFFICE.

to avoid the pressing throng, which, though utterly unobserving, he believes are tickling themselves at his unsophisticated and ludicrous actions. The confusing rattle of 'busses and wagons over the granite pavement in Broadway almost drowns his own thoughts, and if he should desire to cross the street a thousand misgivings will assail him, for although he sees scores of men and women constantly passing through the moving lines of vehicles, it gives him little courage to attempt it himself, because his confidence has deserted him the moment he leaves the car that has brought him to the city. It happens, therefore, not infrequently that a stranger will suffer the pressure of a hurrying and jostling crowd on the sidewalk for an hour before plucking up sufficient resolution to attempt a crossing, and even when the effort is made he feels like shutting his eyes to hide from sight the result. If the visitor should chance to be the custodian of large funds, he clutches the wallet that contains them with many doubts of his ability to prevent their disappearance; he looks on every strange face with suspicion, which feeling he never exchanges for confidence until some one speaks familiarly to him, when his anxiety for companionship very frequently leads him to adopt a stranger for a friend, and makes him susceptible to the sharp practices of designing villains. To this very cause is due the fact that so many visitors are robbed, for though a man may be a resident of another large city, and familiar with the cunning ways of confidence men, being a stranger in New York he loses his composure and becomes often a ready victim through a desire to make acquaintance with some one, without requiring or considering antecedents.

What is true of men, with respect to their gullibility, is also true of women, only the latter are generally more easily beguiled for reasons apparent enough. Thousands

of women visit New York every month in the year without escorts or any knowledge of the city; many of them are prompted solely by curiosity,—perhaps the love of adventure and to establish some agreeable acquaintance; others conceive the idea that so large a city furnishes abundant means for innocent enjoyment, and that wealthy wife-seekers are as plentiful there as blackberries in harvest time. Some go to New York to gratify a longing ambition; some in search of missing friends, and thousands of beautiful but unfortunate young girls go there hoping to find honorable situations to support themselves, and perhaps sick and destitute parents. Heaven show pity for the latter!

The pretty woman who visits New York without a friend to counsel her, and without any knowledge of the city, is like one caught trenching upon the grounds of Giant Slay-Good. She may be full of resolution, and coronated with the jewels of chastity, yet the psychologizing influence of oppressive lonesomeness, the wiles of da-do young libertines, or, lastly, the seductive representations of gaudily robed and matronly appearing procuresses, will surely destroy her wholesome decisions and turn her into the path that leads away from God.

But with all the snares laid for the feet of young girls and beautiful women visiting New York, they are not half so successful in entrapping victims as is the influence of gold in accomplishing the spoliation of attractive women who are residents of the Metropolis. The almighty power of riches is a veritable harvester of virtue, while following close behind wealth is the deferential and persuasive gleaner who accomplishes his purposes by either effrontery, promises of marriage, his good looks, or sugar-coated protestations and love syllables. After the reapers and gleaners have passed through the fruit-

ing time of chastity, only wilted straws and stray buds remain.

I would not have the reader infer from this accusation preferred against New York society that there is no virtue in that great Metropolis. Far from it; for, while temptations are more numerous and seductive there, fortunately many women are born and reared in an atmosphere of such purity that their morals cannot be tainted even by a daily observance of practices which shame the name of woman. Thousands upon thousands of noble mothers and daughters are residents of New York, who live a life of God-loving charity and fidelity. In the above assertions I have reference to those who, from adverse lot, are forced upon their own resources and left to the mercy of mankind, a mercy which, in shame be it said, has no line of demarkation between it and destruction; a mercy such as the Jacobin judges showed for the Bastile prisoners, whom they ordered released, well knowing that in passing out of the gates to find their liberty they would at once be impaled upon the pikes of the enraged *sans culotte*.

CHAPTER II.

CLERICAL PARASITES.

THE social life of New York is so anomalous as to defy analyzation; it is antipodal in the abstract, and concretely indefinable. The rich, as a rule, are boorish and uncultured, while the moderate circumstanced compose a major portion of the city's intelligence and virtue. There are more insane people in New York in proportion to the population than can be found in any other city of Amer-

ica, and this fact is a patent illustration of the immense strain to which its citizens are subjected, and the deleterious effects of a fast and pre-eminently unnatural life. The business men are harassed by vast schemes which occupy their minds continually, save when a temporary surcease is found in the various intoxicating pleasures afforded by wine, women and cards. In fact their exhausting occupations make them more keenly sensitive and appreciative of guilty luxuries. The ladies, whose fortune has given them the means for entering high life, are subjected also to a strain of powerful tension; for the mandatory edicts of autocratic fashion require such a profusion of observances that domestic ties are perforce broken, and devotion is left to manifest itself wholly in dress, calls, societies or amours.

Love, among the upper-society classes of New York, is phenomenally scarce, save that love which fosters vanity or enriches prurient sentiment and destroys the foundation upon which the structure of a nation must rest—woman's fidelity and love of home. This is not to be considered as singular when the peculiar position they occupy is reflected upon. Having an abundance to gratify their desires, these society peacocks are rarely moved by laudable ambitions; they take little or no concern in their husbands' or fathers' business interests; they are so far elevated above the lowly, and their pride is so exaggerated by circumstances, that charity seldom finds an abiding place in their character. Besides all this, the shams, *liaisons* and obtrusive mannerisms practiced with such shameful popularity by leaders of society, afford sufficient apology for imitation, and by tacit compact the affection runs through nearly all of Gotham's aristocratic veins, and becomes a poisonous infection, for the cure of which there is no known antidote.

Drinking is even more popular in New York than gambling, because excited nerves require much feeding to stay the atrophy which succeeds at last, and in sorrow it may be truthfully added that the wine-bibbers are not all males. It is no uncommon sight to see a female, covered with the trophies of wealth and bearing the semblance of aristocracy in her rich apparel, drunk on the streets. Yet such exhibitions of depravity are exceedingly rare compared with the dissipation in which some of the city's best society indulge. There are female club-houses in abundance, located in *beau monde* quarters and furnished with an elegance and sumptuous splendor commensurate with the grade of its aristocratic members, where a society belle may indulge her beastly propensities without fear of intrusion. It is only after she becomes a slave to the appetite, incapable of appeasing her raving thirst, that displays of her weakness are seen on the street or in public bar-rooms.

It is but a step from the Circean cup to more debasing practices, and many a life is yielded up to licentiousness in the finest palaces of boundless affluence.

The rich people of New York are generally of two kinds: one being wealthy by inheritance, and the other by the sudden success of some speculation. Very few accumulate fortune by the slow means of accretion, as elsewhere, and fewer still through the exercise of purely professional occupations. A man may be the wisest of philosophers, the most profound of metaphysicians, or possessed of a sublime character for intelligence, honesty and perseverance, yet these qualifications would hardly yield him a competence, unless combined therewith he had the boldness to invest himself with some daring and unctuous scheme, or the æsthetic *la-de-da* affectation that would secure him admission

A CLUB-HOUSE HABITUE ON THE DOWN GRADE.

, has its connecting links welded by churc

All the *haut ton* are denominational mem
ıigh prices for their pews, and treat thei
Great Britain does her royal branches, witl
ıds, considering the ability and services
iage, in this high life, involves a display
r equal to the initiation of a Mormon
or more ministers are required to perfect t
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e they patiently wait until the operatic *in*
ged for the occasion opens the diaphanous
ellowing organ. Following this, the assi
counterfile, scatter natural flowers, and pe
s of acolytes in holding the immense tra
ing from gaudy bridesmaids, sweep down
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is is all proper enough, perhaps, and is r
to illustrate the foibles of human nature
lity of ministerial speculators in matrimon
nembered that all this *coup de theatre* i

like demand at fashionable funerals, where they pray with such effective influence that very often the compensation received adds several thousands to their bank account, not to speak of the rich and beautiful widows whom they are so frequently called upon to console. This decidedly congenial, not to say delicious, duty is the greenest and most fragrant spot in the ministerial pasture, and he usually cultivates it with wonderful assiduity. Sometimes, however, he begins the cultivation before it becomes a legitimate pasturage, and if prying neighbors or suspicious Uriahs arise to accuse him, there is always a verdict of vindication lying ready made out—lacking only the name, for which a blank is generously left—in the secret recesses of all church investigating committees. If, perchance, the matter should be brought into court for adjudication, money in abundance is contributed for the defence by members, male and female, whose acts make them peculiarly sympathetic for their beloved man of God. (?) Hence it is, that, whatever the amount or character of forbidden fruits plucked by a congregation's hero, the only punishment awarded is in the increased demands made upon his reserved forces by those anxious to test for themselves the full strength of his loins.

Before concluding this branch of an interesting subject, merely touched upon, lest some over-zealous high churchman should become doubtful of my godly piety, it is meet and comely that I should introduce the apology of nature for ministerial scandals. Pastors are nearly all good men by birth, and no less virtuous by latent inclination, but they are, nevertheless, made of flesh, blood and sinews, wherein lies their misfortune. They preside over a large circle of society, maintaining an attitude as peculiar as it is seductive and dangerous; a position which invites temptations stronger a thousand fold

than those which assailed Peter and Judas. With large salaries they must naturally enjoy brilliant associations, highly seasoned food and rejuvenating wines, until the blood glows, and goes leaping and dashing in its mad ambition, exciting every nerve, and swelling every vein and gland with excessive vitality. In this condition the minister, in pursuit of his duties, is compelled to receive a confiding congregation, male and female, singly and in coteries; beautiful women, who have feasted on the same rich viands, which draw Promethean flames that, in consuming, leave coals of fiercest fire that only love's consummation can assuage. In this forbidden and yet natural frame of feeling, the confidential relations of sheep and shepherd become *sacredly* peculiar, which is not at all surprising when the historical fact is considered that even the wisest man since the deluge could not forbear a guilty indulgence which his holy father practiced before him.

Who then shall throw the first stone or say that nature shall be placed in a restraint not contemplated by creation's alchemist, or forbidden by patriarchal example? It is deplorable that such things are obtruded upon the sacred offices of devout prelates, and though they be the product of false, yet permissible doctrines, the world must ever regard them as sensuous crimes which are surely disintegrating the strong pillars of religion. Money and piety are as oil and water, sin and holiness, black and white. The sage of ages has declared it, and two scores of centuries have furnished no example that does not confirm it.

The salaries and emoluments received by the ministers of fashionable congregations in New York City are almost princely, as will be seen by the following:

Dr. Dix, the rector of Trinity Church, receives a yearly

salary of $12,000, while his rents aggregate $4,000 more. His charge is considered as being the most aristocratic in the great Metropolis.

Dr. Morgan is in receipt of an $8,000 salary, but he became heir to a very large estate through the death of his father, who was a rich merchant of Hartford, Conn. His earliest success was largely due to the influence of Rector Berrian, into whose family he was to have married, but was prevented by the early death of his affianced wife. Neither of these two ministers is eloquent or learned; they have risen to their present positions entirely through the wealth they have commanded. Their salaries are a mere bagatelle compared with the gifts they receive from their congregations.

Roderick Terry is the youngest minister in New York, but being a son of John T. Terry, of the millionaire firm of E. D. Morgan & Co., he has been called to the pastorate of the South Reformed Church, at a salary of $5,000.

Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, is said to receive a salary of $20,000, in addition to which his marriage and funeral fees foot up a large sum. His congregation is not large, but almost every pew in his church is occupied by a millionaire. His parishioners have furnished him with a magnificent parsonage. He goes to Europe almost every year and has all his expenses paid. In the latter part of last year (1881), he inherited a large legacy, and may now be classed among the richest men of the city.

Dr. Newman, formerly of Washington City, has been recently called to the pastorate of Madison Avenue Congregational Church, at a salary of $6,000. Among the members of this temple of God and Mammon are Gen. Grant, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, and other chief sinners who need saving grace and are able to pay for it.

Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, draws a salary of $12,000 a year, but his income reaches about $20,000, receiving, as he does, from $100 to $200 a night while on a lecturing tour. He is thoroughly domesticated, and, it is said, lives within his means.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is in receipt of an annual salary of $25,000, and charges from $200 to $250 for each of his lectures. Notwithstanding he is comparatively well to do, he very rarely gives his services free. In addition to this, he makes a good deal of money from his literary pursuits.

Rev. Dr. Justin D. Fulton, who preaches at the old rink in Brooklyn, gets $3,000 a year and his emoluments are quite large. He has the reputation, however, of being a ready spender, and rarely has a balance on the credit side of his account.

Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, has a good living, and cannot be removed from his pastorate, the church having been permanently endowed by the Vanderbilt family. Besides, at the death of the commodore, he inherited $50,000. Dr. Deems leads a quiet, retired life, and is looked upon as a comparatively rich man.

*Dr. Bellows has a rich congregation. He is regarded as an eloquent divine. His income, derived from numerous sources, is set down at between $30,000 and $40,000 a year. A few years ago one of his parishioners bequeathed him a large legacy, the specific amount of which cannot be ascertained.

Dr. Ormiston's church on Fifth avenue, is also attended by some of New York's wealthiest citizens. His salary is $10,000 a year, in addition to large annual gifts from his congregation.

Dr. Thomas Armitage, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, receives a salary of $10,000 a year. He makes

*Dr. Bellows died on the 31st of January, 1882.

annual trips to Europe, where he spends a great portion of his time. He is highly esteemed by his congregation, and is yearly made the recipient of munificent gifts, which range up in the thousands.

Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, is paid $12,000 a year. He has been with his present congregation for thirty-five years. During the year 1881 he was presented with $35,000, or $1,000 for each year of his services.

Dr. William Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, receives a salary of $8,000 a year; but it is asserted that this amount is almost quadrupled by annual gifts, marriage fees, etc.

Dr. Elder, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, is considered one of the wealthiest ministers in the city. For a long period he acted as pastor of two churches, and drew a salary of $10,000 from each of them, and being of a thrifty disposition, he accumulated much wealth, which was augmented by a number of large legacies left him by some of his parishioners.

Rev. Howard Crosby has inherited large estates. He is one of the leading law and order clergymen of the city. The services which he renders to the State are given gratis, which philanthropy has been rewarded by large bequests on the part of the members of his congregation.

Rev. John Cotton Smith, while he receives but $12,000 a year, is reputed to be very wealthy. His congregation is composed of some of the oldest and wealthiest families of New York, whose annual gifts to their pastor are very large.

Rev. Henry C. Potter of Grace Church, it is stated, has a salary of $10,000. His congregation, though not large, are all wealthy, and frequently give the reverend gentlemen as much as $2,000 for a wedding. Outside of

all this he is rich, and spends six months of the year in Europe.

All of these highly fed and princely paid ministers have little to do, and labor only when the disposition invites; they live luxuriously, support a retinue of servants, and generally deliver their sermons by reading from manuscript. Few of them ever charged their audience with divine sentiment or ever reclaimed a sinner; they are rarely known to contribute a mite for charity, and live in an exclusiveness of splendor, following the bent of wills surcharged with unrighteousness.

But I would not have the reader infer that there are no really devout Christians among the ministers and women in New York, for I rejoice in the assurance that there are not a few who are laying up treasures where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt." God has not entirely forsaken New York, for even in the worst by-ways of that sin-corrupted city he has placed many of his loving followers where they pour out in abundance their heaven-distilling acts of virtue and charity by day and night.

There is a veritable host of ministers in New York, who are known by the title of missionaries, that may be found prevailing with the fallen and wrestling with sin in all its shapes, who receive for their hard and trying labors salaries ranging from $800 to $1,200 yearly. To them and the work of noble mission-women is due all the credit for whatever conversions are made in the Metropolis, and yet their names are never seen in print, because—they are poor!

When shall the money-changers in the Lord's temples be scourged again?

CHAPTER III.

CONCERT HALLS AND BEER GARDENS.

WHILE New York is a solitaire setting of wealth in our wonderfully rich commercial signet, she has a full share of vagabondage, extreme poverty, low dives of iniquity, and pest houses of abomination, which almost shame mankind. California, in the worst days of '49 to '56, was a sovereign millennium compared with the civilization of such places as Baxter, Water and Bleecker streets of Gotham, or in the district bounded by Fourteenth and Twenty-second streets and Fourth and Seventh avenues, known as the Twenty-ninth Precinct. In these quarters the criminals of every class find a rendezvous, and always meeting congenial associates there, the place has become a headquarters, at which councils are held, and nearly all the robberies in New York planned.

There are many dangerous places in the Metropolis, so dangerous in fact, that officers of the law venture to penetrate the dark alleys of the districts only when they have reinforcements in reserve, and necessity compels them. Murder and garroting are crimes of almost nightly occurrence, but as the perpetrators have ample hiding places for dead bodies conveniently near, the victims of slung-shot, sand-bag and knife are rarely found.

Friends of missing men compose a considerable class of New York visitors; they report the disappearance of those for whom they are in search to the police, having traced the missing ones to New York, but it is only on rare occasions that the search proves successful, however vigorously prosecuted by officers and friends. If the victim perishes from the blow of a sand-bag, his body is carried to some street several squares from the spot where the

murderous act was committed, and there subjected to a scrutinizing search for valuables; the body is also stripped, especially if it should be well clothed, and the raiment thus secured is sold to a second-hand clothing dealer, who manifests no anxiety to know from whence the articles come or who his patrons are. These garments are carefully cleaned and repaired, and if they have any peculiar color or characteristics of style

KIT BURNS' DOG-PIT (now extinct).

they are dyed or altered, so as to prevent detection, and then displayed for sale. After the body is stripped it is then carted off again, and, should cries have escaped the victim's lips when the murderers were upon him, in order that suspicion may not be excited and pursuit given that would lead to the clothing dealer, the bloody remains are frequently taken back to a spot not far removed from the place where the

fatal deed was perpetrated, and unceremoniously dumped; for when it is found and brought under a coroner's investigation, the cause of death is hard to determine; and if the body be that of a stranger a verdict of death from apoplexy or heart disease will answer, after merely viewing the features. If the murder is accomplished by some blunt instrument the victim's remains generally go to North or East river, for it may be easily inferred that it was a case of suicide, and that the contusion was caused by a passing harbor steamer. But should a knife be used, the body is thrown into the nearest vault or sewer. Sometimes it happens, however, that the victim, whatever the cause of his death, is carted, directly after the body grows cold, to one of the many medical colleges, where it becomes a subject for clinical experiment.

With the reader's assent we will now make a tour of the Metropolis, and pay a special visit to some of the more noted dives of this dreadfully wicked city. It must be understood that New York of to-day is very different from Gotham of ten years ago. The notorious Five Points has become a quiet and almost respectable vicinity, its worst features being found in the poverty of its dwellers, who are almost exclusively Italian. The persistent labors of many zealous Christian missionaries have established the emblems of universal love and brotherhood in scores of places, which were only a few years ago distinguished throughout the English speaking world for revolting crimes and savage ribaldry.

Let us first take a stroll through Water street, which was less than five years since a very cess-pool of iniquity. There was not one respectable family resident along its entire length, and the jolly marines who rendezvoused in its thousand purlieus made day and night alike hideous. Fights and murders were so frequent as to excite scarcely

a passing interest; and the women, who warmed into excitement these pursuivants of the sheet and anchor, were so repulsive in their exceeding degradation as would almost make a gentleman heave his heels to look on them.

DANCE HALL ON WATER STREET.

We will not be witnesses of these atrocious and rheumy sights now, however, for the lowly followers of Him whose birth and inheritance was poverty, have been there before us and left the seal of law and righteousness.

We can view the house which for so long was known as "Kit Burns' Sportsmen's Hall," located at No. 273 Water street. This place was once an eating cancer on the body municipal, and within its crime begrimed walls have been enacted so many villainies, that the world has wondered why the wrath of vengeance did not consume it. But with all its festering and mephitic odors and criminalities, together with its votaries of Jezebel and Nana Sahib, the proprietor prospered and waxed rich. His rat and dog pits were known far and wide, and nowhere could the molochs and thugs find such delectable divertisement as Burns' pits afforded.

Let the praise be given bountifully to the noble men and women whose exalted services have sanctified this evil spot and turned it into a Mission which is one of the most successful now in New York. Instead of the obscenities and debauchery which distinguished Burns' Hall for so many years, we now hear anthems of praise swelling up from hundreds of little throats, and the voice of godliness proclaims from a sanctuary the grace of Him who works mysteriously but always with charity.

Of the large number of concert saloons and *maisons de joie* which once lined Water street, only two remain as reminders of the past and its gross iniquities. There is one kept by a faded old slattern at No. 337½, which we will enter for a moment's observation. The deserted appearance is marked as we step upon the threshold, though our reception has some elements of warmth in it. There is a bevy of eight highly painted and seasoned girls, in a theatrical make-up of tights and tonsorial stockings, reeling through a mechanical dance, as badly lacking grace as the fiddle, bass-viol and harp, attuned by three wild looking gin-guzzlers in a raised corner, are of harmony. As we advance toward the bar in the rear way, many flatter-

ing remarks are passed upon us by the besotted females, which give unmistakable expectation that we have come either to treat, or on more reprehensible business; our appearance, however, is too respectable to suggest the latter, so we "stand treat," and shy off to avoid the caresses which are proffered, after which, learning from the madame that business is distressingly dull since the missions were established, we take our departure.

Going north two squares we turn on James street, and passing through a file of wretched men, women and children, one half drunk and the other half crazy, we will stop at No. 96 and take a peep at the interior of another concert hall very unlike the one just visited. There is a furious noise inside, made by clanging cymbals, explosions from a bass-drum, and the tooting of horns. A combined smell of garlic, pretzels, bologna and Limburger leaves no possible room for doubt respecting nationality and patrons, though suspended from a rope, which encircles the room, is a display of national bunting comprehensively cosmopolitan.

Though many of the surroundings are eminently Teutonic, yet a glance suffices to show that the gay revellers may claim a varied nativity. Sailors, however, predominate, and we cannot suppress a generous smile while watching the mazy varsouviennes, rigadoons, waltzes and the saturnalia and wassail. There are more than a score of brightly dressed bawds, each giving a cunning display of bust and limbs while whirling through the room in lascivious suggestiveness. The male participants, in partial intoxication, exhibit no sensitiveness, and every girl who has a partner regards whatever charms she may possess as legitimate property for critical and prying inspection, showing as little sense of modesty as a gelding. This hall bears the patriotic title, "Flag of our Union,"

and the display of variegated gonfalon makes the name peculiarly appropriate.

In order to depart without exciting undue attention or insult we must minister to the remorseless cravings of the girls who have infested us since our entrance; this is best accomplished by calling for two dollars' worth of stale beer, or ten wine-glasses full of that demoralizing

JOLLY TARS AT "THE FLAG OF OUR UNION."

liquid at the very reasonable rate of twenty cents each. This acts like a ticket of honorable exit, and leaving the place, which has a thousand prototypes, we stray around to Chatham Square, and drop into the Sultan Divan. There are some attractive features in this concert resort and beer garden, for its domiciliaries are rather

handsome, and are arrayed in silk crinoline cut decidedly *decollette*, with skirts to match. Immediately beneath a pretty corset, half revealing, may be seen enough to excite a wish for larger audience, but the girls affect a coyness that assimilates surprisingly well with their business, which is illustrated by the anxiety a stranger almost invariably manifests. These girls can serve you with wine or beer in a manner a novitiate would declare perfectly divine; at the same time they appear so young and innocent, with just a perceptible disposition to venture within speaking distance of impropriety! Sometimes they may be prevailed upon to sing a song—a nice, every-day, warranted to wash kind of a ditty, that may have a very indistinct insinuation, which leads a dull fellow to think, how decidedly clever she is!

The waiters at the Divan are peculiar in one respect, to thoroughly appreciate which it is necessary to try the experiment. A good-looking, charming young man, with plenty of money and allective graces, is privileged to indulge in any conversation he may desire with any of these girls; may, indeed, make assignations, to which request an appointment is readily granted. When the proceedings have gone thus far the young man will always spend a goodly sum for wine or other drinks, passing the waiting time thus in patronizing the bar; for remember, none of these girls can leave their places until after midnight. When the wished-for hour arrives, the young man is told to go outside and abide the coming of his selected companion. He obeys with alacrity, and stands there, too, until he realizes his deception and that he has been badly sold. The girl, however, has made a handsome profit on the drinks she has sold him, for all barmaids receive a commission of twenty per cent. on their sales. This cunning scheme is one that the Sultan Divan

girls have practiced since the place was established, and they have long since found that it pays much better than criminal receptivity.

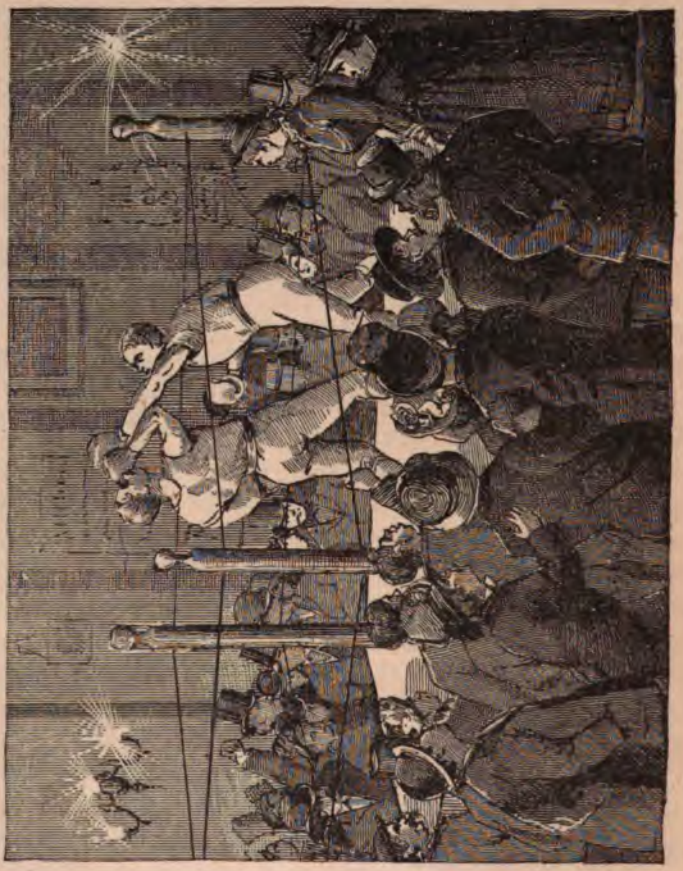
Not far from the Divan is the Atlantic Garden, the largest place of the kind in New York. Its specialty is a band of female minstrels, all of whom dress with most captivating taste and play their silver instruments with real excellence. The proprietor of this enterprise came to New York several years ago *sans* money, credit and everything. He began life in America as a beer slinger and gradually worked up until he established the Garden which has yielded him such large revenue that he is now one of the Metropolitan millionaires. The place is quite orderly and is entirely free from all the naughtiness usually indulged in at beer gardens.

From Chatham Square our steps will turn into the Bowery, when it will be only proper, if we really desire to see the sights, to visit Owney Geoghegan's establishment, which is a sporting hall, in some respects a prototype of Kit Burns', except an absence of rat and dog pits. Geoghegan's saloon occupies a two-story building and on each floor there is a raised platform surrounded by stakes and ropes, making a prize-ring of twelve feet square. This ring is used for short-haired, fistic artists who assault and batter each other for the delectation of an enormous crowd of roughs who day and night besiege the hall.

We press ourselves inside and soon become a part of the swollen, gibbering and intoxicated legion that infest the bar and surround the boxing stage. We have but a few moments to wait before two men, wearing the livery of brutality and dark ages, are seen mounting the stage, together with a fluffed-faced manager, who makes the following proclamation:

"Gintlemen: It gives me pleashure to introojuce ye to

Patrick Ryan and Barney O'Shaunessy, two ov the bist men now in the proofeshen. Both men have a re-cord as long as a telegraf wire and wid twice as much lightnin'.



OWNEY GEOGHEGAN'S SPORTSMEN'S HALL.

Ef yeall gev the byse a fair show, by baan quiot, they'll throy and knock the time out av ach ither in a way I pledge ye me wurd will ba highly amusen; afther which we'll all take a dhrink ov Ballemoyne's bist."

With this well-cheered introductory speech concluded, the two professional sluggers, who are dressed only from the waist down, fall to, in an apparently vengeful style, and thrust, slap and bang each other, while every well delivered blow elicits the wildest cheers and encouraging phrases from the motley audience. In all such encounters there is seen a division of sentiment which finds display in epithets and abuse: "That's a daisy;" "See the bloke take a tumble;" "Good, Barney, hand him enuther under the chin;" "Handy Pathrick, show him how they brand a landlord at Balingbroke;" "Hurrah, furst blood for the yellow legged chicken," etc., etc. At the same time there is so much yelling and vociferating from the almost frenzied assemblage that Gehenna is like a Quaker meeting in comparison. The hot and stifling atmosphere of such a place may easily be imagined, which is altogether better in imagination than in experience. The air is fairly resonant with hissing fumes of villainous whiskey, stale beer, flat wines and decomposed breaths. The faces around us are worse than those seen in a bench show of pugnacious dogs, and instinct teaches us to have a care for our nickels, for our pockets are in imminent danger. Up stairs and down the same scenes are witnessed, and being quite contented with a view of one section of this mundane Hades we will get out by the best and most expeditious route, not forgetting to give thanks for our escape from brutal assault.

Not far from Geoghegan's hall, in the busiest part of the Bowery, is a small oyster and clam market, occupying a spot adjoining an old shanty where Reddy, the Blacksmith, once held his court of thieves and murderers. This little market-place covers a triangular piece of ground, which, strange to say, is neither municipal nor individual property. Those who use it are occupants

solely under squatter rights, but this title is of diurnal duration, like Shakespeare's pocketbook: "'Tis mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands."

If we estimate the importance of our visit to New York by the *outre* and degrading sights we shall witness, a visit to Harry Hill's theatre, on the corner of Houston and Crosby streets, must not be neglected. Therefore, in pursuance of our determination, we leave the Bowery and climb a pair of stairs which have their ascent from the interior of Hill's saloon. At the moment our eyes fall upon Harry's aggregation of song and minstrelsy, purveying to a mixed assemblage of bilks, blokes and *canaille*, our gorge almost rises at the fumes and depravity before us.

Harry Hill sees that we are strangers, and with much courtesy conducts us to a seat which commands an excellent view of the house. On the stage is a double quartette of men and women, the former being in the disguise of low-down Ethiopians, while the latter are quite evil enough appearing without any aid of costumer or diabolizing painter. In fact, the girls must surely have been born with unnatural homeliness, and grown uglier every day of their lives thereafter. One of the more weazened, shattered voiced, debilitated travesties on women starts a song which is to the audience a palatable sandwich between the rhodomontades of alleged negro jokes. Turning our eyes from the stage, however, we will roll our vision to the wine room on the left, and in there we shall see something, which if not more refining is at least less monotonous. There are several young girls, fairly well dressed, apparently extracting comfort from the laps in which they loll, sipping wine between obscene conundrums, and laughing immoderately at suggestive stories. Modesty forbids that I should tell the

rest, for prying hands too oft indulge in dalliances not to be described; but while refraining from expression we do all the more thinking, though our conclusions must be a comforter to none save ourselves.

THE PARQUETTE AT HARRY HILL'S.

Harry Hill has acquired a large fortune exhibiting the human menagerie of animal natures which he manages, and his name is familiar to nearly all Americans. Though his patrons belong to the most infamous classes, he suffers

no one to be robbed in his establishment. He was formerly a professional prize fighter, and has a large acquaintance among the thugs and thieves, who regard him with such feelings of friendship that none of them ever transgress the rules of his house. Besides this, Harry is familiar with all the tricks of the Metropolian thieves, and his eyes are ever on the alert. Should he discover any attempt at pocket-picking or swindling, the thief would suffer a dreadful punishment at the pugilist's hands. His influence, however, ceases the moment his patrons leave his premises, and the hall is therefore used for plotting hundreds of robberies which occur within a stone's throw of, and upon men just leaving, the theatre.

Theo. Allen's concert and dance house is located in a basement on Bleecker street. Allen acquired much fame by the title given him seveal years ago when missionary work first began on a redoubtable basis among the foul and impious denizens of Five Points. He kept a den at No. 304 Water street, which was so festering with infamies that the full effect of missionary work was turned upon him, but it at first only served to give him the distinguishing cognomen, "Wickedest man in New York." This name proved to him a capital prize in fortune's lottery, for his place at once assumed a popularity never before nor since enjoyed by any saloon-keeper. He received the mission laborers with becoming generosity, gave them liberty to conduct sacred meetings in his barroom, and even compelled his besotted scarlet women to attend the services. At length Allen professed repentance and went to lecturing publicly, but he kept the saloon until he found it advantageous to sell out to the missions, when, having netted more than $100,000, he cracked his fingers at the world and changed from low to high living. The result of this was approaching poverty in a few

years, when he again opened a house of prostitution, and now conducts a flourishing business, where we will visit him.

The room into which we have descended is an evidence

SCENE IN THEO ALLEN'S PIT.

of human endurance and vitality, for it is so pregnant with noisome vapors that to those who study life theoretically, — like the anatomist who acquires his physiological knowledge by clinics on a manikin, — suffocation

would result after about fifteen minutes' confinement in such pestilential and pyæmia producing exhalations. Nevertheless, this inferno is always crowded after nightfall with a bacchanalian throng of debased humanity. The women, who are compelled to live in such a poisonous atmosphere and drink for the profit of the bar, are like wraiths of consumption and fever; their eyes are lustreless, their limbs shrunken, and despite the veneering of high coloring cosmetics, their skin is harsh and dead as parchment. Yet there are always men, young and old, who find enjoyment in the private society of these sapless hulks of womanhood, and who spend their time and substance whirling through mechanical waltzes with arms thrown tightly around their almost bloodless victims of direst vice.

Near the corner of Bleecker and South Fifth Avenue is a dive still lower than any we have yet visited, and since it is in the neighborhood of Allen's, let us drop in, taking the chances for our safe exit. This place has a double name; some of its patrons stick to the title, "Black and Tan Concert Hall," while a majority insist that the founder gave it the allective euphemism, "Chemise and Drawers."

This concert hall is also in a basement, and its patrons are chiefly descendants of Ham, or, rather, Americans of off color, though there is always a large per centage of white persons, male and female, mixed promiscuously with the pungent effluvium of the room. All fresh air being entirely excluded, and a red hot stove kept roaring in consonance with the singing and simmering water pan on top, there is some resemblance noticeable between the den and a Turkish bath sweating room. The Augean Stables, which for some thousands of years have held their reputation unsullied for obnoxious exhalations and

excrements, which only Hercules could endure, must lower their pennant in recognition of this modern compeer.

But despite the befouling odors and associations, we will essay an investigation of this putrescent *pot-pourri*. Passing along an ample hallway, in which the bar-room is located, along the counter of which is a closely packed row of drinkers, we halt in the rear, which expands suddenly into a ball-room. Here are negroes with white women for partners, and white men in the arms of oleaginous black wenches, all twirling in the lascivious waltz, to the music of fife, fiddle, banjo and piano. Streams of highly scented perspiration are seen tracing down the cheeks of the colored dancers until the exhalations can almost be felt as well as smelt; indeed the spiritual part of the occasion rivals a convocation of excited pole-cats, but the participants are unconscious of everything save the fun in hand, and even our weakened stomachs are partly forgotten in amazement at the loud sounding osculations of a buck negro practicing on a white girl's cheeks. When the dance is concluded the enraptured couples march up to the bar, and sometimes to a strictly retired part of the house, but they generally appear again and keep up their wild orgies until dawn.

This place is one of the filthiest in the city of New York, and this very fact and reputation renders its proprietor a most profitable service. Visitors to Gotham who seek the rare, though degrading sights seldom fail to call at the "Chemise and Drawers," and as all callers are expected to treat as a compensation for admittance the bar gathers a goodly patronage from the large number of these chance customers.

Before concluding our tour of the concert halls of the Metropolis, we must visit one of the higher grade, where our sight may be regaled, and the unpleasant effects of

CREMORNE GARDEN AT MIDNIGHT.

the places we have aleady examined may be in part effaced.

The most high-toned concert and beer-garden is perhaps the Cremorne, located on Thirty-second street near Broadway, though the Haymarket, which is only two blocks below, and Buckingham Palace, on Twenty-seventh street, are also very fine places and have an enormous patronage.

The Cremorne Garden is magnificently furnished, the walls being set with immense looking-glasses, and heroic sized statues of several of the Grecian gods being placed at intervals in the grand room. On a gallery, which traverses the entire hall-width, half-hidden by a profusion of vegetation, is a band of sixteen pieces, discoursing elegant music. There are seventy-five tables for beer and wine services in the room, and at each table sits a girl charmingly dressed, who invites customers. Let us go over to this first table on the right, for I discover a very beautiful girl stationed there all alone. Look! she is beckoning to me and as there is at least an outward appearance of her being a dear charmer we can certainly find some amusement around that table.

Taking seats—there are four chairs at each table—I call for some beer, because it is cheaper than wine, and forthwith the girl raps for a colored waiter who, taking a check from the pretty bar-maid, disappears, but soon returns with our order. By way of engaging the girl in conversation I say :

"You seem to be quite young, and I declare you are very pretty ; how long have you been here?"

"Oh, I only started in this business a week since. How old do you think I am ?"

"About eighteen I should think "—though I knew she was at least twenty-three.

"You are a pretty good guesser, only missed it one year, for I am just seventeen."

"Say, my dear girl, you have a ravishingly lovely arm, so perfect in mould, and skin like the Georgian women."

"Do you really think so? I appreciate the compliment."

"I'll tell you what to do, go out West and your fortune will be made; for a pretty face never wants for admirers in that section. You could marry a millionaire gold-miner or cattle dealer in fifteen minutes after reaching Denver."

"Is that so? I'd like to go, but I have a poor old mother here who needs my support, and I can't leave her."

"Now, my dear, although I wear a sombrero, and have Western accent, don't try to play that poor-mother racket on me, for it won't wash any more than poke-berry colored calico. Say, tell me where you live and if this is your only means of support, for I see you wear the Fifth Avenue regulation clothes."

"If you'll buy a three dollar bottle of wine and go with me to the private wine-room, I'll tell you all you want to know; the proprietor won't let us leave our table unless our customers buy a bottle of wine. Come, now, won't you?"

"Well, I guess I won't, not to-night, for your story is like that of all other bar-maids; you've been too confiding, dropped the casket of your chastity and broken the jewel which few like you try to mend. My conversation has been for the benefit of my companions, who are visiting New York, and not for my edification."

It was thus we parted.

There are hundreds of other concert halls and beer

gardens in New York, but those we have visited, as described, are samples of the whole.

CHAPTER IV.

PROSTITUTION IN NEW YORK CITY.

PROSTITUTION, in New York, is one of the sciences, as well as the evils, with which legislation has had much to do in efforts for its suppression, while society has been even more active in its extension. It is a sin which, though the most blighting and debasing, is so general and infectious that we see it flaunting its scarlet colors in every by-way and aristocratic walk of our Metropolis. An evil that subsists solely by reason of the gain it secures or the lust it satiates, must thrive where society recognizes its prevalence and throws sweet morsels, like dainty pastries, to its votaries. Since the custom prevails of blaming only the weaker vessel for being broken by the stronger, the ministration of angels could not abate the crime of prostitution, and until the time shall come when the morals of men shall be held as sacred as those of women, we can entertain no hope for its eradication, or even curtailment.

As New York is the great centre of aggrandizement, so is she a swirling charybdis, forever drawing the hopes and ambitions of mankind to her vortex, and then scattering the debris throughout the realm of her influence.

By recent estimate, based on reports submitted from various charitable and municipal officers, Gotham has fifteen thousand registered prostitutes, and perhaps four

times that number of women who are secret followers of the destructive vice. By comparison, this aggregate is not so astounding, for it gives but one lewd woman to every eight, estimating the population of New York at 1,200,000, and one-half that number females. But the total of secret bawds cannot be approximated, and any estimate is therefore liable to be greatly exaggerated or underrated; hence the prevalence of prostitution must be considered as it appears on the surface, always having in view the surroundings which nourish it. For several reasons New York must have a larger percentage of licentious men and women than any other American city, as set forth in Chapter I., and also for one other reason, viz.: because her citizens have less regard for the private affairs of each other, and therefore have less restraint, than is exhibited by any other municipal population.

Under what circumstances do these women become Magdalenes, and how do they live?

In answering this question the whole subject of fallen virtue arises for consideration. Youth is the target at which man's most villainous shafts are directed, because it is more susceptible to blandishments, and because the magnetic currents of soul and sinew amalgamate more readily with the sensuous desires of man; a young heart is richer with love, and quicker to give its innocent trust.

Statistics show that a very large majority of fallen women begin their shameful life at the age of sixteen years and under, and nearly all of these are victims of a confiding trust in some loved one. In this great city, where temptations are so numerous, and disguised in so many alluring phases; where the bud and bloom of society is nourishing a worm that feeds unceasingly on the tenderest petals and sweetest pollen, can we wonder

at the sacrifice of virtue? Let us take an example and follow its subject to the borders of that mysterious realm which spirits only can explore:

A beautiful girl with the dawning flush of approaching womanhood mantling her innocent soul, a heart swelling with the rich and roseate romance of life, an eye that wistfully follows the lengthening, but laughing shadows of gathering years. On this picture I could gaze forever

LISPING THE FIRST PRAYER.

without tiring, for it brings before me a vision of my own young days; those halcyon hours when budding ambition just peeped above the purple horizon of life and left its first mark like a dew-drop in a bed of blushing roses. I can even now see a young girl turning the meridian of her sweetest years, clad in a celestial robe of purity, that glintens and gathers like the changing iris on

the feathered throat of a dove. Even her hair reflects a brilliant sheen, rippling in an early sunlight, as her foot is lifted to touch the shore, the floating isle of her morning dream. Could the god of ruthless and unpitying conquest, with devilish power, despoil that bank of violets whereon so guileless a child would rest her feet, and make the bewitching isle of love's first dream a shore of misery?

Looking back over the flowery pathway she has so lithesomely trodden, no dark clouds are visible; nothing but a bright vision of her blessed mother teaching an infant prayer:

"Oh, Lord, I am but a 'ittle child,
But teach me all dy ways to know;
'Teep me f'om sin, b'ess mamma too,
Dat in all doodness we may drow."

In a moment, as it were, this beautiful girl traverses the highway of youth to adolescence; she leaves a mother's sheltering wing to try her pinions, and make a short flight into the empyrean. Society now recognizes her as a *debutante;* young men seek her company and find it charming; but one of her admirers was born on a Friday, and nature, while giving him Hyperion's form, destroyed her work by endowing him with a villain's heart. But the heart is hid, and love never thinks of a magic looking-glass. Following society's practices, the young and trusting birdling becomes a frequenter of theaters, operas, social gatherings, receptions, always with the Hyperion-Satyr, who whispers in her willing ears soft stories, so thrilling when first heard, but frequently changing from honeyed phrases to the poisonous gall of wretched experience.

Familiarity succeeds the first protestations of love, and carriage drives, trips to Coney Island, or Long Branch, soon follow, far removed from parental care, which

gives a feeling of freedom from restraint. Late suppers, a little wine, charades, jests with double meanings, and other hidden snares gather around our lovable, beautiful and confiding girl, and bind her unsuspectingly.

Months of time may be spent devising schemes for the certain ruin of this innocent child—two hearts interchanging, one giving trust and holy devotion, the other nothing but lees of blackest villainy. At last the prey has been caught in silken meshes; at a ball, turning from the lascivious waltz to a wine table, while under the deadly effects of this social combination, devised by hell for the spoliation of virtue, unconscious of her own acts and flushed by warm embraces, she yields that priceless gem of womanhood to him who, gaining nothing, has left her poor indeed.

Where are the fires of heaven, or the thunderbolts of Nemesis? Can it be that there is no purgatory to punish this cannibal, this foulest vulture that ever tore flesh from a dead body? There must be a hell, else eternal life, the law of cause and effect, the adage "Time makes all things even," are all travesties and delusions, or the work of creation is yet incomplete.

Having gained his infamous purpose, this beast in human form gluts his sensuous maw and eulogises his own cunning, while the poor, trembling victim, with soul rolling in the fires of remorse, hugs her bosom lest that terrible secret should escape. In her own bed-room, she locks the door against intrusion and yet images of a threatening future arise in hideous phantom shape, and with fingers of scorn point to her withering ambitions and proclaim her obloquy. Still she trusts the leper that has infected her and looks anxiously forward to the promised marriage day. Poor thing! the roses you saw yester'en are dead; the sun of your dreamy morning is

THE FATAL LETTER.

veiled behind a black cloud: the beds of violets on that beautiful little isle have all faded, while the zephyrs of your golden summer day have changed to a simoom, blowing dead leaves in your face.

A letter comes to her; it is from the one she still loves most; how greedily she breaks the seal and reads! I see her face blanching, her fingers relax; look! help! she is gasping; why, heaven help us, the expected bride of a week has fallen in a swoon which is an excellent counterfeit of death; water, quick! and brandy; send for a physician, let no time be lost!

"My God! speak to me, child, oh, what shall I do? Darling, look up into your mother's face; my heart is breaking; heaven minister to me and my child." The agony of that fond mother who, unconscious of her daughter's shame, wrings her hands over the prostrate form, would make dumb pity speak, and patience weep tears like scalding rain.

The letter is discovered and the contents made known to her doting parents; they then look no further than a broken heart for unrequited love, recking nothing of the priceless sacrifice their trusting daughter had rendered up with all that soul of obedience shown by Abraham; yea, even greater, for she herself lay on the pyre.

Life came back again to the simple child, but it was a living without heart, an existence groveling in the shadows of despair; a life walking in eternal night; reading her epitaph in every flower, hearing no sound save the curses of leering imps, and looking nowhere save into phantom faces mocking her dishonor.

Alone, in the room where mother's love taught her that little prayer beside a sister who, too, was a pupil, she thinks of all those roseate hours, those beautiful jewels in life's garniture; of a mother's bounteous love

WILL GOD FORGIVE HER?

and care; of all the bright visions thrown out so vividly on the canvas of her youth, and then—of the bitter dregs; the searing conscience; the blasted hopes, and withered life. There, before her, lies that cruel letter, the seal of obloquy, and gazing on it through the windows of her tears she grasps the thought which steals into her brain like a wraith of murder—Lethe's waters roll at her feet and under its waves the soul reposes in forgetfulness. Once conceived, no hand can stay that dreadful purpose; softly she withdraws from a shelter prepared by mother's hands; out from the shades of honeysuckles and the perfumes of May flowers, she flies swiftly to the rolling beach or some towering cliff, and ends the beautiful life begun with cymbal and song and dying in tears and shadows.

CHAPTER V.

PROSTITUTION CONTINUED.

The story related in the preceding chapter is one repeated so often that it is commonplace, and yet, who can read so truthful a description without feeling that our society is like apples of ashes, and its practices dangerous to our youth? But the footsteps we followed led from a mansion of plenty, where the effect of precept and careful training would naturally appear. Let us now consider another illustration of the purveyor's artifice, the flesh-eating basilisk, who prowls at the wicket gate of virtue like a fox before the doors of a hennery:

Summer has come, and the hot rays of a burnished

sun pour down on brick and granite, steaming the streets and admonishing New York's sweltering hosts that cooling winds and fragrant odors can only be found in the country or at sea-side resorts. Many of the aristocrats, with pack and bundle, seek shades of comfort up in the New England villages, where rural simplicity disports itself in happy abandon. Not a few of Gotham's young men, of sporting proclivities, visit these Puritanical resorts because of the opportunities there offered for luxuriating in fields where youthful innocence extends a generous palm to all. They take advantage of this munificent hospitality and confidence, for to them a trusting heart becomes at once the key and door which gives entrance to that sacred shrine where purity has offered sacrifice for sixteen or more years; where sits the spirit of holiness that lights the lamp of love.

She is only a child, that nurses a fond ambition; a little girl looking away from the fireside and swinging crane, clothed in humble apparel, day dreaming. She casts her sweet young eyes down the lane of futurity which leads to a large, green plain, fruitful of heraldry and gay, plumed knights; beyond this scene rise the domes and spires of a great city, in the center of which is a wondrous palace populous with her own long retinue of bright liveried servants, while she sits beside her own dear prince, listening to delicious music, and resting secure in the possession of all her callow heart aspires to.

This is the dream of a lonesome girl, which makes her life one perpetual sigh for the coming of a lover; one which she pictures is full of lute-like phrases and softly-wooing melodies. How easy is the conquest of this tender youth, whose little world knows nothing of deception, and whose bosom is just beginning to put on a graceful expansion for a nestling of responsive affection.

DAY DREAMING.

Now comes the Lothario, fresh with the cunning of his studied ways, out of a mighty city which has been to him a school for learning the easiest paths to virtue's shrine. His perfumed locks and costly raiment hang on him like trade-marks of fortune, and with that assurance born of skill in vice, he sets about the ruin of this sweet child with all the careful planning of an architect who designs the building of some vast arm of commerce.

An introduction is easily obtained, and then the spelling-bees, the cotillons, and a ride through long, green roadways, under an arbor of interlacing branches overhead, filled with feathered choristers and the breath of happy, teeming nature. During these rambles and associations Lothario tells her of his grand home in New York, of the beautiful theatres, pleasures of gay society, and the thousand attractions found nowhere in America outside of the great city. Then he apotheosizes her beauty, compares city with country life, and ends his gaudy descriptions with protestations of love. With this can we wonder that one so romantic and trusting as our little New England maiden, should be moved by a very delirium of ecstacy? Aye, she is his already, for her affection was so strong that it needed but a touch of kinship to carry her into the garden of Hesperides.

But afraid to strike this young heart with the poisonous shaft of his hellish lust within the village where her wrongs might find ready redress, this impious Lothario departs with many feigned regrets and swears that the world to him is like a lottery blank without her.

Soon after his return home, elegantly penned and daintily perfumed letters pass between the soulless emissary of hell and his helpless victim; helpless, because love has opened her eyes upon an imaginary world of ravishing beauty where none but saints and cherubim have existence.

When the autumn leaves are tinting with frosty winds, an invitation is extended for her to visit the city, couched in most persuasive and endearing phrases, announcing the opening of autumnal festivities and declaring that New York has added beauties irresistible to those who have never seen the social attractions of her wealthy society. Perhaps this letter has a postscript, an insinuation relative to an early marriage; and if our poor girl should chance to be an orphan, the invitation to visit Gotham will surely conclude with a proposition of marriage, to be conducted so as to surprise her friends.

Nothing doubting, but soaring through an atmosphere of perpetual sunshine and love, on wings of brightest hope and fancy, our little New England beauty, whose riches are naught but the infectious smile of her sweet face, the divine grace of her person, and, above all, the unconscious innocence and maiden purity of her character, cherishes the promises of her wooer, and hies away to New York with the haste that love incites.

Once in his clutches, his victim removed from friendly influence and assistance, the lecherous villain quickly secures her under a bond of mock-marriage, and assumes the part of paramour. She has committed no sin, for guile has never invaded her young heart; constant as perennial brooks, all the currents of her soul flow onward toward him; happy as a bird on mating day, and as listless of the morrow.

Months thus glide away, he playing still an uxorious part, until a doting woman's first offering of love proclaims her mother. Now is the time that a husband's affection should be most precious; the day when every feeling should be a silken chord of devotion cementing his soul with hers; when he should receive the precious gift of innocence as though it were a benediction fresh

from heaven's holiest sanctuary. But the reptile, whose form the devil uses as a mantle for hiding black hearts and pestilential subjects, seizes upon this most sacred time to throw off his disguise and show the cankering livery of his soul.

Poor, suffering child, why has God forsaken you? Can it be that pity is paralyzed by the unspeakable wrong which burdens you? Will not that sympathy which makes the whole world kin bring back the deserter to heal the gaping wound he has given you? Only tears, and blood from the broken heart; the monster of iniquity laughs at the agony of his victim as he bounds away like a ravenous beast in quest of other prey to feast his Paphian maw. Like an unfeathered birdling blown from its nest by pitiless storm, she lies fluttering and helpless where confidence and cruelty have left her. Charity may reach out to her a hand of mercy but Gilead has no balm that can heal the lacerated heart.

Full of agony, and yet drawn back by a mother's love from an abyss which invites her own destruction, she lifts the burden of her grief that heaven may see how weak she is to bear it; still struggling, she treads her way through wretched streets, searching for help which she cannot hope to find, until borne down at last, our wretched little New England girl sinks at the road-side too feeble for aught but prayer. Snow and sleet become her mantle, but nursed to her clammy breast is the precious weakling born to such woe that angels weep with pity while God's mercy lets down from heaven a golden stairway and gives her strength for the ascension.

"There at the wayside Rood one woman, lying,
Like Magdalene of old,
Hears the storm's angry voices sweeping, dying,
Far up the mountain-peak's eternal cold.
Warm on her breast a little hand is creeping;
She feels it stir and thrill—
And on the soft lips of the baby sleeping
A breath of Summer still.

"The weary, uphill road lies dark behind her,
Traveled in toil and pain,
And down the valley-slopes the chimes seem calling
Her lost feet home again.
She hears them faintly on the night-wind swinging,
So far and sweet and low—
She hears the echo of the choral singing
Borne on the gusts of snow—

"'*Gloria in Excelsis—Domine!*'
The dying lips take up the angel's song:
'Hear me, Lord Christ, from out Thy home in glory,
And lift me—Thou art strong!
Nay, nay; not *me!* Oh, Jesus of the manger,
Bethlehem and Calvary—
Oh, Holy Child, whom once Thy mother cradled,
Take up *my* child to Thee!

"'It is so cold! The snow is drifting—drifting—
My feet sink deep—so deep!
Stoop down, dear Lord! my arms are weary lifting
The little lamb asleep!
Thine arms are strong, and death will never reach her,
Once on Thy wounded breast—
Lift her, oh Lord! and let the snowdrift take me—
And let me—rest!'

"The night lies dark on her eyelids,
The snowflakes choke her breath;
But she lifts the child like a glowing rose
From her chilled bosom's death:

"TAKE UP MY CHILD TO THEE."

And lo! from the high Cross loosened,
Two nail-pierced Hands reach down,
And all the night is flooded
With light from a thorny crown.
And the storm dies away in silence,
And the wind is still!
Only the chimes are ringing
Peace and goodwill:
And the hosts of earth and heaven
Take up the old, old strain—
Joy after sins forgiven,
And Peace for Pain!"

I trust that the reader will not suspect me of exaggeration, or that these two pathetic stories are given merely as moral fables which do injustice to New York's reputation, for I say, with all seriousness, that sorrowful as they appear, the truth presents a picture far sadder than I have drawn. There are to-day not merely dozens, but a thousand young girls in that great Metropolis who are bearing the same crosses as those which crushed the beautiful young lives I have sought to portray. The byways are strewn with wrecks; and dead hopes, like bleaching bones, are seen in all the lower avenues of that sinful city. These sad examples present a commentary on civilization itself, for I make bold to say that they are the product of society's polluting and destructive practices. All the world stands sponsor to woman's reproach, but are there any to condemn man's perfidy? These same young men who have torn out and trampled upon the hearts of these young, loving, devoted girls, are neither punished nor branded for their infamy; they are received into the best of society, reeking as they are with the blood of martyred love; their morals are not even deprecated, for their very infamy becomes as a lamp around which other young girls, like moths, are

suffered to flutter until their lives, too, are scorched by contact.

Never can we hope for a suppression of these pestilential lechers until society shall stamp the mark of infamy as conspicuously upon the forehead of man as it does upon the fair and less culpable brow of woman. Nature has made her more pure and yet weaker than man; she recognizes her frailty and looks up to man for assistance, when lo! the breast from which she seeks strength and love proves a bed of contagious pollution which destroys her life and soul.

It is not always that a young girl who forfeits her honor for the cup which promises happiness, destroys her miserable life; in fact, there are but few who seek the aid of so stern a physician. A large majority drain the dregs of bitterness for years, people the courts of lasciviousness and sail rapidly downward to the depths of harridanry, when death ends all.

It is a well ascertained fact that more than three-fourths of all the bawds in New York City are the victims of libertines, and almost entirely blameless for the first evil step taken; this truth is all the more important in a serious consideration of prostitution when the poverty and corrupt morals of the city are taken into account.

In addition to the large number of girls who become victims of misplaced confidence, in shame and sorrow be it said, that thousands of dependent women, the drudges of manufactories, shirt-makers, factory girls and female laborers in various vocations, are almost forced into prostitution by libidinous proprietors.

Emigrants, young girls whose poverty has driven them to our shores for occupation, being unacquainted with our language and customs, fall ready prey to the pro-

THE HARLOT'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.

curers who infest the docks, always seeking for fresh prey with which to supply an ever anxious demand.

The higher toned brothel houses of New York are lo-

cated in the Eighth Police District, and many of them are very palaces, rich with display of sumptuous furnishing and grand in exterior. The inmates are generally quite handsome, of voluptuous development, and, of course, comparatively young, for in these gilded homes of vice a girl rarely remains after she reaches twenty years of age. When a fresh arrival is announced, usually of sixteen or seventeen summers, there is a temporary increase of frequenters who pay liberally for their entertainment. The newly introduced girl receives great attention, dresses like a butterfly, and all her immediate surroundings proclaim a flattering favoritism. But in this deference her misery is multiplied, for with it comes sleepless nights and reactionary results which cause a rapid debilitation. She has sold herself, however, and she is as much a slave to those who seek her company as is a draught-horse before his driver. The system must soon relax under such a strain, and within a few months she finds her company less select and her charms in less esteem; four years of such an existence as follows generally carries her through all the gradations of vice down to the pit which is bottomless.

In a great metropolis where incontinence is so prevalent, there is much cunning employed to attract patrons, and it not infrequently occurs that a spirit of rivalry springs up between adjoining establishments, which finds display in a variety of expedients. One of the enterprising salacious Madames adopted a novel but attractive custom, some months ago, of displaying nearly life-size pictures of her girls from the front windows. Passers-by, being attracted by so novel an exhibition, would naturally stop, when immediately they would receive a very cordial and flattering invitation to enter and inspect the originals. This scheme has worked with such success

that many other houses have adopted the same means of enticement, though it is done in defiance of law.

A great number of these better-class girls have come from excellent families living in New England towns, and being well cultured, are quite interesting in the drawing-room; they generally sing with good effect and can play the piano with fair execution. Their deportment in the parlor rarely exceeds the permissible foibles of good society, and none can take exception to their language, which, though sometimes it might be perverted into suggestiveness, would not be regarded as wholly destitute of propriety.

It is only when in privacy with some one to whom they take a passing fancy that these girls will speak of the causes which led them into the ways of sinning; they affect indifference to their fate, and in fact do not regard the fast approaching days of their certain misery, poverty and degradation. If you were to tender one of them kindly advice, she would plainly declare her own responsibility, and disgust at your presumption. Yet they are nearly all good-hearted, sympathetic and rollicking in disposition; an appeal for aid never falls on their ears without response; they seem to hate themselves, and yet love all suffering humanity; life has no particular charms for them, nor has death any horror. The debasement of their bodies appears to stupefy their natures until absolute indifference to everything becomes an inheritance, coeval with the duration of their latter life; the swirl of the mælstrom and breaking crests of mighty waves are alike unheeded until the swell of oblivion's ocean overwhelms them.

The lowest dives in New York are situated in what is known as the Fourth Police District, and the Twenty-Ninth Precinct, where crime abounds in wanton extrava-

ENTERTAINING A FAVORITE.

gance day and night. To those who have never seen the last lees of life, a stroll through these begrimed streets and filthy buildings always possesses interest. The atrociously homely attract our vision almost as irresistibly as does exceeding beauty, though with inverse feelings. This peculiarity of our natures is illustrated equally in the attraction of excessively squalid quarters and the soilure of the occupants.

Let us pass down Bleecker street, some evening after nine o'clock, and wrapping about us our cloaks of impenetrable chastity, enter one or more of these sinks of human *scoriæ* for the gratification of a becoming curiosity. If some skulking garroters do not "hold us up" before our cruise is completed, we shall see many sights of appalling wretchedness and saturnalia. As we cautiously and observingly pass along a comparatively deserted sidewalk, we hear a female voice and recognize the words:

"Here, darlings, come in; we have so many pretty things to show you."

If this invitation should not succeed, further than to provoke a pause, two or more girls, according to the number of our company, trip out to meet us, and by the glare of a friendly gas-light we observe that our new acquaintances are dressed quite low down at the top and very high up at the bottom.

Well, let us go in, for these girls appear, thus far, indisposed to harm us beyond our will. A very hearty welcome awaits us as we step inside a painfully furnished parlor, but there are other guests before us whose aspects are not unlike those which tradition describes as buccaneers. That fellow sitting in the far corner, undergoing a series of lavish caresses from a cross-eyed girl, is the very personification of incarnated crime; lowering

scowl, projecting forehead, and small, black eyes that are half-hidden by a profusion of connecting brows. On the other side, his lap supporting a flabby harridan, sits another young fellow, who is just drunk enough to be idiotic and require the philandering he receives to keep him quiet.

Appearances are not too flattering, but our hosts relieve the repulsive features by coming at us like old-time sweethearts; in fact, displaying even greater familiarity, for as we take seats the girls sit down in our laps, because, as they laughingly declare, "there are not enough chairs to go round," but our suspicion is that they take this means to hold us.

The girl who reposes so lustily on my knees is a fair sample of the other feminine inmates; she is a mixture of absurdities, and as appetizing as a hash made of Limburger cheese, dried herring and salt codfish. Her face looks like that of a convalescing small-pox patient, and her limbs—what I can see of them—are as ample and shapeless as those of an elephant.

Purely in the interest of duty and curiosity I affect an interest in her conversation, however repulsive and libidinous her phrases and solicitation. It is not long before we discover that among these harlots there is not one who exhibits the slightest trace of modesty; their natures are so indecent, by abnormal cultivation, that they think of nothing beyond some sensual employment. Every man that falls under their touch and influence becomes the recipient of shameful caresses and a witness to shocking exposures about which it is too indelicate to write, even by inference.

Taking our departure from this sink of lewdness, and continuing our steps a few blocks further down the street, we pause before a more pretentious building, from

which is issuing a sound of revelry, and meeting with another pressing invitation, enter this second haunt of abandoned minxes. Our reception is very friendly, for a woman clad in curtailed vestments is stationed at the door whose duty it is to give a Delilah's welcome to all comers. In an ante-chamber are two girls purposely adjusting their scant crinoline, apparently unconscious that parts of their forms are immodestly exposed.

A sighing and screeching fiddle, accompanied by piano and harp, is inciting a crowd of men and women to mad endeavors in a large adjoining room; it is the waltz they are dancing, and one, too, which no Black Crook entertainment ever gave greater license for indecorous exhibitions. Many of the scenes are importations from Paris, in which the qualifications of female dancers are estimated by the expansiveness of their legs. Before we have time for considering our position, each of us is gathered by a twirling girl who rushes into the room, and with brawny arms about our necks we become enforced participants, losing our hats as a leg in short pantalettes passes over and just grazes our heads.

Fumes of adulterated whiskey strike our sensitive noses, and it is plain to be seen that every one in the room, excepting ourselves, is indulging a big drunk. So many excited dancers, tippling through a dizzy symposium, jostle rudely against each other until closely embraced couples go sprawling on the floor in an admixture of intoxication and lasciviousness.

The fun is altogether too furious for our enjoyment, so we seek an opportunity to withdraw, and soon after enter a third pitfall, where a half-dozen ill-favored wretches try to receive us with generous demonstration. By their garb we know they are women, but of a type which is so repellant that we cannot suffer the defilement

AN IMPORTATION FROM PARIS.

of their touch. Being shoved down in the scale of life till they are a part of the city's sewage, their very breath has about it the odor of disease and contagion. Faces that are a trade-mark of degradation; with rheumy eyes, bloated features, nerveless bodies and spiritless souls. They are in the last stages of social leprosy, sustained by potations of strong drink, which are already blighting their brains and driving them into eternal bondage.

These women were all once ornaments in happy families, the joy of loving mothers, and perhaps the ambition of doting swains. Life was to them full of the sunshine that warms rose-buds into blooming and calls all nature into fruitage; they climbed summits of fond hopes and basked under rays of delicious love, but, alas! only to learn how bitter are the dregs of adversity. Through treachery and deceit, like that which compassed the life of our New England girl, they became victims to their own innocence and boundless affection. Their existence now is like a honey-comb with all the sweets extracted, nothing left save the cells, which once held such delicious condiments of virtue, now filled with the gall of pollution and misery.

That these girls, destitute and blasted as they are, do sometimes reflect upon the circumstances which brought to them such bitter fruit of experience, is evidenced by the following lines, which were written by a prostitute and found under the coverlets of her death-bed. They were thus headed:

"VERSES FOR MY TOMB-STONE — IF I SHOULD HAVE ONE."

"The wretched victim of a quick decay,
Relieved from life, on humble bed of clay,
The last and only refuge for my woes,
A love-lost, ruined female, I repose.
From the sad hour I listened to his charms,
And fell, half forced, in the deceiver's arms,

To that whose awful veil hides every fault,
Sheltering my sufferings in this welcome vault,
When pampered, starved, abandoned, or in drink,
My thoughts were racked in striving not to think!
Nor could rejected conscience claim the power
To improve the respite of one serious hour.
I durst not look to what I was before;
My soul shrank back, and wished to be no more.
Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old ere of age, worn out when scarce mature;
Daily debased to stifle my disgust
Of forced enjoyment in affected lust;
Covered with guilt, infection, debt, and want,
My home a brothel, and the streets my haunt,
For seven long years of infamy I've pined,
And fondled, loathed, and preyed upon mankind,
Till, the full course of sin and vice gone through,
My shattered fabric failed at twenty-two."

CHAPTER VI.

ASSIGNATION HOUSES.

In the preceding chapters I have sought to describe public prostitution, which, while conducted openly and with pretenses not unlike legitimate business, is far less destructive of public morals than the covert practices known as "assignations." This term has a distinct meaning quite at variance with the general definition, for it implies both an agreement and specific place for libidinous meeting between the sexes. Assignation houses are maintained by immoral practices, which, in many cases,

afford a revenue quite sufficient to support the proprietors in affluence.

There are hundreds of such houses in New York, many of which are well known to the police, but others are kept with such extreme caution and privacy that only frequenters have a suspicion of their existence. Those conducted for the accommodation of a promiscuous public are advertised in all the daily papers under various disguises, such as follows:

"Rooms to rent in a retired part of the city."

"Handsome room, elegantly furnished, for rent to lady or gentleman, and no questions asked."

"A widow lady, living alone, can accommodate single gentleman; strictly private."

Besides these there are numerous personal notices, which are understood only by the parties inserting them and those to whom they are directed.

It very frequently occurs that advertisements under the heading, "Rooms to Let," etc., receive responses from rural visitors, who become acquainted with the character of their quarters by accident or prying curiosity. Or a young girl, visiting the city for work, or on business that will require her personal attention for several days, in order to reduce her expenses, seeks a room where the rent will be commensurate with her means. She, therefore, answers one of these advertisements, finds a room suited to her wishes, and becomes an occupant, only to find that a gentleman soon appears, insisting on being a joint possessor with her. Violence, to accomplish his purpose, is often resorted to, in which case the poor girl is fortunate indeed if she resists successfully.

But these places for private amours are not confined to the tenement part of New York; and still more deplorable is the fact that their frequenters do not wholly

AN HONEST COUNTRY COUPLE DISCOVER THAT THEY HAVE BEEN "TAKEN IN."

comprise the moderate circumstanced men and women of the Metropolis. There is more than one such house on Fifth Avenue, in the very center of wealth and fashion, whose patrons have such high social standing that they dictate to all other classes and set the styles for parties, weddings and funerals. These women live in an atmosphere impregnated with voluptuousness; they make New York society, and are therefore not amenable to its proscriptions; they wear apparel that the Parisian *demi-monde* have adopted, loll at their ease and read vapid love stories of French production; high wines and low wines flavor all their food, and when lassitude becomes unpleasant, extra-dry champagnes are resorted to; thus their blood is quickened, and idleness serves as food to fatten their sensual natures. Husbands and fathers swim in the swirling eddy and reckon little of the pestilential surroundings which destroy domestic associations. Among the more select classes who ease their cravings at strictly private places, there are a majority who, to cover their sins more effectually, maintain special apartments in these houses and, heavily veiled, receive their paramours, carefully refraining from any outburst or demonstration which might discover themselves to their guilty companions.

Every caller must be well known to the proprietress—women are always at the head of such establishments—if he hopes to gain admission, for such secrets must be inviolate, and every means is therefore taken to avoid exposure. There are assignation house keepers in New York possessing such precious knowledge that should they choose to make disclosures, the result would shake our social world to the very center. Queens Catharine and Isabella were never more slaves to passion than are hundreds of royally clad aristocrats of New York, who

pay princely fees to keepers of their secrets as hush-money. They are always on the summit of a volcano which promises momentarily to discharge its fiery contents, and not infrequently the dreaded *denouement* falls upon them with such terrific force as to totally destroy the last vestige of domesticity, and divorce is the consequence.

A greater amount of illicit indulgences, however, occur at hotels, where assignations are made and amours participated in, despite the most watchful care of hotel managers. Very frequently meetings take place on the street or at private gatherings where arrangements are made for stopping a short while at leading hotels, under a false registry: "Man and wife," which secures a single room for the two; or adjacent rooms when the register records father and daughter, brother and sister, lady and escort, etc. In fact, so many expedients are resorted to that no hotel in New York City can hope for detection of all the vagrant bawds and libertines who become guests for immoral purposes. Watchmen are stationed on every floor of the first-class hotels solely to look out for suspicious persons, but they are more a deterrent than successful in catching guilty couples.

The summer resorts about New York are favorite places for assignations. Women, whose husbands or parents are kept in the city by business, have abundant advantages for meeting their lovers at Coney Island and Long Branch, and the opportunities are not left unimproved, as any close observer visiting these fashionable seaside places may readily perceive.

The great prevalence of this intrusive evil has so far destroyed domestic confidence that scores of heads of families are under the constant vigilance of detectives. Sometimes it occurs that husband and wife will employ—

of course, unconsciously—the same censor, in which case the report is generally favorable to each, or of a doubtful character, until his services become plainly nugatory to both employers.

Every example found in the practice of promiscuity serves to illustrate what painful sacrifices are necessary for this fleeting and dangerous enjoyment. In it is hatred, jealousy, crime and degradation; an abuse of God's most precious gift—love—and the destruction of all those noble attributes which nature gave for our domestic happiness.

If the enormity of this crime could be seen, as in a looking-glass, by its votaries, every heart where the yet flickering spark of love lights still a soul of remembered purity, would shudder as though they were treading the brink of hell through smoke of torment.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RICH.

The wealth of New York is enormous, so great in fact that she is recognized as the financial center of America, to which nearly all business pays tribute. And yet, as a manufacturing city, Gotham is hardly half so important as Pittsburg or St. Louis, and the tax yielding wealth of Boston is much greater. But several advantages have combined to make her the chief commercial entrepot, and money gravitates to her financial institutions, and is held there by a magnetic force. Wall street controls the stock market and New York's rich magnates hold our railroads

and shipping by a firm grip. It is a trite but well proved adage that "money is the root of all evil," and while we may all be striving for some of the root, yet its

THE CURSE OF RICHES.

evils are too apparent in the great Metropolis for us to neglect the lesson which its acquisition teaches.

Gould, Vanderbilt, Astor, Goelet, Seligman, Jerome, Bennett, Belmont, Sage, Field, Tilden, and scores of other New York capitalists estimate their wealth by mil-

lions, but if they are happy we cannot discover the fact by any of the evidences of their living and surroundings. Jay Gould, although perhaps the richest man in the Metropolis, possibly excepting Vanderbilt, manifests some of the general symptoms of contentment, because he is a philosopher, and has made life a pleasant study. His family are rarely mentioned in the newspapers, because he forbids it; none of the members belong to the recognized gilt-edged aristocracy, because he knows the shams and dissipations of that supercilious class; his son, George, now of age, is never seen at club meetings, horse-races, fashionable weddings, or other places of that loose indulgence which induces crapulence, because the father's teachings are heeded, and wholesome advice is as a lamp unto his feet. He, too, is a student like his father, and in consequence now gives promise of a career more brilliant than that of any other young man in New York. Jay Gould has tried to cultivate home pleasures, making his hearth-stone so Eden-like that his family find all their happiness in domestic associations and acts of private charity. But for the care of such vast interests I could believe Gould a happy man, and I cannot say he is not, for his family certainly are, and to such an extent, too, that their happiness cannot but reflect joy on him.

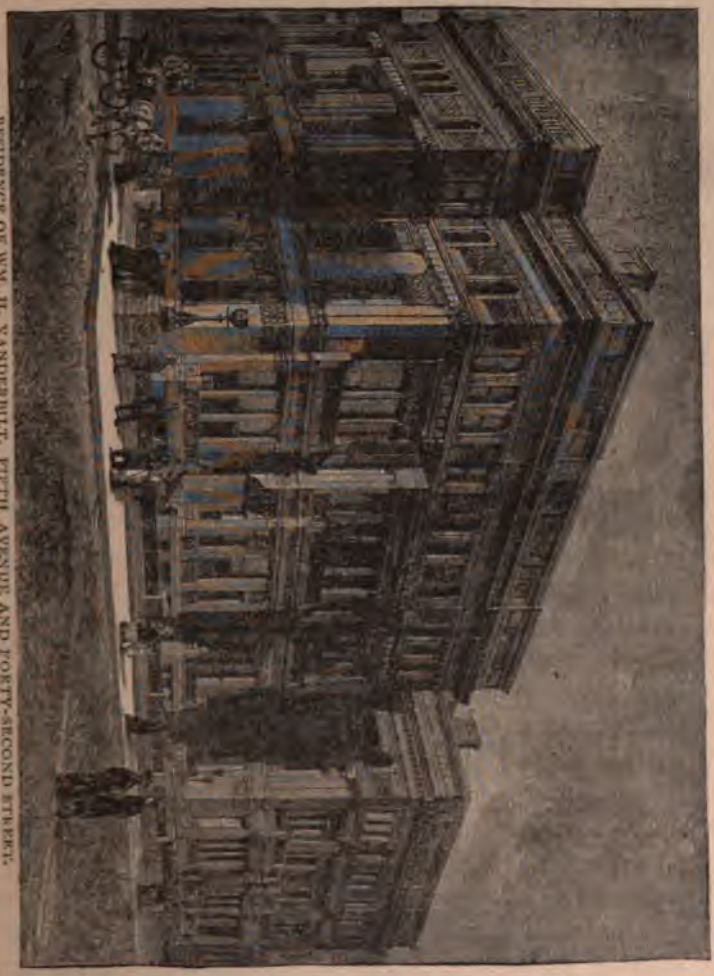
Those who are most familiar with the other millionaires of New York have no hesitancy in declaring that these monied princes are infinitely less happy than are the honest laborers, whose daily duties are a constant striving for only limited comforts. There is much reason to confirm this truth. Vanderbilt betrays a lack of confidence in his own abilities, and it is said he is the victim of a singular delusion — that he may some day become a pauper. To guard against such an impossible event, he has purchased government bonds to the amount of $65,-

000,000, which he has deposited in the United States treasury.

As an example of the sumptuous surroundings which are characteristic of nabob life in New York, a description is here introduced of Mr. Vanderbilt's private residence, which was completed and occupied about the first of January, 1882. This house, said to be the finest in America, is located on Fifth avenue and Fifty-first street. There is nothing attractive about its outer appearance, but on the other hand there are several architectural eccentricities observable which are decidedly forbidding. The building is tripartite in arrangement, being designed as a home for himself and also the families of his two married daughters.

One of the most striking points in connection with the work has been the rapidity of its execution; what would, it is said, in any European country have taken from five to ten years to accomplish has been done here in a little more than two years.

The house is entered by the large vestibule which gives admission both to Mr. Vanderbilt's own dwelling and to those of his two daughters. The ceiling of this vestibule is of bronze and stained glass, filled in with mosaic made by Facchina, of Venice, after designs drawn in New York. The walls are of light African marble, surmounted by a frieze containing figures in mosaic. There are fixed marble seats, and the floor is of marble and mosaic. The doors leading to Mr. Vanderbilt's house are reduced copies of Ghiberti's famous gates in Florence, and were exhibited in the Paris exposition of 1878 by Barbedienne. Passing through these one finds himself in the private vestibule, furnished with a high wainscoting of marble and with three bronze doors, the one on the right leading to a small dressing-room; that on the left to Mr. Vander-



RESIDENCE OF WM. H. VANDERBILT, FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET.

bilt's private reception room, and the third to the main hall. This hall extends to the full height of the house, and is surrounded on the upper stories by galleries leading to the different private living rooms. A high wainscoting of English oak surrounds it. Square columns of African marble of a dark red color, with bronze capitals, support the gallery, and facing the entrance is a large and beautiful open fireplace, with a full-sized bronze female figure in relief on each side, and a massive sculptured marble chimney piece.

Carved oaken seats flank the door on the eastern side, which leads to the drawing-room. The paintings for the ceiling of the drawing-room, by Gallaud, of Paris, are now on their way to this country, the present ceiling of blue and gold being merely temporary. The woodwork is a mass of sculpture, gilded and glazed with warm tints. The walls are hung with pale red velvet, embroidered with designs of foliage, the flowers and butterflies scattered through it being enriched with cut crystals suggesting dew-drops and precious stones. The carpet of a similar tone, which was manufactured in Europe from special designs made in New York, unites with the walls in giving a wealth of color and richness of effect. The lights are arranged in eight vases of stained and jewelled glass, disposed at the corners and at the angles of the large east window and flanking the entrance doors. Some of these vases stand on columns of onyx with bronze trimmings, while the lights in the corners are backed by mirrors and stand on black velvet bases—an arrangement which is designed to heighten the general effect of brilliancy, and at the same to divest the room of any possible appearance of angularity or bareness. The door to the north connects the drawing-room with the library.

In the library the most striking feature is the inlaid work, on the woodwork, of mother-of-pearl and brass on mahogany and rosewood in a beautiful design of an antique Greek pattern. This work is handsome and striking. A table of similar work stands in this room, and the general furniture is all designed to correspond in style. The ceiling is fretted and has rich gilt work and small square mirrors. Over the door-way to the west of the library hang heavy, rich curtains, which separate it from Mr. Vanderbilt's private reception-room, which is fitted with a high mahogany wainscoting, with seats and book-cases of the same material, and a massive mahogany ceiling. The walls and ceiling spaces are covered with stamped leather.

To the south of the drawing-room is a parlor. It is modeled and furnished entirely in a free Japanese fashion. The ceiling is of bamboo, with rafters left exposed. A rich, low-toned tapestry is covered in places with velvet panels. Around the room runs a low cabinet of Japanese pattern (to all appearance of Japanese lacquer, although it was made here) which contains innumerable shelves, cupboards and closets. The whole is the work of men in New York under the direction of Herter Bros. A large open fireplace and a seat covered with uncut velvet, manufactured in Japan, add to the attractions of this apartment.

By the door leading west of this room, which is also successful as a finish resembling the Miaco or Soochon lacquers, one enters the dining-room. This is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and entirely distinct, in character of treatment, from the other rooms. It consists of an arrangement of glass-faced cases supported by rich consoles that rest upon a beautiful wainscot. The wood is English oak, of a rich, light brown or golden hue of

great beauty; and, after a general impression of the room is received, a closer examination reveals delicate carving, in different degrees of relief, on almost all surfaces of the component parts. The elliptical arch ceiling is subdivided into small oblong panels, carved in reliefs of fruit and foliage, modeled and decorated in various tints of gold. The spaces between the top of the wainscot and the ceiling, at either end of the room, and the large centre panel on the ceiling, are filled with paintings by Lummais of Paris, representing hunting scenes. The furniture is from special designs, and the coverings of the chairs are unusually rich and handsome.

At the west end of the hall is the entrance to the picture gallery, which is also provided with a separate entrance from Fifty-first street.

The aquarelle room opens on this from above by means of a foyer on the north wall. A balcony for music connects on the east with this gallery of the main hall, and on the south a similar one connects with the conservatory.

The main staircase leads from the north of the main hall, and is lighted by nine glass windows, by John LaFarge, noticeable for the arrangement of color, and especially for the arrangement of greens and blues. Most of the marble, particularly that from Africa, has been especially imported, but the working and finishing have been done in this country.

There are several private residences projected by New York millionaires which are promised to exceed in cost and grandeur that of Commodore Vanderbilt's, and in a few years we may expect to see a dozen palaces with domes and spires kissing the heavens above Fifth avenue. We cannot have royalty, but American moneybags have a penchant for nuncupative titles which the worshipers of aristocracy are quite willing to bestow.

Of the rich men named nearly all have acquired their wealth by inheritance, and are therefore incapable of appreciating their fortunes; they can only live like other men, by eating, and but little money suffices for nature's wants; large investments create anxiety, for with so much wealth in active employment some of their enterprises are languishing while others are profitable; the consolation which the latter may bring is therefore destroyed by the former, and no point is reached where contentment is in full fruition.

But the absence of happiness is more noticeable in the homes of these favored sons of Mammon. Wealth is like blasted fruit if it is not made the means for display, and society only rears its superstructure on a gilded foundation. The rich of New York, speaking always in general terms, are slaves to society, which places them in a straight-jacket of punctilious mannerisms. The parlors and drawing-rooms, though filled with antique bric-a-brac, elegant paintings and the rarest productions of sculptor genius, are animated by senseless conversation, betraying a want of intellectual training. There is scarcely such a thing as domestic privacy—those moments when man and wife may survey the fields of love together and watch the full, round honeymoon as it blazes out upon a sky bejeweled with laughing stars of affection. Under social separation all the sentiment of conjugal devotion and that holy relation becomes pulseless, leaving only bonds of convenience and a mummified love holding them together. Is it strange, under such circumstances, that the rich man's home becomes little less than a sepulchre for young hearts' ambitions, with dead leaves of myrtle entwining Love's sarcophagus?

Life, to the wives and daughters of millionaires, is a problem only in the opportunities they may find for de-

stroying its *ennui*; surfeited with idle vaporings from fawning associates, stupefied by excesses and enervated by a variety of dissipations, existence not infrequently becomes a burden grievous in its oppressiveness.

The abstinence observed during Lent is a blessing only too brief for many women, and the saturnalia which follows wastes the nerve force and vitality that has accumulated. There is no cessation, for if a lady holds membership in an exclusive circle of wealth she must be a part of the social gatherings, *soirees*, *bal-masques*, weddings, funerals, receptions, dinner parties, private theatricals, fencing practice among sturdy belles, and the endless category of society pastimes. If exhausted nature becomes painfully felt, there is wine to warm the sluggish blood, cosmetics for blanching cheeks and *pastilles* for ageing furrows.

To-night there is a *bal-masque* at Music Hall, at which all first-class society ladies and men of various positions are expected to be present. The hall is magnificently decorated, and an excellent band discourses such music as sets every foot in nervous motion. The ladies are masked beyond recognition, so that little *contretemps* defy remark, and with wine on the brain and music in their feet, there succeeds an uproarious scene of flying limbs, babbling tongues, whisping forms in amorous arms, and all the welkin of an over-excited crowd. As the hours speed by abandon grows more noticeable, and when the gray of dawn bespeaks approaching day, carriages are hastily filled with pot-valiant cavaliers and temulent feminines, crowded together in a wealthy profusion of crinoline, puffs, topees and variegated silk stockings. What a delicious time at the fancy dress ball!

The permissibilities of New York society not only pro-

mote discord and alienation, but are equally efficacious in making drunkards, male and female. The rich of to-day may become the poor of to-morrow; speculation runs through the city like an infectious fever, and all classes become victims. A poor man may invest a few spare dollars in stocks and if fortune should place him on the breast of an

A BAL-MASQUE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

incoming tide he may gather a harvest of wealth at high-water mark absolutely bewildering. Suddenly accumulated riches become a passport for his fam-

ily to enter the gay circle of fashion, though ignorance and boorishness be his only inherent characteristics. It is quite sufficient to be rich, regardless of personal qualities or the means employed. A metamorphosis so radical often disconcerts the ephemerally rich and causes them to plunge into excesses which they would have considered abhorrent before their acquisition. Circumstances are the very reverse, when the rich take a tumble under a pressure of bad investments. Fifth avenue princes very often doff their ermine out of deference to adverse fortune, and become street-car drivers, with philosophical if not stoical cheerfulness. Society is therefore a melange of shocking composition, full of idiosyncrasies, if not monstrosities.

Around the festal board of assembled fashionables the cup that cheers makes graceful circuit, nor stops short of the borders of inebriety. Many young men, old ere of age, besotted and degraded in their adolescence, with the slavery of intemperance full upon them, can see through the mists of their reeling brains a vision of some bright-eyed girl with a cup of wine in her jewelled fingers pleading for a social bumper,—forging the first chains which bind the soul to appetite and make them votaries of vice.

Young ladies of aristocratic antecedents are nearly always subjects of superstition, and with intellects fed on puerile sentimentality they become peculiarly susceptible to what are called supernatural influences. But in this respect they are not materially different from men under similar circumstances.

In New York more than in any other American city are the services of spirit mediums and fortune-tellers sought for. Some of the richest men in the Metropolis are in daily communication with these occult philosophers,

and are controlled by their advice. It is well known that Singer, the rich sewing machine manufacturer, was a firm believer in Spiritualism; and, moreover, that all his business transactions were conducted upon advice received through mediums at private seances. These facts

THE TEMPTER.

would never have been known to the general public, perhaps, had they not been disclosed in the courts during a contest of his will, when upon these facts the contestants sought to prove his mental weakness. But there are

hundreds of leading men in New York who are controlled by influences identical with those which affected Mr. Singer, though they generally succeed in keeping the truth secret.

Among wealthy women there is an almost general belief in the revelations of fortune-tellers, and particularly in palmistry. There are many *Fata Morganas* in Gotham whose profession yields them a flattering competence, enabling them to maintain sumptuous quarters in fashionable neighborhoods. The all-important question with young ladies is, "Does he love me? is he true?" and for its ascertainment they usually repair to some popular seer, who divines an answer by tracing prominent lines of the palm. If the question should be replied to affirmatively, what lady would refuse the payment of five dollars or more out of her abundance? So it is always "Yes" to fair questions and "No" to the foul, for in pandering to that phase of human nature fortune-tellers see their reward.

"All is vanity," sayeth the preacher, and this clerical aphorism has many illustrations in the ways of the wealthy that prove its truthfulness.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POOR.

In contradistinction to the rich we have the poor, who are always with us. As the rich are the richest, so are the poor the poorest, in New York City, for the two extremes have always the same trysting place. If I were

asked to designate the most poverty stricken spot in America—though in my travels through every large city of the United States I have seen many wretched abodes—

"DOES HE LOVE ME? IS HE TRUE?"

I should have no hesitancy in pronouncing that locality bounded by Fourteenth to Twenty-second streets, and Fourth to Seventh avenues, New York. as transcend-

ently the most miserable. It is not the filthiest, by any means, for Chinese quarters, San Francisco, is a veritable world's fair of festering rottenness, but for abject poverty and vice nothing will compare with the Twenty-ninth Precinct, as described. But there are many other streets tenanted by starving, naked humanity in New York. Water, Grace, Cherry, Oak and Batavia streets are each lined with reeling buildings and famishing occupants. In two houses, Nos. 34 and 36, on Cherry street, there are huddled together *three hundred and fifty families, nearly fifteen hundred persons*. These houses have a double front, one opening into a single alley and the other fronting a double alley; in such a porridge of people disease is always very active, so that there is a funeral leading to the Potter's field from one of these buildings nearly every day.

The Five Points, which in former years was a rendezvous for crime and drunkenness, is now the abiding place of poor Italians, who, though generally law abiding, are in the lowest stages of mendacity. It is in these quarters that the Padrones have their dens. These leeches obtain their living by the most impious means ever employed by man. Their business is to receive children kidnapped from homes in Italy and brought to America to practice beggary. These little starvelings have a most pitiable existence under the bondage of inhuman Padrones. They are taken when very young and taught to become street musicians; the boys are compelled to learn the violin, harp and flute, and the girls are usually made to act the part of beggars. They sometimes thump on tambourines, but these instruments are not so much for music as they are used to receive coins from charitable people.

In acquiring a knowledge of their instruments these helpless children are beaten for the slightest want of per-

AN ITALIAN FAMILY IN THE FIVE POINTS REGION.

ception or proficiency; they are half starved, made to play and beg in the streets from early dawn until midnight, and then cudgelled with brutal inhumanity if they

STREET MUSICIANS.

fail to bring to the infamous master a certain amount of money, which is frequently impossible for them to obtain.

In later years the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has been active in discovering these brutes and bringing them to justice; much has been done to mitigate this dreadful wrong, but all the Padrones have not yet left New York.

Mott street, between Bayart and Chatham Square, is given up to the Chinese, who number several hundred and have introduced to New Yorkers many of their filthy Oriental customs.

To those who are possessed of human kindness in their natures there is among the city poor much that will draw tears of pity. I can never stroll down the alley-ways where mendicancy sits clothed in misery, without feeling that if I possessed millions, like some of New York's people, what a world of happiness it would give me to relieve this distress. Not that I would make a parade of my charity, but because I could not look unfeelingly upon dumb brutes suffering as do these poor unfortunates.

If we stroll through the alley-ways referred to a new world will seem to burst upon our vision, presenting phases of life which no pencil can describe so that conception might even approximate the reality. On either side of the foul by-way, which rankles with putrid essences, these tenement houses rise up seven and eight stories in height, presenting fronts befouled with grimy exhalations and inherent filthiness. Gin-shops occupy nooks, but however unpretentious they may appear their patronage is very active, the consequences of which are apparent in the drunken men whom we find prone at length in the alley and passage-ways snoring off the effects of their vile potations.

Crime is, of course, revelling in an almost unrestrained license; brawls, neighbors quarreling, families fighting, and sometimes a scream or frightful gurgle is heard from

THE GIN-SHOP'S VICTIM.

the victim of a deadly knife-thrust. Thieves have their dens in these myrmidons of misery where stolen property may be secreted so securely as to defy detective search; and criminals, seeking escape from the law's officers,

dart into these catacombs of vice with that intuition which prompts a frightened rat to seek a hole. Disease holds high carnival among these unfortunates, being especially active harvesting little starvelings during summer time. Very frequently three and four uncoffined bodies of infants may be seen in a single room awaiting the coming of a Potter's Field conveyance—plain pine boxes, under neglected mounds, is their only memorial.

Frequently the wild orgies of a drunken Irish crowd, in these quarters, proclaim a brutal ceremony for their dead—wakes being very popular with the lowest classes, who accept any permitted rites that give license to desired indulgences.

Strange as some would consider it, the fact is none the less patent that amid all this crime and pestilential influence there are found true hearts beating under breasts of spotless purity, resisting very storms of vice by crouching under the blue cover of their immanent conscientiousness; love even blossoms in this poisonous atmosphere and sometimes leaves its fragrance on the fœtid air. Here, on an upper floor, like a rose raising its scarlet head from out a bed of putrescence, is one room which shows that tender hands and loving hearts have built a shrine for worship. But there is crape on the door, and a weeping child beside a chilled and ghastly form strikes our vision like a death-knell ringing in the heart. A little girl nestling beside a mother, whose spirit now bends over her own body and child, trying to hush that grief which infects the whole world. We try to bind up the broken heart, but the childish prattle of one so young, now mingling with the sobs of an elder sister, wrings our hearts with a sympathy that is the very brotherhood of sorrow. Soon the tramp of men is heard, and that picture of pity is changed by brawny arms lifting up a

AN IRISH "WAKE" IN THE LOWER QUARTERS OF NEW YORK.

female body from the pallet of straw and its speedy transfer to a coffin, which is the only winding-sheet for one so poor and yet so rich with her child's precious love. Ceremony finds no votaries in haunts like this, and with no kind word or memorial of sympathy, the dead mother is rushed off to a grave which shall never be moistened by the libation of affection's tears.

What a pitiless home is there now; mother is dead, and father's feet have lingered so long at the haunts of intemperance that he is senseless to his children's necessities and appeals. No bread to stay their gnawing hunger, and that room where a mother died is filled with so many spectral shadows, that out into the street this sorrow-laden little heart trudges, bearing her baby sister with such slender arms, and inviting pity by the innocence and grief that mingle in her beautiful eyes. Her very soul seems to ask: Where can I go? What can I do?

Will God temper the winds to this poor lamb?

The pictures of human agony are so variable, as seen in the squalid tenement quarters of New York, that only the brush of nature can give them coloring for a reading public to appreciate.

The deserving poor are a multitude, which, owing to the pride that gives concealment to their sufferings, become victims of horrible agony. Many men, borne down by overwhelming burdens of misfortune sink in death under their afflictions and leave their wives and children struggling in the deluge of adversity. Mechanics, dependent for the bread they eat upon the income of their honest labors, are often made the victims of despairing circumstances. "Out of work:" this sad complaint bears with it a chain of woes that link life with death; aye, the inexpressible suffering which it promotes makes us keenly sensitive to the lack of charity which, worthily bestowed, might fill the whole world with happiness.

"WHERE CAN I GO?—WHAT CAN I DO?"

The world is filled with anomalies impossible of definement; even the wisdom of Ecclesiastes is opposed by many phases of human nature, until proverbial love is valuable only when its application is apparent. The rich

OUT OF WORK.

and poor are alike unhappy, and with all the promises which a generous mercy offers there is still no abiding consolation in palace or hovel. The cup of impurity that stains the lips of aristocracy, brings up pictures of degra-

dation on life's canvas and gives them a taste of poverty. The same cup may be drained by a starving woman, and its very dregs become like sands of gold, lifting her up out of squalor's path for a transplanting to palaces, though they be of sin and but as a sweet to make the bitter of after life more acrid.

The poor are assailed by veering winds of temptations, which seek the side of nature most exposed, to blight their lives. When poverty seizes those who, reared with prudent care, hold to their hónor as a gift from dead mothers, many women, realizing the weakness of their natures, call for aid, as did Hagar, but few receive responses to such prayer. When the shades of despair fall on them, for misdeeds, looking upward for rays of promise, they see in every flying cloud the frown of heaven. Groveling in darkness, and searching for that light which purifieth the soul, how many pause before that gate over which is written: "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." But the gate and the wicket are both closed to such as they, while the great iron knocker and seal are but mockers of their supplications.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall see God;" so, cleaving unto this divine promise, leaning upon it like one of decrepit age does upon a staff, these poor women are left at a road which suddenly branches. One way leads to a life of shame, while the other, being straight, discloses a glimmering light afar off, which signals the way for those oppressed with grievous burdens. In New York it leads to East river bridge, from whence so many take the headlong plunge under waves of eternal rest.

Perhaps to-morrow some outlook on a passing ferry-boat will descry the floating tresses of a woman riding on restless waves; the grappling hooks are brought and

WHAT SHALL HER PORTION BE?

the dead body is fished from the elements that gave peace to a disturbed soul.

"What a beautiful woman she must have been!" Yes, beautiful, though death has set his seal in the pinched features and closed eyes. This is the only sermon preached over an unknown suicide's corpse; 'tis all she needs, perhaps, for was not the Sermon on the Mount a discourse for all time and for all people?

PICKED UP IN EAST RIVER.

Early in November, of 1881, an accident occurred in New York which clearly evidences the small attention given by the city authorities to the interests of its poor. On Grace street, in a territory occupied by squalid and rickety tenement houses, there were two buildings which for many months gave every indication of an early fall,

through the disintegrating and disjointment of their timbers, which was duly reported by the inspector. The owner was ordered to pull them down, but so far was the injunction disobeyed that he did not even ask the occupants to vacate the premises or apprise them of the dangerous condition of their quarters. No compulsory action was taken by the authorities, and the houses were permitted to remain in the same threatening, careening and death-promising attitude until the date mentioned, when they suddenly fell with an awful crash, burying beneath their ruins nearly a score of women and children. Then a mighty howl of indignation went up from all New York; people flocked to the scene, which presented a spectacle at once terrible and pitiable; but little could their services avail looking upon the blood-stained bodies of many little children, whose lives paid the forfeit of that disinterestedness for the city's poor which is best expressed by the term, "culpable neglect." For two days a large force of men labored earnestly to recover the bodies under the debris, stimulated by cries for help from mangled victims, not yet dead, but dying under the cruel timbers that gave them fatal embrace. One family of poor but honest people suffered a loss of three beautiful little children, who, as their bodies lay in coffins provided by the city, were a sight which fairly maddened an indignant crowd that for a time seemed determined on wreaking vengeance upon the heads of those to whose apathy the accident was wholly due.

Notwithstanding the care which this calamity should have incited, other toppling buildings are standing to-day in tenement localities which threaten a repetition of November's disaster; but as the occupants are only the poor of a mighty Metropolis, whose quarters are so vile that the powerful and influential never visit them, let us

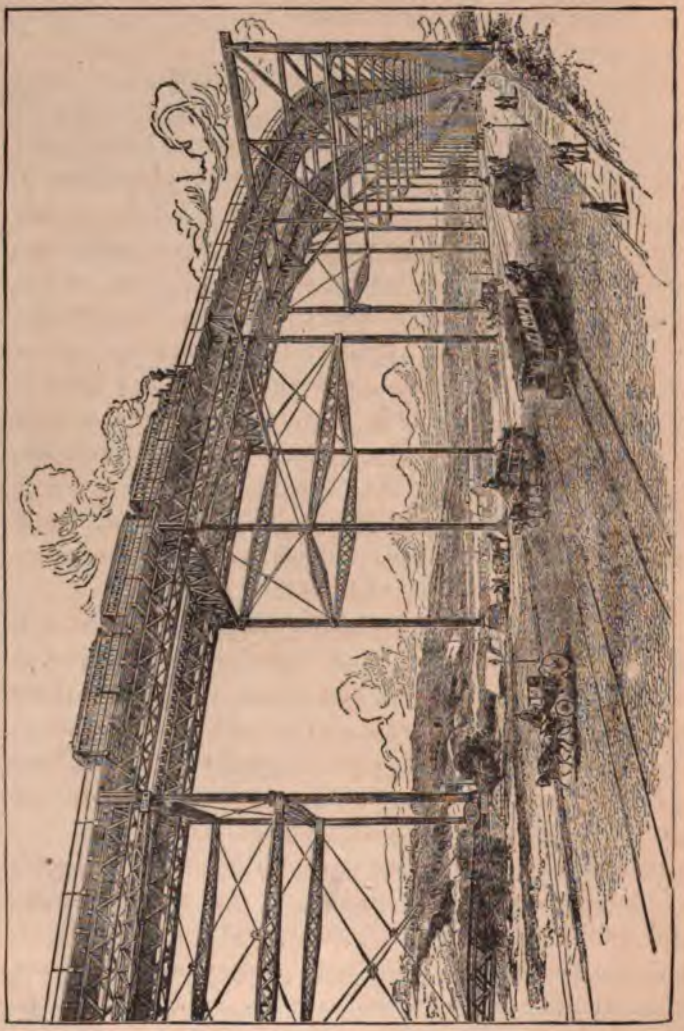
affect no surprise if hundreds of other women and children thus perish beneath the ruins of their dangerous homes.

ONLY THREE POOR CHILDREN.

As deplorable as the condition of New York's poor unquestionably is, we can scarcely imagine how much worse it would be without the aid of the numerous charities and eleemosynary institutions which the city and its

good people support. For, though some might impute to me an exaggeration of New York's social delinquencies, I have been prompted to the foregoing descriptions solely with the hope that criticism might stimulate her people to exertions commensurate with the power of her great wealth. Hence, I would not cover, with an enlargement on New York's shortcomings, one single good act, or withhold the smallest item of merit due to her charities. A very large porportion of the city's population, even amid the excitement and turmoil of a naturally fast life, are full of human sympathy, and many have won the praise of all mankind for their generous and soulful ministrations to the poor, despised, and sorely afflicted unfortunates of the Metropolis. Even the rich have done something to ameliorate the condition of New York's poor, though from that source little has come, the measure of their bounty being like vessels with false bottoms. Looking over the lives of New York's great millionaires, how few of them have left legacies for the poor! Stewart, Astor, Vanderbilt, Goelet, &c., not one thought of the unfortunate when death called upon them for a surrender of their princely estates.

One of the greatest blessings which the poor have the benefit of is that grand enterprise, the elevated railroad. Reduced fares during the early hours of morning and in the later hours of evening, on lines of transport so rapid and secure, have enabled thousands of poor people to abandon the contagious tenement houses down in town for healthy and equally cheap homes in the city's suburbs. This is a boon of inestimable value, the influence of which is noticeable in many respects, but chiefly in the diminution of drunkards on the streets and mortality among the laboring classes.



NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILWAY, SUBURBAN EXTENSION.

CHAPTER IX.

CRIMINALS AND CUNNING FRAUDS.

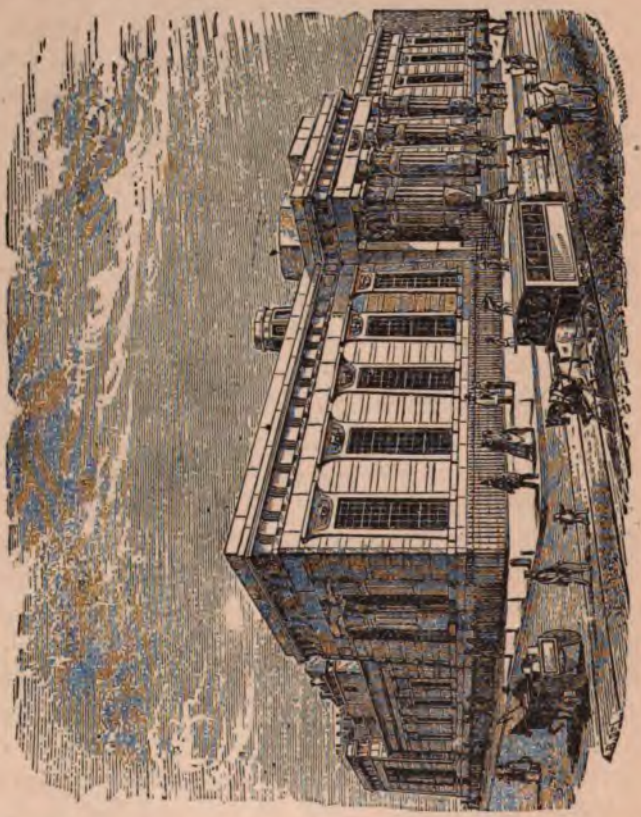
It would be strange if New York did not have a very large number of criminals, even larger in proportion to its population than any other American city, for it has many exceptional inducements, which thieves and dago men comprehend much better than an honest public. Among these several advantages to pilfering and fraudulent professionals are: Density of population, great wealth, politico-municipal corruption, immense floating population, its cosmopolitan character, and because New York is a focus of American trade and travel, which permits of an influential reaching out into all the avenues of provincialism. It is not unlike a mighty octopod, sitting in an inky lair, thrusting its endless tentacles into every home and feasting off the victims thus secured.

The criminals of our Metropolis are susceptible of well defined subdivision, and must, therefore, be grouped in classes. The burglars come first in importance, but these comprehend distinct vocations; the safe blower is first, and after him are those who plunder stores, and then those who "work" residences, being three divisions of one class and each distinct in their associations.

Confidence operations are second in the general classification, and these, too, are separable into two divisions: Those who play high cards on banks and wealthy corporations, forgeries, etc., and their puerile imitators, who confine their attention to individuals, such as will be described hereafter.

Pickpockets rank third, and other swindlers in the order

named: gift enterprises, mock auctions, advertising "rackets," and petty pilfering; under this division of criminals and "bunko lays" a thousand swindles are perpetrated every day, and however general may be the



THE TOMBS PRISON.

exposure of all the tricks of New York's queer professionals, greenhorns will still be plentiful, and foolometers be found standing on every street corner measuring man's duplicity.

One of the sights most interesting in Gotham is Police Court sittings in the Tombs. Here we find the collection

of a previous night; the "scoopings" of police vigilance and detective shrewdness. Men, women, children, of all complexions and degrees of life. A high toned fellow, laden with perfume and good clothes, caught in the act of fleecing a countryman, may be brought in, braced to the foulest specimen of quasi-humanity that ever drained swill from a side-walk beer keg. Or, perchance, it may be a woman scarlet in soul but habilitated for a society that sits under the canopied ceiling of a drawing-room and discusses fashion between draughts of extra dry Mumm. Indeed, the lily that was placed in her bosom by a Wall street broker during the *soiree* last night, may still be seen peeping out through the folds of her seal-skin. But the gracefulness of her toilet grows somewhat lustreless by contact in the dock with an old haggard whose breath is like a whiskey still, and whose features seem to have become demoralized by a general physiological and facial row.

From humorous, not to say mirth-provoking, scenes, the panorama shifts to pictures of sorest pity. Drunkenness is the one crime which makes up nearly all the police docket, and pitiable spectacles always follow this degrading yet popular vice. We can scarcely restrain our risibilities when provoked by some old hulk of manhood, whose happy traits develop under liquor's influence, advancing toward the bar he knows so well, to address the court. We pity his idiotic condition, but his brogue and incoherencies are so facetious that laughter forces sympathy, for the time being, from our nature. Yet, if behind that moral wreck we see a little child or miserable woman, still clinging to him as their all, and begging his release, they become at once the link that binds our heart and soul, bringing tears in place of heedless mirth.

These, however, are sights common to all cities, and

require no description because of their familiarity. The tricks of New York swindlers are not so well known but that their exposure must always be interesting, if not serviceable, to the public.

MORNING IN THE POLICE COURT.

Burglary is essentially a science, and those who follow it successfully must possess peculiar natural and acquired qualifications. Absolute fearlessness and adroit cunning

are the chief requisites. Their victims are metropolitan residents whose experience is supposed to make them suspicious and proof against the wiles of criminals. Nevertheless, there is not a bank vault in New York impregnable against assault; nor is there a bank president so judicious or sagacious but that he may be ignominiously fleeced. Forgery, however, is the crime wealthy men most fear, and well they may, when we hear almost daily of some gigantic fraud practiced through the artifice of forgers, some of whom are apprehended, but a greater number succeed in securing many thousands of dollars, and in spending it, too, before they fall into the law's clutches.

Sharpers may be found at every street corner, who assume the appearance of business men by rushing hither and thither as though some immense enterprise, beneficial to the entire world, was depending upon their activity.

The rural or provincial visitor who, with well-stored purse, goes down to New York on business or pleasure, is very liable to become a victim to the mendacity of sharks and his own egregious purblindness. This is how it is done:

Brown, who is well-dressed but gawkish in manner, strolls down Broadway until he suddenly runs into a dapper young fellow of very gentle and sociable appearance. "Hello! Smith," he exclaims, "how are you, and how are all the folks out at Chicago?"

Brown is taken by surprise, and deferentially explains that his name is not Smith, nor is he from Chicago, but that he hails from Oshkosh, where everybody knows him as plain Jim. Brown.

"Well, I was never so surprised in all my life; why, you are the very image of John Smith, of Chicago, who is one of the richest men of that place. Well, I'll de-

clare, I've often heard it said that there are no two persons alike, but I don't believe in the saying. I used to know some people of Oshkosh, but it's been a long time since I was there. By the way, who runs the biggest bank in Oshkosh now? Tom Parker, did you say? Why, that's so, I remember now; he's got a nephew up here in Chatham Square, and he is at the head of a big business too; some of the finest paintings in New York are in his establishment. You ought to go up and see him, for I am sure he would be glad to learn directly from you all about his uncle."

The dapper young fellow has talked very rapidly with Brown, and before the conversation is concluded the names of many rich people of Oshkosh are made known to the bunko steerer, who finally parts with Brown, giving him a cordial shake and an invitation to call at the office before leaving town.

Brown continues his rambles a few blocks, thinking meanwhile of the singular meeting, until his meditations and observations are disturbed by another dapper young fellow who fairly rushes into his arms, exclaiming:

"Why, Mr. Brown, God bless you, I am so glad to see you; when did you leave Oshkosh? how are all the boys? how is Tom Parker, the rich old banker, and how is —" every other person mentioned by Brown during his conversation with the first confidence man.

This outburst of familiarity from a person who Mr. Brown is certain he never saw before causes some bewilderment, if not suspicion, but that feeling is very quickly dispelled by the protestations and assurances given him, and in two minutes more we observe Mr. Brown and his new acquaintance on their way to visit Tom Parker's nephew.

It is not necessary, perhaps, to tell the reader that these

two bunko steerers are operating in conjunction. The first one, through an apparent mistake, makes the meeting serviceable by learning Brown's name and all about the people of Oshkosh; these facts are soon afterward communicated to a confederate, who then passes around the block to greet Brown familiarly, not forgetting to remember the story about Tom Parker's nephew.

Brown finds his companion very interesting, and follows him like a lamb led to the slaughter, for Tom Parker's nephew is certain to prove another confederate who keeps either a policy shop, bunko-den, mock auction store, or some lottery scheme. Whatever the means employed to fleece Brown it is sure to be successful, for if credulity be not excited violence will be used as a last resort.

But it is not only pastoral Westerners who fall victims to these clever schemers, for they not infrequently catch wealthy metropolitans by the flattering bait they offer.

During a visit of the writer to New York in November, 1881, when he was studying the ways of vice in the company of Mr. J. M. Dorcy, a leading detective of that city, an experience befell one of Philadelphia's best known capitalists, which is worthy of relation here. The gentleman referred to is Evan Randolph, of the firm of Randolph & Jenks, No. 115 Chestnut street, cotton merchants. Mr. Randolph had occasion to visit New York on business, and while there met a young man on Broadway, who accosted him with much grace and affability. Mr. Randolph apologized for not remembering the fellow, but his reflections were cut short by an insinuating speech:

"Of course, you don't remember me. I'm West. Bailey's son, of Philadelphia. Mr. Robbins, who is around at Theodore Starr's, would like you to call and see some new jewelry."

Mr. Randolph thought the young man spoke rather familiarly of his father, Wescott Bailey, of the well-known firm of Bailey, Banks & Biddle, of Philadelphia, but on account of a lack of time, he declined the request of Mr. Robbins, who was formerly in the jewelry business in Philadelphia, and also of Mr. Starr, who is a prominent diamond merchant of New York. Then he walked down the street, and at the corner of Madison avenue was accosted by a second young man, dressed in faultless style. Mr. Randolph reported his subsequent experience to the Superintendent of Police substantially as follows:

"The young man came up and said: 'Why, Mr. Randolph, how do you do? How are all the people in Philadelphia? You don't know me, do you? I am a son of Joseph Drexel, of Drexel, Morgan & Co., and I've often seen you in Uncle Tony's place on Third street, Philadelphia. I've been in Paris studying art for several years, and you can't think how many Philadelphians I met there. I saw Eugene Claghorn, of Claghorn, Herring & Co., and John McFadden, your neighbor, the cotton merchant on Chestnut street, and ever so many more.'

"Now," said Mr. Randolph, "I knew that those gentlemen had been abroad, and he named them in such an off-hand manner that I never suspected anything wrong. He told me that he had just returned from Europe on the steamship Gallia, and, sure enough, his face was sunburned as though from a sea voyage. He asked me if I was going down town, and I said that I was just going over to the Elevated Railroad. He said he was going the same way and offered his arm in a very courteous manner, and as I was suffering severely from rheumatism I was glad to accept it. When we reached the station he

ran up stairs, and, before I could stop him, paid my fare. On the way down in the cars he talked of his artist life abroad with great freedom and exhibited a remarkable knowledge of pictures. 'I met Gibson over there,' said he, 'he's always buying fine paintings, and we were together quite frequently.' Well, I knew, of course, that Mr. Henry C. Gibson frequently purchased fine paintings abroad, and as he mentioned the names of several other prominent Philadelphians I never suspected anything. He told me that he had brought over a number of his own paintings, besides a magnificent picture of the death of Cæsar that carried off the grand prize at the last salon in Paris. 'Belmont bid against me,' said he, 'and so did Vanderbilt's agent, but I ran it up to 50,000 francs and carried it off. I don't know whether father and Uncle Tony and Uncle Frank will like my paying so much for a picture, but it's worth it.'

"I told him I thought it was a very high price to pay for a picture," continued Mr. Randolph, "but he said that it could be sold for that at any time, and, besides, he received a rebate of eleven thousand francs for the grand prize. He explained that when the other pictures were sold a percentage of the purchase was deducted from each one and turned over to the one that carried off the prize. In this case it amounted to the handsome sum of eleven thousand francs, which he expected to receive from France in a few days. 'Of course,' he remarked, 'I don't keep any of the money I receive for my pictures, but always turn it over to some charitable institution.'

"Then he expatiated on the undertones and *chiaro-oscuro* of the painting, and although I don't know much about pictures, he excited my curiosity.

"He said he would like me to see the picture before I

went back to Philadelphia, and I told him I should be delighted to inspect it, and so he suggested that we should go over to the Academy of Design, at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, where he had placed it on exhibition. We got out of the cars, and he explained that as the exhibition had concluded we should have to get the key from the Secretary in order to obtain a private view. 'Our Secretary, Mr. Hazeltine,' said he, 'is just like Mr. Claghorn, in Philadelphia, in the interest he takes in the academy. Ah! there's his house now.' We went across into the first house on Twenty-third street from Fourth avenue, which stood back a little from the street, with an open space in front and a bay window reaching to the ground. His ring was answered by a servant in livery, who ushered us into a room on the first floor, containing easels and paintings, with a desk right across the room, in front of the window. Mr. Hazeltine was the exact counterpart of Wayne MacVeagh, and greeted us very pleasantly. My companion introduced himself as Mr. F. A. Drexel, Jr., and stated that he wished to show me his painting of the Death of Cæsar. Mr. Hazeltine was very sorry, but he had shipped the picture to Mr. Drexel's address in Philadelphia, as the exhibition had closed, and he handed out an Adams' Express receipt, properly filled out and signed. Mr. Drexel expressed his regret at our ill luck, and we started to go, when the Secretary called us back and said: 'Mr. Drexel, I have eleven thousand francs which I am directed to pay you as the grand prize on your picture. I have just received the money from Paris.' You see the amount was exactly the same that Drexel had told me, and the Secretary handed out a roll of what appeared to be money, which the former counted and placed in his pocket. Then he turned to leave, when the Secretary

called us back again and asked Mr. Drexel if he would not take a few tickets in the German raffle for the artists' fund in aid of their society. My companion replied, 'Certainly,' and said he would take five tickets, the price being $10 each.

"He asked me if I would not take some, but I declined, as I never indulged in a game of chance in my life. The Secretary explained that the object was a charitable one, and that I ran the chance of receiving $1,000 for $10, but I was firm in refusing. Then Mr. Drexel said that as he had taken five chances, one would be for his father, one for Uncle Tony, one for Uncle Frank, one for himself, and he hoped I would not be offended if he took the other in my name, and if I got anything I could turn it over to the academy. They talked so much that at last I consented, and the Secretary took out a bundle of plain white cards numbered one, two, three, and so on in large figures. Then he asked me to take five off the pile and I did so, and they amounted to twenty-eight. He asked me to sign my name in a book, and I put my address down and the number I had drawn. After considerable talk he took out a green cloth with a picture of the academy at the top, and told me I had drawn $2,000, which I refused to receive. He insisted, but I refused, and looked around for my hat, which I found had been placed on the other side of the room from where I had left it. I had also discovered that there were several men in the back part of the room who were pretending to dust the pictures. At that moment Drexel came up hurriedly, and said: 'I have lost. Let me have $110.' I said: 'Now, don't risk it again; let us go;' but at last I gave him the money. I walked to the door and found it locked. I then began to suspect something for the first time, and when he asked me for $480 addi-

tional I refused. At last I agreed, on condition that it should not go out of my possession, as I wished to stand by Drexel, in whom I had every confidence, and so I drew a sight draft on my own firm for the amount. The Secretary declared that Drexel had lost again, and demanded that I should hand over the check, but I refused.

"Then he leaned forward and called out, 'Men, don't make so much noise there.' I knew that was intended to show how strong his party was, but I did not make any remark, except to tell Drexel that he had been cheated. The Secretary said, 'Do you know I can throw you out of the window?' Now, although I am lame, that angered me, and I said, 'You had better say your prayers first.' I then took out a knife I had with me, which I use as an ink-eraser, and picked my teeth with it to show how calm I was, although I was terribly frightened. The Secretary said Drexel owed $2,800 altogether, and asked me to loan him a check for the amount. To gain time I asked for a pen, and as he turned to get one I sprang to the window and shouted for help. The Secretary begged me to stop, and finally, when I made a show of violence, he handed over the money and draft, and opened the door for me to go out. I took Drexel with me, never suspecting that he was in the plot, and afterward loaned him $10, as he said he had lost all he had. It was not until talking the matter over with a business friend that he told me that I had been swindled, as Joseph Drexel had no son. I called upon a police Captain and informed him of the affair, when he told me that I was lucky to escape with my life. 'If they had got that check from you,' said he, 'they would have hit you over the head with a sandbag and thrown you into the Hudson river.' "

The foregoing experience of a rich merchant, sixty

years of age, whose whole life has been spent in the second largest city of America, is illustrative of man's weakness and no less of a thief's consummate skilfulness. This lesson is more important when the fact is considered that only two weeks previous to Mr. Randolph's experience with New York sharks, another rich gentleman of Philadelphia, Isaac Hazelhurst, was victimized in an almost identical manner, though instead of escaping without loss, he contributed to the villains his check for $2,940. All the circumstances of this robbery were known to Mr. Randolph, yet he was taken in with all the ease that an able general ambushes the raw recruits of an enemy.

CHAPTER X.

SOME VALUABLE EXPOSURES.

THE means employed to catch gudgeons are as variable as the schemes devised to fleece them Women often play the part of trappers, and in some respects they are more successful than male operators, for the smile of a pretty girl is almost as luring as the music of the fabled siren. But where they are employed the den usually lays in some elevated quarter where panel houses are not liable to discovery. When a woman of this character secures a gullible fish on her hook she usually carries him through hallways and courts, up-stairs and through rooms, until the way is like a passage in a labyrinth. Then if he is not robbed a worse fate surely awaits him. In many cases, the beetle-headed victim is induced to disrobe and

place his clothes on a chair near the wall. Then, while he is feasting his salacious appetite, a concealed door slides noiselessly back, an arm is thrust through the opening, and greeny's clothes quickly disappear, to be returned when everything of value they contain is extracted.

THE "OUTRAGED HUSBAND" TRICK.

Another scheme is practiced in which the preliminaries are identical with those just described, but instead of stealthy robbery by means of a panel door, the woman's confederate appears playing the role of an outraged hus-

band, who manages to make his appearance at a time when the engagement is most interesting and difficult to abruptly break off. The woman appears to be overwhelmed with fear and misgivings, begs her paramour to save himself by prayer for mercy, while the husband presents a pistol and explodes with fiercest adjectives. He demands either money or blood by way of atonement, and of course the unsophisticated addle-pate gives up his pocket-book with unspeakable thankfulness, and never reports his experience.

Every newspaper or periodical reader has often seen advertisements something like the following:

LOST MANHOOD.—A minister, while on missionary labors in South America, obtained the recipe for a remedy which is a certain cure for all seminal weakness, and all the effects of early indiscretions. His sympathy for sufferers prompts him to send FREE this valuable recipe to all who will address Rev. ———.

This swindle has been exposed several times, but that it still serves its purpose is evidenced by the fact that it continues to be advertised in nearly every newspaper. Were you to write to the Rev. ——, he would send you a prescription which no druggist or physician could fill, because no such medicines are known. A foot note to the circular sent you gives information that "if the druggist of your place does not keep on hand the medicines called for in the prescription, by so stating and enclosing $1 or $5, as the case may be, the medicines will be forwarded prepared ready for use." If you are credulous enough to make the enclosure—and thousands of people are—you will receive a bottle of some inexpensive decoction as virtueless as a last year's bird's nest.

Here is another:

"Parts of the male and female form enlarged scientifically. Send for circulars."

This is a very suggestive bait, and many persons, particularly undeveloped ladies, bite at it with avidity. The circular referred to in the advertisement contains a lecture on diathesis and the extravasation of blood, superinduced, of course, by a preparation or lotion which is offered to applicants for $5 a bottle. It is impossible to measure the puerile senility of a person that would be caught by such a senseless proclamation, nor is it necessary to say that the lotion is absolutely worthless, yet hundreds of witless, vain and conceited people make contributions to this fraud.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.—If you wish to see the picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage, give your age, color of eyes and hair, and send 35c money or 40c postage stamps to ——— box —— N. Y.

This is an advertisement that has been constantly before the public for many years. When the fact is considered that about $100 a day is spent for advertising alone by the mountebank who conducts this singular business, an approximate idea may be had of his receipts. No one with a scintilla of judgment would think of answering such an advertisement, much less making the necessary enclosure, with an expectation of receiving an illustrated revelation of their matrimonial fate. Those who send thirty-five cents, as the advertisement directs, receive a card picture taken at random from the large number kept constantly on hand by the advertiser. It would be a reflection on the reader's intelligence to say that these pictures represent anything. It will be seen that the advertiser does not promise to send a "picture of your future husband or wife," but leaves the matter to your own judgment, by saying "*if you want to see*," etc. By thus cleverly wording the notice he does not lay himself liable to any legal penalty, and at the same

time knows that those who would be deceived by an open declaration regarding this marital revelation, will be influenced just as easily by the advertisement as it appears.

SEND 12c. in stamps for copyrighted "Nine Letter Puzzle" and about the $25 reward. Address ——— street, New York City.

An enclosure and letter, in reply to this solicitation to the credulous, will bring to you nothing but a childish puzzle involving the arrangement of nine letters so as to spell several words. The $25 reward is offered for a solution of the puzzle, but of course there is no intention to pay that sum to any person who should, by a year's hard labor, evolve the correct answer. Even this little silly catch-penny notice evidently pays the advertiser well.

POKER! — If you want to win at cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address ———.

This is inserted to catch the eyes of youthful gamblers who seek the covert of a hay-mow or stable-loft to indulge their betting propensities. In this notice there is no equivocation, so that it is a gigantic falsehood, and renders the advertiser amenable to the law. The cards thus sold are cheap pasteboards with various changes in the colored designs on the back, so patent that any one who ever played poker, even in a fifty-cent limit game, would detect the "trick deck" on the first bet.

A ROLLED GOLD SOLID RING makes a beautiful and valuable gift for a lady, gentleman or child, and in order to secure new customers for our firm, we will forward, post-paid, to any address in the United States, one of our heavy 18-k rolled gold rings, (either in plain band, half round or handsome stone, set in either amethyst, topaz or garnet) on receipt of only 75 cents each, and if you wish, we will engrave any name, initials, motto or sentiment desired, on the inside of the ring, without extra charge, provided you cut out this advertisement and mail to us with amount before ——.

OUR FUTURE SALES IS OUR PROFIT.—Remember, the ring we send you is heavy 18-k rolled gold, and that this unprecedented

offer is made only to introduce our goods and catalogues in your vicinity. Our firm is well established and reliable, manufacturing first-class goods from the precious metals. Under no circumstances will we send more than one ring of each kind to any person sending us 75 cents each and this advertisement; but after you order, and other rings are desired, we will furnish 18-k solid gold rings at prices given in our illustrated catalogue, varying from $3.75 to $9 each. Address ———.

The original advertisement, from which these excerpts are taken, recites the means taken to prevent jewelers from buying up all of these rings, and seeks in other ways to show that the firm so advertising has taken a wonderfully "Coal-oil Johnny" style of popularizing their goods.

The "catch" is apparent to all who know that "rolled gold" is only a different way of describing plated ware. These rings, instead of being subjected to the battery process for plating, undergo a more modern operation, which, it is claimed, causes the gold film to adhere more tenaciously to the baser metal it covers. The gold so used may, of course, be 18 karats fine, but each ring does not contain two cents' worth of the "precious metal;" consequently the rings so advertised do not possess a value above three or four cents—they are snide jewelry.

A PACK of transparent French cards for $1.00. The raciest and most exciting of any ever printed. Address in confidence ——.

In this it is plain to be seen that the advertiser endeavors to excite the belief that his cards are excessively obscene, and it is with this belief that thousands of sensual boys, and girls too, send their names and the required dollar to this lecherous fraud. But instead of receiving in return what they confidently expected, the package is nothing more than several thin cards on which permissible transfer pictures are stuck by gelatine. Holding the cards before a light, you discover nothing more

than simple pictures, like those you may buy at any stationery store for ten cents a dozen. The advertiser well knows the penalty for advertising or sending obscene matter or pictures through the mail, so he cunningly words his publishment that those who read it may be deceived into paying a round sum for a harmless package of cards.

The above furnish a sample of the advertising frauds which may be found in nearly all newspapers. They have been exposed so repeatedly that the wonder grows why they still flourish, but the explanation is probably found in the fact that as rapidly as one crop of fools is garnered another harvest stands waiting in the bloom.

The lottery swindlers are not so numerous as they once were, chiefly because nearly every State has now upon its statute books a special law against lottery enterprises, and makes the publication of such advertisements in any paper a misdemeanor, punishable by heavy fine, to be collected from the publishers. There is no such thing as an honestly conducted lottery scheme; as well might we expect the devil to run his kingdom in the interest of righteousness as to look for honesty in the management of a pre-eminently dishonorable scheme, such as the lottery manifestly is.

Pickpockets carry on a flourishing business constantly in New York, regardless of panics or hard times. These professional *homo trium literarum*, as they were called many centuries ago, pursue their deft calling generally in crowds, on the ferries, at theatres, in omnibuses or street cars, at fires, and are especially active in excited throngs, such as congregate at political meetings, accidents and fires. The church is also a favorite field for their operations, and pious devotion is the time pocket-picking becomes easiest.

As the burglar has provided for his work the most skilfully devised tools, so the pickpocket recognizes his necessities and follows his vocation by the aid of instruments no less cunning. It requires little practice or natural expertness to extract a handkerchief from an exposed pocket, so this is the first lesson the pickpocket learns; from this there is a rapid advancement until the most distinguished of this class become marvellously expert in relieving a trouser-pocket from valuable coins, nor are they less successful in purloining by their adroit stealth piles of wealth from under the very eyes of a bank cashier or president.

Those who circulate among large crowds with designs on vest-pockets carry with them two intruments dextrously fashioned. One is a pair of scissors, the knives of which are each made in semi-circle, so that when they are brought together, like two hawk-bills, they form a circle. The purpose of this is to cut watch chains with such ease that the victims cannot feel the act, and to prevent slipping during the attempt.

The other instrument is a piece of steel wire, six inches in length, terminating at the point in a spoon-shaped basin, which is turned at a right angle from the shaft. This is used to extricate coins from either a vest or pants pocket, and so easily and skilfully is it manipulated that not one victim in a thousand is ever conscious of its use.

Women are as consummate in thieving as men, and they essay any part with equal dexterity, from burglary to shop lifting, the latter, however, being a specialty with them because of their better opportunities for purloining and concealing articles. A female expert in the profession will visit a dry-goods store, and, following an example peculiar to her sex, have the clerks show her a variety of goods, until she sees before her some valuable

pieces, then, directing the clerk's attention to some other part of the store, she quickly transfers such articles as are most desirable from the counter to some hidden folds or pockets under her crinoline; some trifling thing may then be purchased by the thief, after which she walks out and makes directly for her room. The goods thus stolen sometimes remain for several months in the shop-lifter's possession, and until her accumulations become so large that she sells the whole stock to an auction dealer.

Besides downright thievery, and robbery through schemes into which strangers are entrapped by sharp decoys, there are other means for swindling verdant visitors in New York, a few of which may be mentioned as examples. The "patent safe" and "pocket-book dropping" games were once very popular and successful, but charlatans have made rapid progress and their ingenuity is kept busy inventing new devices and planning different strategies with which the police and public are unfamiliar. Here is one: A rustic, watching the lascivious dance in a Bowery beer garden or walking along Chatham Square, conscious only of the novelties displayed about him, looking into some show-window, perhaps, may be accosted by a clever faced gentleman, as follows: "See here, (holding up before the visitor's gaze a beautiful gold ring set with a large sparkling diamond) did you drop this?"

The rustic knows he did not, and answers:

"No sir; why?"

"Why, I found it right under your feet, and I felt sure that you had dropped it. It's a beautiful ring and I am certainly a lucky man to find such a treasure; it must be worth at least one hundred dollars. Why, see here, there is an inscription inside, 'H. L. to Carrie.' I'll bet a round sum that this is an engagement ring and to-morrow every paper in the city will publish Carrie's reward for its return to her."

A BOWERY BEER AND DANCE GARDEN.

All this conversation is to get the visitor interested, and it rarely fails of the purpose. Still holding the ring before his victim's eyes, sharper continues:

"This is singularly unfortunate; I would like very much to get the large reward which I know will be offered to-morrow for the ring and at the same time see the owner get it, but a business engagement in Buffalo compels me to leave New York to-night. I am sorry, but see no way out of the dilemma except to keep the ring, which my sense of honor almost forbids."

With this sharper starts off, but turning suddenly, as if a happy thought had just been forged from his brain, he again accosts our rustic:

"Say, I can't do this, my honor absolutely forbids, but we can perhaps fix this between us so that both will be profited by my lucky find, and the owner will obtain the ring also. You will be in the city for a day or two yet? Yes; well, suppose you give me $10 and I'll leave the ring with you, and whatever reward may be offered, which I dare say will be $25 or more, shall be yours."

Our pastoral friend thinks he has struck a decidedly honest gentleman, and now fully convinced of the ring's value, thinking what a nice present it would make for Maria, or that he might realize at least $50 from it at a pawnbroker's, he gives sharper the $10 and the two part. On the following day he eagerly scans the "Lost" column of the morning papers, but sees no notice of any reward for a lost ring. So much the better, he thinks, for this gives his conscience a little ease; he then repairs to a pawnbroker, where the cruel fact is revealed that his ring is of German silver, plated with gold and set with a Brazilian pebble; the whole thing is not worth twenty-five cents, so he naturally gets mad and does not stop short of calling himself a fool.

Another game is practiced about the City Hall or on Broadway, called "Thimble Rigging." It is an old trick under a new disguise; it was formerly played by using three thimbles, under one of which a small colored ball was placed. The trick was in causing the ball to disappear. It is now played as follows: A fellow is seen standing on one of the sidewalks with three or four persons about him. He claims that people are so incredulous now-a-days that they won't believe their own eyes. After making some remarks like these, and discovering a late-come-to-town fellow, he produces a stack of copper cent pieces, of the old issue, one inch in diameter, and placing them on a board, says:

"Now, here is a small ball, a pea, nothing but a common pea. I'll let any gentleman place this pea on top of the coins and then I'll cover the stack with his hat, like this," (suiting the action to the word.) "Now I'll bet any man in the crowd that when I lift this hat the pea will be on the board under the coins." He makes it very clear that no trick is designed, but does all this merely to illustrate how incredulous and self-doubting humanity has become.

Very soon one fellow in the crowd (a capper) steps up, bets five dollars, raises the hat, and of course the pea is still on top of the coins just as it was placed.

The visitor gets interested, and when he is challenged for a similar bet, quickly lays down a ten-dollar note. The hat is cautiously lifted—it is his own hat—when, lo! the pea is apparently directly underneath the coins, in a place he felt certain it could not possibly be; and, of course, he loses.

The simplicity of this trick is no less wonderful than its success. The ten copper cents used are cemented together, and a hole large enough for the pea is cut

through the center of all save the top one. There are two peas used, one lying on top and the other hidden in the scissure of the coins.

One of the more recent schemes adopted by street swindlers is known as the "trick knife," the use of which may be briefly described as follows:

A man in the Bowery is seen talking to a stranger, in desultory conversation, when another party comes up as if by accident, and in the most natural manner asks for the loan of a knife. Sharper at once draws a knife from his pocket and passes it to the enquirer—who proves to be a confederate—without breaking his conversation with the stranger. Confederate tries to open the knife, but cannot, whereupon he passes it to the stranger, with a request to open it. Stranger tries also, but finds that he cannot, which leads to an examination of the knife, when a rivet is detected that apparently goes through the center of the blade. After much discussion the stranger is induced to take a half interest in a bet with the confederate against the knife-owner that it cannot be opened without using some other means than the thumb-nail. When a bet is made, if the wager is sufficiently large, the owner quickly opens the knife; but should the bet be small, he fails to open it; and then, after looking at stranger's hands, as though convincing himself of the strength in Greeny's thumb, he at once proposes to bet that stranger can open it. This wager is taken with much confidence by the victim, because, since he has just tried and convinced himself, he feels that it is impossible to lose. But the slightest effort now suffices to throw the blade open, and his money is, of course, lost.

These knives, which are very common in appearance and have but a single blade, are sold at ten and fifteen dollars each. The secret about them consists in a small

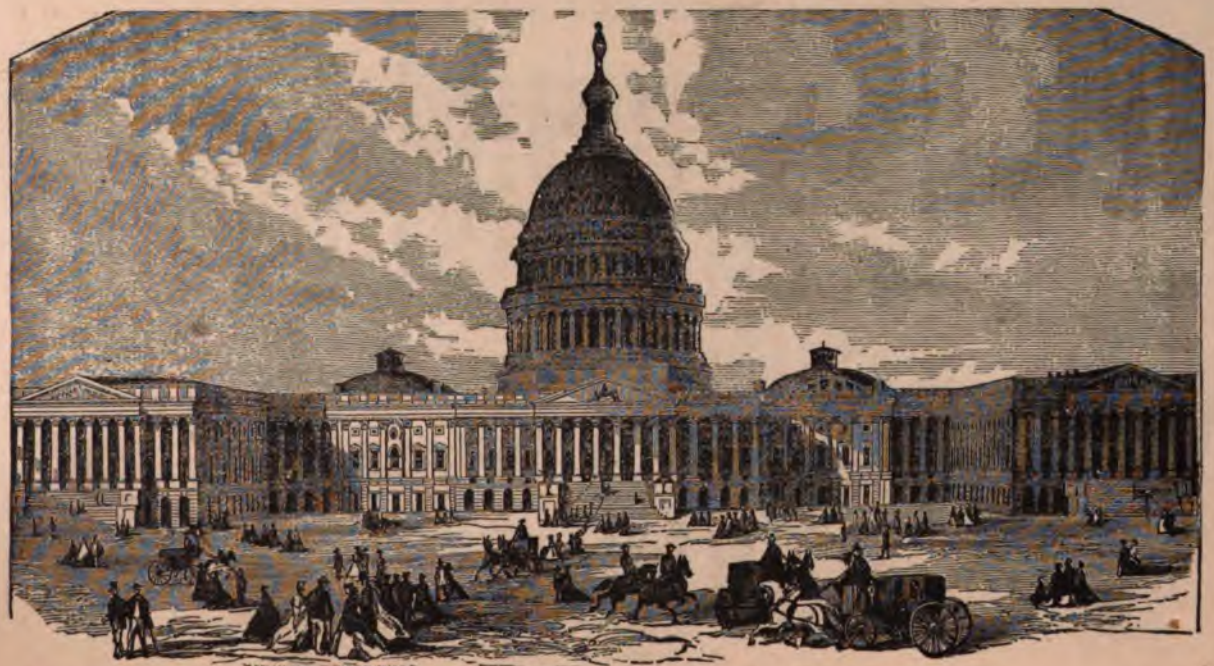
piece of wire, which runs along the back-spring and is made to move in and out of a slot cut in the large end of the knife-blade when shut. There is a small projection of wire from the handle, which is not liable to detection, and by pressing this the slot is closed or opened at will. These knives are not all made alike; hence, even if you have discovered the trick in one, it is not safe to bet you can open the next one.

There are hundreds of other tricks not mentioned in this chapter, that are practiced daily in New York; to explain them all would require a work much greater than the contents of this entire volume.

I have sought, however, to present examples of the various means employed to swindle an unsuspecting public. It is not alone the simple minded who fall into such snares as are laid by professional thieves and confidence operators; indeed, many of New York's most intelligent citizens become the prey of their fellow townsmen.

Quite enough has been explained in this succinct history of Gotham's peccadillos to guide safely any visitor through America's great Metropolis; let us hope that these lessons may prove fruitful with blessings and beneficial to all mankind; that they should teach us how slippery are all the paths in large cities, and that eternal vigilance must be the price of our securety.

151 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



VIEW OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

WASHINGTON CITY.

CHAPTER I.

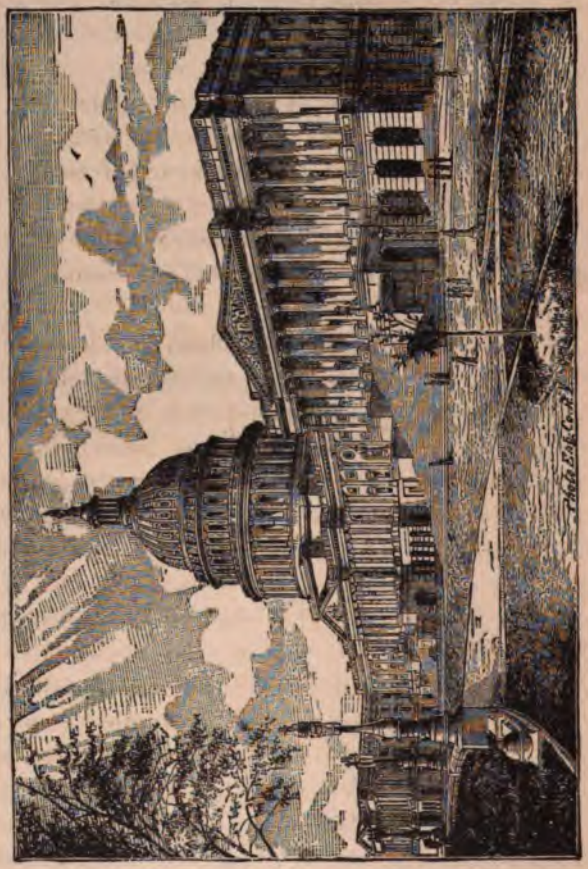
SACRED MEMORIES AND HOMELY FACTS.

The American people are very justly proud of their sovereignty and of the beautiful city where sits, by a majority's sufferance, the creators of our law. Hallowed memories cluster about that grand old capitol, whose dome seems to cleave empyrean's depths, and gather upon its apex a lustre direct from heaven. Every national heart pulsates with excited admiration at the mention of those heroes of constitutional liberty, whose patriotic and divine-born impulses conceived a *magna charta* so comprehensive and beneficent that it has become a lamp of liberty lighting all the by-ways of civilization.

This commendable pride of citizenship is manifested in a hundred ways; not alone by a spontaneous and universal response, coming like a rush of mighty floods from every city, hamlet, hillside, plain and cañon, at the first insult to our national honor, but also by a generous acceptance and acquiescence in all the civil laws bearing the seal of jurisdictional courts and legislatures.

Washington City stands out like some great masterpiece of art on canvas, presenting a beautiful picture of animate life clothed in the purple of supreme power and with a grasp like destiny bearing securely the prosperity of our country. She is no less beautiful in architecture

and material adornment than in the golden-hued principles which radiate from her capitol and penetrate every American home, and are at once the pillars and foundation of our democratic confederacy.



NORTH FRONT OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

There are no other buildings on the continent so majestic, stable and awe-inspiring as the State House, Department of State and Treasury, which combine symmetry and substantiality with marvellous ingenuity. The

White House is a sacred relic of Colonial legislation, that has sheltered all the Presidents and been the theatre of so many brilliant receptions and painful scenes.

It appears almost iconoclastic to associate grim facts of moral perversions with the constellation of sublime geniuses who have been such gracious factors in our political commonwealth sisterhood; but for the precedent established by sacred revelations, I would not undertake this review of Washington life without some mental compunction, since it involves the character of many able legislators and some of our Capital's aristocratic and peculiar society. Sustained by sacred example, however, I assume the task with a feeling of justification, if not praiseworthy duty.

To our provincial population official life appears all tinsel and glory, the reaping of ambition's goal, which exaggerates merit and makes national officers akin to sacredness. The congressman who, laden with the laurels of constituent preferment, returns to his rural district, either during vacation or for another canvass, excites almost as much interest among his people as a brass-band or circus-menagerie. The very folds of his garments are touched with the awe that is inspired by a belief in their miraculous efficacy. He rises above the village pastor, and his judgment approaches infallibility. Every act becomes a subject worthy of press comment, and should some trifling illness admonish him to withdraw from public gaze for a day, his condition is bulletined on every neighbor's tongue. He is a *connoisseur*, an incomparable critic of bric-a-brac, when it assumes the guise of pumpkin pies, buttermilk, babies or cross-roads whiskey, and his praise of this quartette falls on the heads of rustic housewives with the potency and delight excited in a devout Catholic by the blessings of a Pope. His

speeches, which are printed by a bounteous government and distributed through the generous sources of a franking privilege, pour in upon his constituents, who read his remarks on a bill appropriating blank dollars for the improvement of Wild Cat creek, as though every word were a pearl, and his argument absolutely unanswerable. Forthwith a fulsome biography, laden with flattery and interlarded with prophecy, appears in his "deestrict" papers, and then he floats in a very sea of ecstacy, where adulation, like a steady wind, blows directly toward ambition's harbor. This picture is complete, before the eye of bucolic imagery, when *our* Congressman is seen occupying a stateman's seat, where none obtain privileges until their qualifications are determined by a critical examination before the high chancellor of all knowledge and holiness.

To those who have studied and know Washington life when clothed in official robes, the average congressman is but an ordinary creature, with many deficiencies. His speeches are usually the product of some journalist or penny-a-liner whom he pays for the composition; they may, indeed, remain unspoken, yet this does not prevent them from appearing in the *Congressional Record* as having been delivered, and interjected, too, with "applause," "hear, hear," "laughter," etc. It is a notorious fact that scarcely one-half the speeches printed in the *Record* as having been uttered "amid storms of thundering applause," were spoken in Congress or elsewhere, yet they are printed in pamphlet form at government expense and distributed in like manner over respective districts, where they are accepted as evidences of great merit. I do not write this in disparagement of all congressmen from country constituencies, for the fact is incontrovertible that, taking Congress as a body, there are more able

members representing rural districts than large municipalities, which is explained in the methods employed by city candidates to secure election.

Through the system that has obtained since the war, it is next to impossible for an honest man to become a government official; it would be alike absurd and vicious to brand every national officer as a culprit, for there are many men, legislators and departmental officers, who are regarded as undefilable, and who, perhaps, do lead pure lives, but they are the exception, however we may regard the confession. No one will deny that successful office seekers practice a system of false promises, and that they indirectly purchase votes. In the country there is much less corruption used, because the opportunities are not nearly so great, though enough is seen to shame any true patriot. Nominating conventions are almost invariably "packed," *i. e.*, the delegates are influenced in favor of candidates by promises of position, or directly by the payment of money—*bribed*.

The city candidate commences his canvass by contributing to ward meetings, leaving sums of money at saloons, hiring strikers, and concludes his efforts, after nomination, by buying squads of voters and "whooping up the boys." In cities the voting is done by sluggers and roughs, who compose the saloon influence; these hoodlums fight for their candidates and rarely give up until the ballot-boxes are stuffed with legitimate and illegitimate votes. Decent people cannot afford to mix with such motley crowds as congregate at the polls, and elections are therefore subject to the predominance of vicious, criminal classes. Since this demoralizing influence is to be found in all cities, and, more or less in counties, too, dishonest representatives must be the consequence. These practices being well near universal, their criminality is not

regarded, and the polluting influence is permitted to extend through all the avenues of official life.

In elections for United States Senators corruption is infinitely greater. The legislature is purchased outright in nine out of every ten cases where the personal influence of opposing candidates is about equal — the longest and most generous purse nearly always decides the contest. Any denial of this assertion is a betrayal of the most lamentable and inexcusable ignorance.

But political evils do not cease with elections; on the other hand, they are but the bud that blossoms into more infamous practices in the halls of Congress. Times have grown strangely out of joint; formerly, during the first years of allodial tenures in England, when feudal titles were abolished, attorneys practiced their profession without exacting fees from their clients, esteeming themselves well paid in the honor they received; thirty years ago, in America, office was sought for the honor such positions yielded, but since the English-speaking world has made such advances in civilization, the code of fame has been revised. British legislators and expounders now turn all their talents to money-gathering by political chicanery. Following their example, and borrowing practical political precepts from those of the woolsack and peruke, our progressive national officers have sought distinction through the same channels; and, barring the privileges of hereditary rulers, Americans have eclipsed most of the modern nations in devising adroit schemes for aggrandizement and pelf.

Occasionally our naturally excitable people are temporarily amazed at the chromatic acts of some newly introduced congressman, who rises by inherent genius and scatters in his track bright gems of statesmanship, but more than one of these proves but a flying meteor draw-

ing the admiration of gallery sirens for a while, only at last "to die of a rose in aromatic pain." Some of these stars to lesser lights gain credit for their honesty, to lose it at last by unseemly efforts for political revenge; others, with pachydermatous skins and consciences, make themselves amenable to public execration, but stolidly confront calumny and receive the darts of condemnation without apparent knowledge of the infliction. For such as these there is a sure reward; chief politicians are always seeking aid from those who defy public opinion, for they make excellent breast-plates and can keep a secret to the end. If they are bull-dozers, so much the better, for in these adjuncts of a corrupt ballot is a reliance most potential and assuring. For such particular services these political lepers receive fat appointments when loss of popularity destroys all hope of their election. I have in my mind, as I write, no less than fifteen high-place officials who are serving under appointment because their dishonesty and incompetency are so well known that no constituency would elect them to any position. The appointive power is not always to blame for this deficiency; in fact the person wielding this power rarely has the opportunity for ascertaining the personal character of his appointees; he is the creature of those who secure him place, and he must select those whom he is instructed to give office, without regard for his own wishes.

Ambition's race is indeed a mad one, and not infrequently does it lead to oblivion. Men in office are assailed by many temptations, money, women and promises of exaltation; going into office under circumstances such as I have mentioned, it is not strange that a large majority take up the corruption first practiced in a canvass for votes and pursue it as a habit to the end of their career.

CHAPTER II.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

THERE is a marked difference, readily recognizable, between the society of Washington and that of New York, especially in composition. There is pre-eminently more intelligence and polish in that of the former city, for several reasons, but chiefly because of the widely different surroundings. New York *elite* is made up largely of people sprung suddenly from low condition by a turn of fortune's wheel. Riches constitute the sole passport to that exclusive circle known as aristocratic society, and where such an ill-jointed custom prevails, culture meets with small consideration.

But in Washington there is a diametrically opposite social condition, though the results and practices of each are alike demoralizing. Society at the Capital is made up of those who have attained to positions of political preferment by virtue of their influence, which is the product of intellectual predominance. In such a circle there is positive enjoyment, for intelligence is like a festal board at which all may be regaled. The elements constituting what may be termed our "National Sodality," are congressmen, heads of departments, juntos of lobbyists, and an *olla podrido* of women, only definable under the general phrase, "of all complexions and antecedents."

A woman's ambition, socially, can only be measured by her imagination, and as the air of Washington is filled with voracious parasites of covetousness, every little soul

there becomes affected, and the place is perforce a very pothouse for mad ambition's folly. Ninety-nine out of every hundred are rolling the stone of Sisyphus, or at sea without sail or compass. Fraud and dissimulation are practiced with rare pertinacity, and these foibles permeate the entire body social.

During vacation of Congress the Capital is lifeless as an eunuch under the beams of tropical heat, but when winter calls together the horde of officers and applicants who stream behind like pungent odors resisting fumigation, a change succeeds, and under the tonicity of this infusion Washington grows as strong in her loins as Antœus, throbbing with desire. Society, mottled as a leopard, at once organizes into coteries and designing cliques, posts the guards, pulls up the portcullis, and then plunges into dissipations patterned after Belshazzar's feast.

To-night there is a party or reception at Plenipotentiary Blank's residence, to which is invited all of the Capital's aristocrats, blooded stock representing foreign courts, bejeweled spouses of senators, secretaries, commissioners and queens of the State House galleries. It is a fashionable delegation and rare sport may confidently be expected. As the guests arrive they are received first by darkies in *au fait* livery, who take charge of cloaks, overcoats, hats—and suspicious bottles. Other attendants conduct the company to parlors ablaze with emprismed chandeliers, where they are met and presented to the distinguished host and his gorgeously arrayed lady. A flutter of dresses and the senseless din of distrait conversation is heard until a swell of music wells up from the ball-room; then progammes are hastily produced, a gracefully oiled citizen of latter-day suffrage calls out, "Choose your partners for a waltz," when there is a hasty vacation of parlors, and the dance begins.

Now let us take observations by bird's-eye view from an eligible balcony or pedestal:

That frosty-headed, red-faced old fellow, who dances with such animation, is Senator ——, who has made great reputation by advocating a reform of the tariff; his speeches always attract marked attention from the galleries; his wife is not spending the winter in Washington, preferring to live a quiet life at their country home, which decision is quite agreeable to the senator, as we shall see. Isn't his partner beautiful? Why, she dresses a divine form with the grace such perfect mould deserves. Her smile is sweeter than a siren's lute, and the measure of her step is as infectious as the jig-creating melodies of an expert negro banjoist. How entrancingly she looks up into the senator's red face; the beams of her lovely eyes strike wrinkles of admiration all over the old gentleman's countenance. By careful notice we may see him squeeze her waist with one arm, but the most expert mathematician could not tell which of the two holds the tightest grip with their linked hands.

This woman has the senator in her grasp; what will she do with him? Her character affords the best answer. Two years ago she was an adventuress among Wall street nabobs; she made some money by selling her charms to "bulls" and "bears" for "pointers" on the stock market. Promiscuity soon drove her out of speculation, but having great resource she fell in with a rich Californian, who took her to San Francisco. There she was a "high roller," and by keeping a sharp lookout for the main chance she finally "struck it rich." A coast millionaire, with visions of transcontinental railways in his head, concluded that he could use her with advantage at Washington. He accordingly made her a tempting and acceptable offer, after which he had a bill drafted appro-

priating millions of public lands to a construction company, of which he was the soul, body and members, to assist in the building of a railroad, projected in his brain.

This woman is a professional lobbyist now, and if she succeeds in having the bill passed $50,000 will be her re-

THE FEMALE LOBBYIST PLYING HER SEDUCTIVE ARTS.

ward. She tackles our venerable senator, because he has made several speeches against the appropriation of any part of the public domain to advance individual interests. His influence, therefore, in advocacy of her bill, will anticipate all opposition and insure an early passage of her measure.

But the full effects of her insinuating grace and magnetism is not so protential at the ball room as in her boudoir; for there, under the magic of nature's touch, whatever may be the senator's misgivings and compunctions he will swear allegiance with the impassioned eloquence of the sweetest lover.

That lady, waltzing now with Minister ——, is a *debutante* in Washington society. She passes for a young widow, the remnant of a General who fell at Gettysburg, and left papers that warrant her application for a liberal pension. She is, in fact, an adventuress, who has been peddling virtue among wealthy cuckolds, and has been drawn to Washington because her profession can be practiced with greater profit there than elsewhere. She brought ten Saratoga trunks filled with rich wardrobes, and has taken quarters on I street, where her interests are under the watchful eye of an amorous foreign representative.

There, trellising the outer circle and executing most complacent *devoirs* to Secretary ——'s wife, is a very clever-looking gentleman—a high court appointee—who stands on the pinnacle of super-æsthetical society in Washington. Ladies smile graciously at his nod, and being a bachelor, it is a perpetual leap-year with him. His character, however, is not above reproach. Though never married, he has a daughter almost of age, who is admitted to the best circles, and no questions asked. His career at the Capital is best known to the habitues of Lizzie Snow's harem.

Thus could I truthfully paint the blemishes of two-thirds of this gay assemblage. When midnight folds the scroll of deep shadows, there is a marked change in those who have participated in the dance; many now retire to their homes—chiefly those of mature years—while the remaining ones drink wine and give free rein to their

excited passions. The waltz grows suddenly animated, while grace of movement is displayed by catching kisses from pouting lips of partners as they furiously twirl in the lascivious dance.

It cannot be asserted that all those who are pronounced votaries of terpsichore and Washington's *le beau monde*, are guilty of improprieties beyond a license which, though objectionable elsewhere, is permissible there. But the fact is notorious that during sessions of Congress society at the Capital is little less than a carnival of vice. None can escape the contaminating influence of corruption, and in the congregation of such a large and mixed delegation of men and women the demands for money are imperious, and to obtain that leverage on society positions, honor, soul, everything is bartered.

The causes and effects of official life will appear fully in succeeding chapters, which contain only a few selections from common report, illustrative of the cankerous assuefaction prevalent in that circle which should be representative American, but which, we are thankful to record, is not.

CHAPTER III.

OFFICE-SEEKERS—WASHINGTON SCANDALS.

No description, however graceful and comprehensive, can afford more than an indistinct idea of the pressure exerted by office-seekers to obtain positions. It is like the rush of water through a crevasse, or the mad stream

of Greeks pouring into Troy, when, with broken walls, the city gave admittance to a wooden horse. There are about eighty thousand offices under the general government, nearly all of which are filled by influence at Washington. To secure these, the Capital is demoralized by a Sabaoth more numerous than the Amorites who fell by Joshua's spear—and who are about as deserving of slaughter. It is not alone men that seek these positions, for there are women also in superabundance who frequently visit Washington under flattering inducements, and leave their jewels of character in the keeping of influential office-holders before they secure a clerkship. Among such a vast number of hungry seekers there must, of necessity, be a large amount of bitter experiences. Not to be repulsed, and hanging by the merest thread of hope, many continue a vain pursuit until money and influence are wholly exhausted. Unable then to leave the city, these poor unfortunates remain, until, in numerous instances, manhood and womanhood are destroyed. Females are drawn to the Capital by various inducements; some by direct promise of place; others by ambition and an exaggerated opinion of their ability, while yet others are influenced by vanity—faith in the success of a pretty face and exquisite form. It is safe to say that very few of the really handsome, well-developed female applicants fail to procure desirable positions, provided they are willing to part with those charms which, while they cannot enrich the receiver, strike the giver with direst poverty.

There are four thousand women employed in the various departments at Washington, nearly two thousand of which number are engaged in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Admirers of female beauty can find here much satisfaction and enjoyment, for nearly all these employes are both young and handsome. They bear evi-

dence of having been selected from a large offering of girls, the qualifications for acceptance being face, form and magnetism. The visitor to these houris in aprons and work-caps, if he chance to be attractive himself, will meet many glances indicative of a desire for acquaintanceship. A wire partition, however, intervenes between visitors and employes, which bars everything save smiles and cunning innuendoes.

These girls may all be honest; I would not traduce them for any price, and therefore merely mention facts, leaving inferences with the reader. It is perfectly legitimate to say that some of these girls owe their position to an influence that demands a sacrifice of honor, while others sometimes succeed through virtue of parentage, or because they are the orphans of once prominent soldiers, or relatives of influential politicians.

To be somewhat more particular in my charges of salacity against the social and official elements composing Washington life, I will briefly describe a few facts. It is the part of wisdom to refrain from an open publication of names, but I solemnly affirm that none of these descriptions shall be overdrawn, and that they shall be the record of solemn facts and actual circumstances. The mere mention of such truths is almost shocking, but justice and patriotism alike demand that the shameful abuses of public trusts and Capital society shall be made known. The public has a right to know the occupation of its servants, for only by this knowledge and the adoption of some means to purify legislators and their surroundings can the national fabric be preserved.

The assignation houses of Washington are sustained almost wholly by members of the two houses of Congress. The principal ones are located on New York avenue, the finest being presided over by Mme. Russell, an ex-lobby

queen. A certain very dignified senator representing one of New England's fairest commonwealths is a very lucrative patron of this place, and invariably upon the session adjournment he remains secluded with the fair habitues for nearly a fortnight. He is a married gentleman, with a sprinkling of grey hairs that give color of sapience, but lusts of the flesh have made him a victim to sensuality.

A certain member of Congress from Ohio, and an attache of the White House under the Grant and Hayes administrations, maintained sumptuous quarters in the northwest part of Washington which became a harem rich with famous beauties. One of these gentlemen bore about him the reputation which won hearts as if by magic. His elegant form and carriage, large, black mustache, imperial locks and lustrous dark eyes proclaimed him Hyperion to the ladies, and his conquests were not only numerous but included the ultra-fashionables. Daughters of high officers, and many wives who had *entree* to the Presidents' families, became victims of this high-cut Adonis, who fairly luxuriated in bountiful meadows and special preserves. By the most notorious flagrancy,—downright drunkenness—there were two or three exposures, but the ladies whose honor was involved occupied too high positions for the scandals to penetrate the public prints; Washington society knew of these peccadillos, but that section of the body social was too deep in mire to think of getting out by crowding others under. In fact, the only reprehensible thing discoverable about these amours was in being found out outside the circle.

There is employed in the collection division of the post-office department, as clerk, a very pretty lady, who sustains a consanguineous relation to one of the highest officers in that department, as well as a relation surreptitious to an officer only one degree less in rank.

HOW TWO DASHING M. C.'S REPRESENTED THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

The office of this latter gentleman was in the Seventh street wing, immediately opposite the Second National Bank. During lunch time two of the bank clerks took their meals in a corner room on the second floor, from which place an excellent view could be had, over the stained glass of the Major's office. On one occasion they chanced to see a lady and gentleman occupying the Major's quarters alone. A more critical observation revealed to the blossoming eyes of these two clerks some punctillious actions, æsthetical customs, and parenthetical dalliances which made them instantly turn their faces to the wall. But recovering their equanimity at length they essayed a second view, when, behold! there was the same display of delicate, fastidious, queasy, querulous, rhapsodizing playfulness before noticeable. Nothing more.

Thereafter the two clerks, treasuring their discovery with great care, grew less modest, and whiled their dinner hours in anxious audience with the officer and his beautiful young clerk. A culmination of such love-making was at length reached, which provoked a jealousy that sought satisfaction by exposure. Charges of lascivious intercourse were duly preferred, which are now the subject of an investigation by officials—but nothing will come of it.

Some time in June, 1881, one of the wealthiest gentlemen of Washington gave a grand reception, which was attended by President Garfield, his cabinet and a large number of other prominent people, besides a score of foreign ministers. Among the guests was a Spanish diplomat, whose handsome features attracted marked attention from all the ladies present, but particularly fascinated was a daughter of the wealthy host. She was

only eighteen years of age, but few stood higher in social circles than she; thousands of dollars had been spent on her musical culture, and for beauty, combined with befitting grace of manners, none of the Washington belles excelled her.

The reception was over about midnight, but when nearly all the guests had departed the Spanish diplomat sought Miss ——, to say good-night. The girl, fascinated by his magnetic looks and distinguished lineage, met him with trembling lips and fluttering heart, which revealed how deep the dart of love had cleft her. He instantly discovered the flame that burnt for him, and made an engagement to meet her one hour afterwards in her toilet room. She consented, scarcely conscious of her act, and at the time appointed admitted to her chamber the Castilian lover. He carried wine with him, and under watches the two drank draughts of a vintage which seemed an elixir of love; visions of Paradise dawned like airy fairies before her sparkling eyes, and when the soft pressure of an arm was felt about her waist, it was as a circlet of rapture—she was entranced.

The result of that evening—stolen pleasures where thorns so sharp are hidden; a joy that breaks the silver clouds and draws lightning from an inviting heaven—it was the old, old story, with the usual bitter sequel. Three months afterward nature exposed the secrets of that night, and to keep the wolf of disgrace from her parents' door, she was sent abroad "for her health." Comparatively few persons in Washington are familiar with the circumstances of this particular case, but the truth has not been transgressed one jot or tittle in this description.

During a recent administration a scandal was provoked which, though it shocked society to an immeasurable

extent, did not disconcert the immediate parties thereto. The lady concerned, by general consent, was accorded the honor of being the handsomest woman in Washington. She was wife to a distinguished Cabinet officer, and her wardrobe was so rich and pre-eminently stylish, that she was a very Pompadour leader in fashion. Bonds of matrimony were not so binding but that she found means to exhibit a desire for the company of others than her husband, and this license resulted in winning an amorous glance from a distinguished senator, whose name is now prominently connected with the Presidency for 1884.

Not content with opportunities found in Washington, this beautiful woman and influential senator left America and made a tour of Europe together. How they traveled the public does not know, but as no objection was manifested by the husband, insinuation is entirely out of place. In fact suspicion would be wholly disarmed in this case were it not for the intrusive fact that previous to their trip abroad the senator and uxorious beauty were coupled together reproachfully by the tongue of common report. This latter act, therefore, elicited a comment extremely palatable to sensation lovers inside and outside of Washington.

In the spring of 1880 a terrible eruption occurred in Capital society, which blew up a quantity of old debris in the shape of a shocking scandal. At the time this distressing incident took place, a Southern district was represented in Congress by the youthful member, A——. He was in every respect a lady's man; symmetrical in form, with handsome features and attractive ways, but carrying in his veins the passions engendered by tropical calidity, no barrier was high enough to keep him out of

pastures fruitful with opportunity. He roamed and feasted his erratic appetite in brown-stone mansions and turned the key in many a lock that held a sacred door.

At length this son of Venus became acquainted with a very estimable lady, the sister-in-law of a metropolitan congressman. She had come to Washington as a winter visitor, and possessing the requisite qualifications for admission into high-toned society, she soon became the object of a social rage. Among the several who bowed a knee at her shrine was our caloric M. C. He had found her beautiful, and above all, the possessor of a form as fine as Hebe ever wore. Here was prey worthy his gunpowder; so immediately adapting himself to circumstances, he adjusted his guns for a heavy siege and turned loose all his batteries. The young lady showed signs of capitulation, but not an unconditional surrender. She was willing to wed, but refused any dishonorable alliance. After adopting several expedients without avail, determined not to be outdone while wearing the laurels of so many similar victories, he tried a bolder scheme, which in measure and effect was as follows: One night, after the theatre, he invited her to Welcker's restaurant for a supper. She accepted, and at his solicitation, had their service together in a private wine-room. The simple repast was concluded, there being a great deal more wine consumed than substantial viands. Thinking at length that the intoxicant had produced effects suited to his purposes, he renewed his repulsive solicitations; but instead of receiving smiles and kisses, he had threats and discomfiture. Determining upon a last resort, being maddened by the overpowering potentiality of his passions, he attempted violence. The lady, to save her honor, screamed lustily, which brought assistance, and being now freed from her lecherous escort, she went

home without company. Our impulsive M. C. declared he had made no ungenerous attempt upon the lady, and that her screams were but the result of a hysteria to which she was subject. Anxious to avoid notoriety, there was no attempt made by the lady's friends to prosecute the congressman, and thus he escaped public execration because comparatively few were acquainted with the circumstances.

It is generally known that a certain cabinet officer who was nominated by the President for a place on the supreme bench, was rejected by the Senate because of the notorious reputation which his wife bore in Washington. This woman was, nevertheless, a reigning belle in Capital society, and belonged to the presidential wing of favorites; her beauty was confessed and the toilets she wore set the prevailing fashions. Though her husband was defeated in his high judicial aspirations, he continued to hold an exalted place in national council, and his wife remained a Washington favorite until the close of Gen. Grant's administration.

The following *outre* story is told by an ex-senator from Kansas, who served two terms in the upper house with much distinction, in which time he made a reputation that will not soon die out:

"One Sunday evening business called me to visit Gen. ——, (a gentleman who is very wealthy, and one of the most influential citizens of Washington.) I reached his residence about 8, P. M., and upon being ushered into the parlor by one of his daughters, was told that the General was not at home, but that his arrival was momentarily expected. Upon invitation I took a seat on a sofa in the rear room of the large double parlor, which was dimly

lighted, and concluded to await the General's coming. After conversing a few moments with the daughter, she arose and said that she and her mother had just prepared for church, and that she hoped I would excuse her, especially since her father would certainly return in a few moments. I was alone for nearly half an hour and still the General did not come. At length I concluded to go, thinking he had been unexpectedly detained, but as I was upon the point of rising a step in the hall arrested my attention, and a moment later the General's elder daughter—by the way, a most charming young lady,—entered the front parlor accompanied by a dashing, handsome, First Lieutenant of the regular army. The first words I heard spoken convinced me that the couple were upon most intimate terms, in fact were lovers. They sat down near the front window, and as some salutations had already passed between them, I concluded not to embarrass them by making my presence known, for my position was one which I hardly suspected they would discover. After billing and cooing for several minutes, the young man arose to depart, but his beautiful sweetheart restrained him by some persuasive expressions, and a few minutes later I was astounded at being an enforced witness of the most flagrant conduct between them. Upon concluding their repast of love the young lady conducted her companion to the door, while she ran nimbly up stairs to her room. I waited but a short time longer, when the General returned and I finished my business with him; but my mind was so distracted by what I had so recently witnessed that the most important interest I had called to consult him on was entirely forgotten."

CHAPTER IV.

MESALLIANCES AND OFFICIAL PECCADILLOS.

On the House side of the Capitol building is a reception room, which has been denominated by newspaper correspondents as the "Cattery." This name was selected because it was believed to possess a significance peculiarly appropriate to designate those who made it a resort. At any hour during congressional sittings this room is fairly filled with females, some of whom are honest women who have legitimate business with congressmen; but a very large majority of these waiters are fair appearing concubines or professional bawds. With shame-facedness they repair to the "Cattery," from whence they send cards in to delegates and there await a reply, which comes either in person or by note. In many respects it is an assignation place, maintained at public expense for the benefit of salacious congressmen. Many of the most notorious amours which disgrace Washington life had their beginning at the "Cattery," one of which I must relate:

A few years before the great rebellion a gentleman in Congress, representing a Kentucky district, was attracted by Miss ——, whom he first observed on the streets of Washington when she was seeking a clerkship. She was soon afterward referred to him, and though no position was obtained for her, by request she visited the "Cattery," where the foundation of a *mesalliance* was formed which resulted in a most pathetic incident fifteen years later. The lady, being without friends or influence

and on the verge of destitution, consented to the Kentucky congressman's improper overtures on condition that he would relieve her necessities and provide a competence. A private room was engaged, and there the woman lived for two years, receiving nightly calls from her official paramour, until at length the seed of this cohabitation began to ripen, giving promise of an approaching increase. This trouble, however, was compromised by the congressman's liberality, a concealment of his amours being specially precious at that time because of his aspirations for the Senate. The woman accepted the condition of her motherhood and kept sacred every secret with which she was entrusted, until her son had grown to the age of ten years. In the meantime her paramour died, and she had been sealed in wedlock to an honest carpenter, who proved a devoted husband. The revelation came in a singular manner, as will be seen: Some time in 1869, Gen. John C. Breckenridge was stopping at Willard's Hotel with a lawyer friend, named Col. Brown. Early one morning, during this stay, a note was sent up to their room, which read as follows:

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1869.

GEN. JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE:

Dear Sir: This note I have no doubt will cause you profound surprise, yet I trust that it may not be regarded as intrusively officious. You are the only one living who knows of the relationship which existed between Congressman B——d and myself just prior to the war. It is concerning that unfortunate alliance that I desire to see you. Please call on me this evening at 8 o'clock; do not fail, for I must see you. Hoping you will not disappoint me, I am, with many regards, MRS. ——.

After reading this letter Gen. Breckenridge passed it to Col. Brown, who also read it carefully and then asked its meaning.

"I can't guess who this woman is," said Gen. Breckenridge, "but she is evidently a well educated lady, and

I propose to call on her in compliance with the request contained in the note. Will you go with me to see that there is no blackmail in the case?"

"Certainly I will," responded Col. Brown.

At the hour appointed the two gentlemen set off for Mrs. ——'s residence, which was not above six blocks distant, and when they rapped at the door their admittance was into a room which, though plainly furnished, showed evidence of a wonderfully neat house-keeper. A tidily dressed lady received them very graciously, and when the preliminary courtesies of meeting were concluded she addressed Gen. Breckenridge as follows:

"I know you must have had some misgivings respecting the purposes of my note; I would never have written it had not circumstances pressed me so urgently. I see that though I mentioned my relation with Congressman B., to which you alone were cognizant, that my identity is not fully established. You will perhaps recognize me when I relate certain circumstances in which you, Mr. B. and myself were jointly interested."

The lady then described several clandestine meetings which occurred at her rooms, and recalled other secrets which were still so fresh in the memory of Gen. Breckenridge that by associating these incidents he fully called to mind the woman who addressed him.

Continuing, she said: "I married an honest carpenter five years ago, who has always been indulgent and kind; we live entirely off the wages of his labor, being compelled to practice close economy, and with little hope of acquiring means sufficient to give our children educational opportunities. There is one fact connected with Mr. B. and myself of which you are, perhaps, in ignorance, and it is of this I wish specially to speak. I became a mother shortly after ceasing to occupy a room with him. He

knew of my approaching confinement, and treated me with a consideration and kindness which makes his name ever blessed to me. The secret between us was inviolably kept; you, his best and confidential friend, alone know anything of our intimacy, and I do not mean that anyone else ever shall, save, by your consent, the gentleman who accompanies you. The fruit of that illicit union is a little boy, now nearly nine years of age, whom I have protected thus far with a true mother's love. My husband has acted the part of a kind father, and would educate the boy as his own if our humble circumstances did not prevent. My object in seeing you was to enlist your aid and influence. Mr. B. left a handsome estate, and all his near relatives are wealthy; this dear little boy is deserving of some of the advantages which this wealth might give; his blood is theirs, even though it be tainted with a mother's sin, and through your influence I am sure he might be adopted by some of Mr. B.'s kindred, who are best able to care for him. May I ask of you the favor of presenting this matter to some one among his father's people?"

Gen. Breckenridge was very much moved by the lady's story and appeal, but without betraying the emotion which struggled for release, he asked that the boy might be brought into the room.

After a moment's disappearance Mrs. —— returned to the room, leading her son, whose bright face, cheerful countenance, large eyes and winsome looks all proclaimed his birth. In an instant Gen. Breckenridge and Col. Brown recognized the boy by the striking resemblance he bore to his dead father; every feature was an exact counterpart and left no room for possible doubt that the woman's story was literally true.

"Yes, madam, I will see directly that this boy is

adopted by his paternal relatives, and will promise you further, if none of them will accept his guardianship that I will be a father to him and see that he has all the advantages you properly ask for him," was the General's reply.

The lad found a home in the family of Mr. B.'s brother, and to-day he is a young attorney whose mark is among the stars. No fairer promise ever stretched like a rainbow of fortune over the head of a son, than that which spans the future of young B.

There is a place in the senate chamber that has about it the aroma of assignations, though it is a resort for members' wives and the privileged class of visiting aristocrats. Nominally it is the ladies' audience chamber, and is fitted up with a lavish display of upholstery, lambrequins, Aixminster carpets and vis-a-vis. It is as private as a box at the theatre—sometimes more so, especially if the audience that occupies it be limited, as I am positively informed has happened on several occasions.

Whatever may have occurred in this exclusive audience-room, the fact is apparent that it might be put to effective use as a star-chamber sitting between voluptuaries of opposite organism. It is well known that upon special occasions, through the influence of senators, women of easy virtue are admitted, and that they give receptions therein to those who write notes on official escritoires underneath. Queens of the lobby have *entre* there, and from this lofty and flattering perch they become objects of unctious admiration, displaying to excellent advantage their gorgeous apparel, with half revealing monuments of maternity peeping over brilliant bodices, and arms dressed in a *rouge* that helps nature amazingly.

How many senatorial *roues* have made conquests from

among the rich consorts of this gallery-sanctum it is wholly impossible to compute, but that the number reaches into thousands none will deny who are familiar

A QUEEN OF THE LOBBY.

with the tricks of high office members. There is one case in point, the history of which, though well known, always borrows interest from repetition; besides this, there is such importance attached to the parties con-

cerned that its omission from this work of resurrection and commentary would be inexcusable. This story will be found in the succeeding chapter.

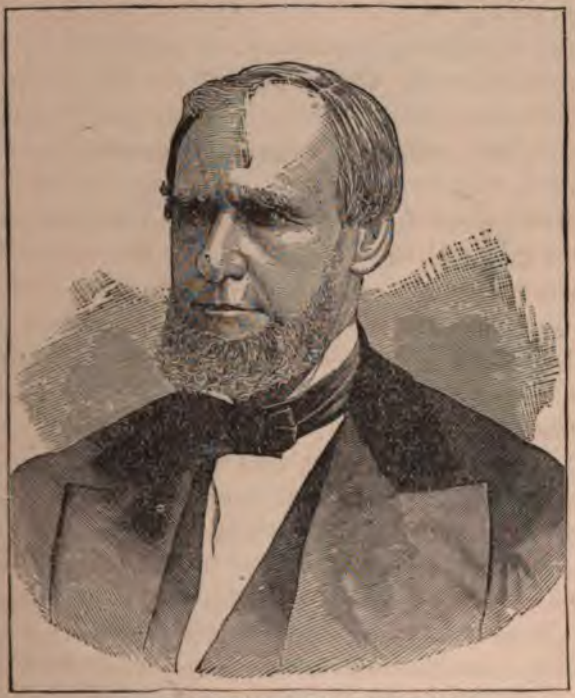
CHAPTER V.

WASHINGTON SCANDALS—CONTINUED.

THE throes of civil war produce many singular results, the most noteworthy being, perhaps, the men who are brought from comparative oblivion into such prominence that their names blaze up with popular grandeur. This fact had forcible illustration in the case which follows, as all the parties concerned were prodigies of war-circumstances.

When President Lincoln took his seat he foresaw the impending cloud-burst, and appreciating how important it was in times of great public danger to surround himself with cabinet advisers who were both wise and his fast personal friends, he permitted this feeling to suggest his counsellors. Among the men thus called, to whom a secretary's portfolio was given, was a lawyer of Ohio—a gentleman who had profound legal acumen, but whose name had no element of popularity outside of his State. He accepted the position thankfully, and immediately took up his residence in Washington. Among his family was a daughter of remarkable beauty, and her comeliness of feature was immeasurably increased by a rare intelligence, which was displayed in the truly wonderful conversational possessed. which she enjoyed. Not above

twenty years of age—perhaps younger—she graced that period of full blooming womanhood with charms few could resist. Her eyes seemed melting with an all-pervading love; magnetic currents flashed from her long, black hair, and the harmonious curves of a sensuous mouth impassioned her beholders. She was evidently a being



EX-SENATOR CHRISTIANCY, OF MICHIGAN.

warm with tropical heats, and so exciting that she infected the very air she breathed. It was rumored that this young lady had been caught under the valances with a young lover, by an irate father, some years before, but rumor failed to affect her social standing, and soon she was the acknowledged belle of Washington. Senators, congressmen, judges, and rich bachelors, all were pros-

trate at her feet, sighing like furnaces and proffering gifts of hearts and money. It is said that more than one admirer was favored with small relics or memorials clipped from her character—morsels of delicious deliriums—but this is only rumor, and envy is not slow to create stories which strike worse and deeper than murderous darts.

Tired of listening to flattery, or prompted by visions of wealth, after some years of conquest and peerage, this lady became wife to one of the merchant magnates of New England, settled down in apparent comfort and contentment, with no desire to continue the coquettish pleasures which she had followed so long. Time fled on apace and brought with it gifts of the marriage title, but though motherhood should have increased her domestic dutifulness, the effect was abnormally opposite, for cares of maternity brought back full upon her the aspirations of those years when she ruled society by the magnetism of her smiles and beauty. Washington became for a second time the place at which she builded a shrine to receive the vows and sacrifices of her votaries.

Shortly after her re-succession to Capital society she met a lofty genius whose fame was then vaulting through the political sky like some great and lustrous comet of doubtful direction. He was eloquent, graceful, and commanding, but there was certainly no beauty in his face. This man conquered her proud spirit and bent it under him as some herculean athlete might bend a weak antagonist. She became his slave, and as such surrendered the pride of her being and dropped in worship at his feet. Her love was irresistible, his infatuation all powerful, and in their devotion they became sealed in spirit if not in heart. Night after night this couple met at Wormley's in a private wine-room and measured their love in

the cup of voluptuous ecstacy; in these moments of paralyzing pleasure they forgot the duties each had sworn at Hymen's altar to perform; forgot husband and wife, children and domestic ties; forgot the preciousness of loyalty and character, but rode the intoxicating swirl of a

MRS. LILIAN CHRISTIANCY, WIFE OF THE EX-SENATOR.

maelstrom that finally dashed them upon the breakers of public disgrace, carrying with them the debris of their homes. She, though still a mother, is no longer wife; all her aspirations have paled like a seared leaf, and she has now with her only memories of a distinguished father sleeping under a simple shaft,—that life which she loved and the memory her acts have desecrated.

The above story, though terrible enough in its blighting sequel, is hardly so pathetic and sorrowful as the following:

Several years ago a distinguished senator from one of the Northern States met with a serious calamity, which left him for a time wholly inconsolable. His wife, the joy of his life, who had accompanied him through all the vicissitudes of his experience during forty years, died. Her hand had been as a staff to him, and now that it had lost its cunning by the touch of death, he felt like one treading some lofty, narrow pathway without the means to preserve his poise. But he was a politician, and over the rift in his heart time soon placed a gracious balm, which healed it presently. He was greatly sustained throughout the mourning days by a sympathy which wealth is sure to receive; and when less than a score of months were passed he was chosen to represent his commonwealth in the United States Senate. Though advanced in years almost to the allotted span, with children and grand offspring about his board, still age sat lightly upon him, and none of the fires of a lusty nature had been quenched by the operations of emasculating time. Being inordinately rich, there was no lack of admirers among his female friends, and he found the customs of Washington society so peculiarly agreeable that his career was, for a year, little less than reckless dissipation

Returning after Senate adjournment, he drifted again into society among families of an elderly acquaintance, where he was not long in discovering a beautiful face, clothed with the fine graces of youth; an acquaintance ripened rapidly into sighs, and though it was like straining the seasons—an unwholesome admixture of spring and fall—yet the courting proved sweetness long drawn out, from a chance meeting to the altar, where they were

wed, and merrily chimed the bells—but the sexton was paid for it.

When Congress resumed its sitting our aged senator was found at his post of duty radiant with smiles of complacency and solid contentment. His wife, who had

MRS. KATE CHASE SPRAGUE.

scarcely shed her callow sentiments, lived through the winter like one upon whose head some kind fairy had poured the oil of magic prosperity, but left her heart in all its former poverty. Who can tell the feelings of a young and handsome girl who, blessed with the favors of soft-cooing lovers, had often suffered the fragrance of her lips to be kissed away by one she really loved; who

can guess her wishes as she contemplates these sweet memories, and from such beautiful reveries is suddenly brought face to face with a husband whose wrinkled face and philosophical speech are to her like the moss-incrusted branches of a dying tree?

Washington was gay, and in this round of inconsiderate pleasure the young wife found some respite from her care, and partial compensation for the mouldy, musty caresses she was compelled to receive. She found that in age the fires of passion feed on fuel of quick consumption; the flame is fierce, but only momentary, when it dies again, and is hard to rekindle.

Serving his time as a legislator, our senator was called to represent our government at a foreign court; he bore the air of a reverend seignior, and had much to recommend him as a diplomat. Not to be separated from that wherein he had found the rosy spring of pleasure, his wife accompanied him, and remained ministering to his infirmities with becoming dutifulness.

After a time, however, he was relieved from office, but having some business which would detain him abroad beyond the time of his letters, he permitted his young and accomplished wife to return home two weeks in advance of his own departure.

Having no escort upon leaving port, an averment, duly filed, with proper acknowledgment, recites that she was scarce one day on the voyage ere fortune, or evil circumstance, gave opportunity for an acquaintance with a gentleman of many personal attractions. He is represented as being of fine address, handsome form, charming features, and of a complexion that resembles the shadows of a tropical morning. There was an accent in his speech that became his conversation amazingly, and if he professed love to the young wife, who shall blame him or her?

The tongue of rumor wagged all the more excitedly when this couple of equalized temperaments reached New York and found lodgings safe from intrusions. They may have occupied rooms that were separated by a street. I have no doubt but that this is so, and shall give them the full benefit of the doubt; but the aver-

EX-SENATOR CONKLING, OF NEW YORK.

ment above referred to recites that they registered as a loyally married couple, "man and wife"—so they were, though the surface indicated a mistake somewhere. It further discloses that the experience was protracted for several days, and upon various occasions, all of which I seriously believe to be false; further than this, there are excellent reasons for believing that the ancient consort was influenced against his wife purely through jealousy excited in him by a knowledge of Washington's notorious inconstancy.

In the application for divorce, which is a sequel to this young wife's return from abroad, we find much to excite our sympathy. Such disparity of age as is seen in this case always excites suspicion against both parties—one being charged with austerity and unreasonable jealousy, and the other with foibles which unsatisfied nature frequently practices. This lady, however, has shown a modesty, since her troubles, that entitles her to sympathy and a belief in her innocence. Such deep grief and mortification has she exhibited that those most intimate believe the golden chords of her reason have been almost broken. On more than one occasion has it been necessary to restrain her, and her acts have been strange and alarming. She is under the care of a doctor and kind father, but there is no balm that can ease her mental sufferings. Once she succeeded in escaping her watchers, and though clothed only in a night-dress, she ran through the streets of Washington in mad delirium, shouting incoherent sentences that told a tale of keenest sorrow. Her home is now a shelter with all the joys of life extracted. Day and night her pitiable moans may be heard by passers by, and every sigh seems to tell the sad romance of a beautiful young life that has left its sacrifice at the feet of Washington's society.

CHAPTER VI.

WASHINGTON SCANDALS—CONTINUED.

In the early part of 1881, a bombshell exploded with such force under the corner stone of capital aristocracy as to wreck the fabric of two fair characters, and give a

terrible shaking up to society at large. This *denouement* was but a common result of a monotonously common practice, and but for the double crime which it compassed would hardly have met with popular regard. A distinguished service officer of boreal aspirations, whose career

MISS NELLIE POLLARD, ALIAS BURRELL.

had been one of much distinction, held a lucrative and responsible position under the government at Washington, in which city he made his residence. A fair wind of public confidence and esteem had blown him into a snug harbor; his domestic ties consisted of a devoted wife and

children, and there was every surface indication of blessed fortune which should make his life one of contentment, if not the acme of paternal happiness.

It chanced that there lived in Washington during this hey-day of our hero's blushing honors a maiden—that is to say, an unmarried lass—who occupied a soft and sensuous chair in the Treasury Department, where she performed clerical services and sometimes bestowed glances of perplexing desire upon her official superiors. She was the daughter of a Massachusetts postmaster and had been given many educational and musical advantages; her conversation was brilliant, her form and face alike beautiful, and there was a bewildering suggestion in the smiles she wore. Every morning and evening this little bunch of bewitching femininity ran athwart the vision of that distinguished service officer as she passed to and from her accustomed duties. At first she was merely noticed, then expected, and finally her appearance was looked for with keenest anxiety by the officer who found himself growing daily more solicitous for a meeting. In Washington city, where such license is permitted between the sexes, it was but a pleasant thing for him to arrest her attention one afternoon as she was passing by his office.

"Madam, permit me to detain you a moment. Your face has become so familiar to me that I cannot resist the temptation to ask your residence and employment. If I am impertinent or intrusive, attribute the fault to an irresistible curiosity, perhaps an idle fancy, but I trust you will regard me as a gentleman meaning no offense."

This pretty address drew forth a very kind response, and from that hour the service officer was in love, with all his passions fully reciprocated. Don Juan never did a more clever act, nor was Donna Annie ever more graciously responsive than these two chance lovers.

On the succeeding evening there was a small gas-jet burning in a back connecting room of the officer's headquarters, which was occupied by two persons busy with the preliminaries of an intimate relationship. How far or successfully these delicious arrangements were conducted can only be approximated by judgment based on

CAPT. HENRY W. HOWGATE.

the sequel. It is positive, however, that no difficulties were interposed, for thereafter these meetings became so regular that the town clock might have been set aright any night by the soft click of a bolt which debarred intruders from the service office. From secret meetings, which fostered the flame of their Platonic love, there

succeeded amorous fires, which fed on wine and revelry; the officer's quarters became too small for their purposes, and with the genius that surmounts difficulties, having ample funds in his custody, he set about the construction of an elaborate and sumptuous residence in which to support his Thalia and give greater freedom for the debauches which they each found pleasure in. There was a luxurious house-warming when the building was completed, but owing to a sparse limit of invitations only two persons participated; these two, it is almost needless to mention, were lord and lady of the mansion. It is estimated that $60,000 was spent in the construction and furnishing of this private establishment, but the money was obtained by an appropriation levied upon the funds which he held for the government.

Several months were spent by this cooing couple in their exclusive palace, love running riot in utter disregard of official duties or the rumors which began to circulate and grow into tales of great public scandal. At length, however, the lawful spouse of our libidinous service officer discovered that she was playing second fiddle to a courtesan, for whom was reserved the choicest dalliances. Being a woman of resolute will, her indignation broke with terrific effect upon the heads of her husband and his *enamorata*. She invaded that mansion, and with strong arms of righteous wrath, smashed every article of furniture, laid waste her illicit rival's wardrobe, and branded each nook, wall and article about the house with an impress of her fury, which became an unmistakable sign unto those who had dwelt therein.

All Washington now learned of the excitement down on —— street, and there was a mighty flocking to the spot to obtain particulars; one day later every daily newspaper contained a lengthy and circumstantial account of

officer ——'s amours and disgrace. But the domestic cauldron in which he was now boiling, hot and mortifying though it proved, was but a foretaste of the pangs he was to suffer. An investigation disclosed the fact that he had used nearly $200,000 of government funds, and following this came an indictment for embezzlement, which sent him to the public gaol. The lamentable spectacle is now afforded of a distinguished officer fallen suddenly from high estate to the level of a criminal, destitute of money, friends, sympathy and his own self-respect; a once happy home desolated by his inconsiderate lust, leaving on its threshold the brand of burning shame as an inheritance to his wife and children.

It was while Washington society was dancing on the crest of this scandal, like a dory in a heavy sea, that another secret magazine exploded with astonishing force, throwing up a census officer and his mistress to public gaze. This case has in it many elements strongly resembling the one just described, being almost identical, except that no criminal charge was preferred.

The parties concerned in this latter transgression—running fallows in sacred ground—were Col. ——, a public officer and citizen whose name was once held in high repute, and a young lady equally well known in Washington society. Notwithstanding the fact that this gentleman was lawful husband to a dutiful wife and father to a promising progeny, the vices of Capital life had tapped the current of his domestic love and impregnated his very soul with poison.

No man need seek long for a comely leman in Washington, nor do salacious women have to look two ways before finding a cuckold. Each class is thicker than huckleberries, and the harvest is perpetually ripe too.

This fact is evidenced by the several illustrations already afforded, but will be further confirmed by the case in point.

The gentleman referred to, holding an excellent position, being chief of a division, and, ergo, the employer of several female clerks, had a veritable clover field to luxuriate in. Some reports, circulated only by whispers, grew current that he was playing an altogether too fatherly part to some of his handsomer underlings, but then had the report been true, no one in Washington would have excepted to so common a privilege, save, perhaps, his wife. He was suffered to continue his little adventures for several months, and would no doubt still be indulging his secret delices had not indiscretion brought him in contact with a petard fully loaded, cocked and primed. Rumors fly like frightened quails—in every direction—and by chance one of these flew squarely into his wife's ears. Stung with jealousy, she posted an ambush and then watched for the enemy; she was armed with a flexible cowhide, and the fire which is so destructive when it flashes from the eyes of an outraged spouse.

The husband was, unfortunately for himself, taking a ride in company with the woman with whom rumor had intimately associated him, and intoxicated like one full of a siren's music, he drove straight into the ambush his wife had so cunningly laid. The carriage which drew the guilty couple was intercepted in New York avenue, a popular highway, and then began one of the most exciting battles that a delighted crowd ever witnessed. The indignant wife produced her cowhide, and with surprising activity and muscular force, she assailed the wench whom her husband was coddling, and administered a discipline which might be an example for any Delaware sheriff. There was a hail-storm in that carriage that struck the disgraced couple like an Alpine avalanche; the

husband protested, and then interfered; but, though he could arrest the lash, he could not prevent a vociferous proclamation of his shameful amours and a dissection of his partner's character. The woman who had stolen the affections of Col. —— retreated rapidly around a convenient corner, leaving the crestfallen husband to the mercy of his enraged wife.

Who may fathom the poignant distress which her husband's outrageous conduct created in the trusting heart of that wife and mother? There was an apparent reconciliation between the lawful couple, but never can mutual respect and loving confidence have an abiding place in that wronged woman's heart again. In all the curses of polygamy there are no more wretched examples of broken hearts, nursing griefs, and despairing lives than may be found in the rich drawing-rooms of Washington society.

The stories here told of Capital scandals have perhaps already grown too long and tedious, yet before leaving this branch of an unwholesome subject I must introduce one more thus briefly:

During the war a Governor of a Western State, whose reputation was like a pillar of fire to Republican camp-followers, met with an adventure which branded him so deeply that it ultimately bore him to the grave. The circumstances of this strange incident are as follows: A smuggler, being detected in the act of carrying contraband goods to the Confederates, was arrested and brought to trial by court-martial. Having no defence to offer, his conviction was speedily secured and sentence of death was pronounced. He had some influential friends who sought to obtain a commutation of the punishment, but they wholly failed, whereupon his wife, a courageous, in-

telligent and withal a very handsome lady, determined to abate no effort that might, through any possibility, prevent her husband's execution, presented herself to the Governor, armed with a long petition for executive clemency and the keener instruments of persuasion — a woman's tears and prayers. The Governor, struck by her beauty and melting appeals, promised to consider the petition, and asked her to call upon him again on the following day at a stated time after office hours.

Hope had sprung brightly in that fond wife's heart and she hastened to acquaint her husband with the Governor's kind recognition of her entreaties. Promptly at the hour appointed she repaired to the executive chamber and was rejoiced to find the Governor alone. He received her very courteously, even warmly, and when the matter of a pardon was suggested by the anxious wife, he so far forgot his honor and dignity as to make lubricious approaches to his supplicant; being repelled at first, he at length made the pardon of her husband conditional upon a surrender to him of her chastity. Such a vile proposition, made under such distressing circumstances, is a crime the monstrosity of which cannot be measured, nor is language strong enough to pronounce a punishment the impious act merits. Were it not for the indubitable proofs that are offered to attest its truth, I could not believe such moral perverseness on the part of so high a functionary possible, but being undoubtedly true I do not hesitate to declare the circumstances.

To save the life of her husband this devoted wife, chaste as Godiva, consented to thus submit herself, for the motive which impelled her made the action a seal of duty for which she deserves to be honored.

True to his promise this lecherous Governor gave an unconditional pardon to the condemned man, who had no

sooner set foot upon his own threshold before the trusting, honorable wife informed him fully of the sacrifice she had made to obtain his release. The husband considered for several days how he should revenge his domestic wrongs, until an idea entered his head, which, for devilish ingenuity would have reflected credit even upon Mephistophiles himself.

Being informed of the Executive's weakness, the wronged husband went in search of a woman who should be possessed of three distinguishing peculiarities: She should be strikingly handsome, have much cunning artifice and boldness, and at the same time be the victim of a disease scarcely less loathsome than leprosy. Such a woman was found after diligent search, and in consideration of a certain sum of money she agreed to play the part of a Delilah.

She thereupon sought audience with the Governor, and by a demonstration of coy unctiousness, involving many apparently unconscious displays of person before him, succeeded in communicating her dreadful infection and in thus making him a victim to his own greedy lusts.

Some years after this abominable circumstance the Governor was chosen to a high seat in the national councils, where he rose to the distinction of a great political leader, as well as a primordial element in Washington society, where he held undisputed sway for a long period. But the emasculating disease never ceased its cankerous ravages upon his constitution until the great physician, Death, came to minister at his bedside. The husband's wrongs were fully avenged.

CHAPTER VII.

CORRUPTION AND DEBAUCHMENT.

THE incidents recorded in preceding chapters afford some idea of the sensual practices which obtain and characterize official life at Washington. They are selected from hundreds of well-known scandals of recent occurrence merely to illustrate the character and prevailing obscenities peculiar to Capital residence, not by any means pretending to describe a one hundreth part of the seductions and concubinage which have been exposed in Washington during the past few years; for, to speak by the card, and without exaggerating facts, it may truthfully be said that there are few aristocratic homes in Washington that do not shelter some domestic skeleton.

But greed and lust being associated by strong ties of nature, where one is seen we may expect the other to be lurking near, like a Dukite snake, full of venom and anxious for opportunities. The lobby is one of the most potential adjuncts to corruption, and since its power is recognized and applauded, the public must endure the burdens it imposes. Politics, while essential to government, is none the less a frightful curse, that poisons the blood of national life. Party spirit is an intolerant factor, that, like a subtle bane, steals into men's brains and destroys their reason; popular suffrage becomes an agency for disrupting national sovereignty, and welds collars of iron about the necks of those who exercise it. A duly nominated candidate carries with him the keen lash of party discipline, and though his character were

the very embodiment of iniquity, with this commanding scourge he drives an unreasonable public before him. To illustrate this fact more forcibly the following true incident may be aptly mentioned:

A certain lawyer, who had little practice, but was a shrewd political schemer, succeeded in procuring his election to the State legislature. He was distressingly poor at this time, but having once attained to an elective office, he wholly abandoned the legal profession and took to politics. From the time of his first official service there were charges against his integrity, yet this political leper continued to advance until he held the office of senator and had been called to act as one of the President's chief counsellors. The charges of malfeasance continued to pursue him; his moral turpitude was fully established, and every seat he filled was smirched by the corruption which stained his life. From a poor and unsuccessful lawyer he not only rose to most exalted stations by appointment and election, but also accumulated a fortune estimated at $15,000,000. His political services have extended through about fifteen years, and during all this time he has not been known to engage in any commercial enterprises; his gains have, therefore, been due entirely to a sagacity which may readily be confounded with corruption. Yet despite these facts, which do not admit of doubt, this man is still in office, with none of his popularity unsullied.

This example is only one of hundreds, illustrating the abuse of popular suffrage, and furnishes indubitable proof that the perpetuity and prosperity of our nation can only be secured through the success of independent parties. Yet we know that this fact will not be regarded because of the blind prejudice and inflammatory declarations that are excited by every canvass, and are kept active during all seasons by a partisan press.

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bribery will be made; but, however strong his apparent conviction may be, the congressman will be watched carefully to see that his opinion be not changed. On the other hand, if he should show a decided objection and explain why he could not conscientiously give such bill his support, the congressman is subjected to many cunning wiles and, lastly, a special agreement, involving a promise to pay from $1,000 to $5,000 for his advocacy of the bill. When an agreement of this kind is accepted, the lobbyist and legislator meet at some private room where other members indulge gambling proclivities, and begin a game of poker, with the distinct understanding that the congressman shall win, and, *per contra*, the lobbyist shall lose, such amount of money as was stipulated to be paid for the vote. By this means corrupt legislators avoid perjury when they swear that Tom Jones (the lobbyist) never paid them a cent in his life. These matters sometimes are the object of official investigation, but rarely amount to anything, because the "put up" game of poker gives immunity from the charge of direct bribery. Of course there is, in fact, no mitigation of the crime, but it is made a pretext, which gives security by preventing a conviction. It very frequently occurs that a congressman who never threw a card in all his life, and who is ignorant of the difference between the knave of clubs and queen of hearts (barring policemen and pretty department queens) gets up from a table several thousand dollars winner, though his opponent were a consummate gambler—and a proficient lobbyist, too.

There are men in Congress of the Davy Crockett and Sam Houston type, whose outward appearances indicate no special ambition for the acquirement of wealth; men whose shirt collars are a part of the garment; whose pants need a shank-strap to keep them from exposing

strips of woollen socks, and whose whiskers fit like a broad halter under their necks—and sometimes no whiskers at all. These men are like the negative pole of a battery—they repel male seducers,—but when a frisky piece of fresh crinoline brushes against them it is like flint and steel coming in contact, and it is rarely "a flash in the pan" either, for there is a quick perception aroused which implies business.

Often, while going up and down Pennsylvania avenue, or watching a choice congregation of gaudily decked women in the Capital galleries, I have met with female faces and forms of such rare attraction that I could not help partly excusing congressmen for becoming slaves to the will of such beautiful witches.

An old man is much more susceptible to woman's blandishment than the youthful, and since they are also less liable to be perverted by money consideration, the sirens of the lobby are depended upon to manipulate them. It is a rare sight to see an elderly and dignified official preparing his toilet before responding in person to the request of a perfumed note received from a lady in K street. This lady is, of course, one of the talented beauties employed in the interest of some corporation or individual to further the passage of bills designed for private interests. She is lithe and sinuous, dresses like Cora Pearl in her best days, has eyes more melting than a gazelle's, and in every respect is too utterly charming for an old lover to play with without having his fingers burned.

The elderly representative curls his sparse locks and bathes them with an essence of "new mown hay," has a manicure pare and paint his nails, swathes his mustache, if he should have one, with *pitoulo cosmetique*, burnishes his shoes and draws on a pair of new galoches;

then grasping his dog-skin gloves and rough beaver, he cuts across lots, tests his agility, and with trembling hand takes a strong turn at the door-pull. A negro servant receives him, announces his call, takes the beaver, galoches and cane, when with a graceful flourish he is shown into the elaborate parlor. But a moment is wasted ere the flutter and rustle of heavy silk—like a brass-band heading a circus procession—proclaims the grand *entree* of his fair hostess. There is such a smile on her exquisite face, while the very air seems laden with incense, and happiness and ecstacy seem jingling in soft dulcitude, which so enraptures our congressman that he is almost inclined to pull off his brogans and dance a reel on the soft moquette.

If there are any persons remarkable for special qualifications, then it must be said that a female lobbyist is the very incarnation of delicious phrases, apt quotations, seductive sentences, comfortable laudations, and aromatic, appetizing, tickling, bliss-creating rhapsodies, which combine in her conversation like the melodious chords of a minstrel's harp.

Our aged representative was never so joyful in all his life, but he betrays some misgivings when the beautiful creature who shames his sensitive ears arises, with grace and caution, to pull down the blinds. There is something suggestive in the manner she adjusts the heavy damasks, and sees that there is no treachery in the door-locks. Then begins a coddling on her part, which usually needs no extra display to entice an elder in Congress full half-way.

It is a decidedly delicate occupation—love-making—to young heads; but old hearts, like old birds, know pretty well how to sift chaff, and they reach for conclusions without going miles out of the way to look at moons

and stars, or smell honeysuckles, and quote Lalla Rookh.

The provident solicitor has a bill in her pocket, and before our reverend legislator leaves that room she will have his signature to it, together with a solemn pledge

PREPARING TO SIGN THE BILL.

that he will sustain the measure she proposes with his vote and influence. What further passes between the beautiful mistress and her dupe I am not at liberty to discuss, but, as a "pointer," will say that this first visit is but an "eye-opener" and prelude, so to speak, to the meetings and amours which follow between the two.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRAUDULENT MEASURES AND GAMBLING PRACTICES.

It is not alone through skilful pretences, inveigling snares, and sensuous displays by astute female panderers that our congressmen sell the small honor which they may possess upon entering public life, for there are other influences which also quite confound them in the mire of corruption. Those who can resist the seductive ways of wily, beautiful women, or can smite a hand that proffers a bribe, may succumb to flattery or sympathy; but even from these resorts an appeal still lies to political aspirations, which involves an ambition that may attain success only through avenues of fraud.

Among the vast number of impudent schemes devised for enriching individuals at public expense, the Credit Mobilier stands out with all prominence; it was a fraud so colossal that the very nation trembled with anxious solicitude, and execrations from an outraged people seemed, for a time, to portend retribution to those who had so brazenly robbed the national treasury. But the clamor for righteous judgment and purification of the public service was no more than firing a blank cartridge; there was no diminution in rascally bills which flood Congress, and there was no greater want of infamous members to advocate such schemes than before.

During the session of 1880–81 a measure was passed by Congress that so far transcends in importance the Credit Mobilier steal, that by comparison the one is like a wax taper burning beside an electric light; reference is,

of course, had to the Arrears-of-Pensions law. This most audacious measure was proposed by a member from Ohio, who had gubernatorial aspirations; he was actuated purely by the single idea that the advocacy of such a bill would popularize him with the soldier constituency of Ohio, upon which he expected to ride into the executive office. When it was offered for consideration in Congress, there were few members independent enough to oppose the bill, because it was esteemed that such opposition would incur hostility from ex-soldiers in every section, and thereby prevent the re-election of opponents of the bill. It therefore passed, with comparatively small antagonism, and is now a plague-spot on the nation.

The Credit Mobilier filched from the national treasury *thirty millions of dollars*, but the Arrears-of-Pensions law will take *three hundred millions of dollars*. No truly loyal person will detract one word of praise from the soldiers who laid their sacrifices on the national altar; nor will any patriot withhold a full measure of reward for the soldier-service; nothing is more just than that those who have suffered—lost limb or health; or, dying upon the battle-field, or from results of service, left behind a beloved charge uncared for—should be remembered by a grateful government with liberal pensions. It is not this sentiment that prompts opposition to the bill referred to, but because it is notorious that it opens the treasury doors to a multitude of scoundrels who have no real claims to pensions, but who secure large allowances through perjury and the practice of every conceivable villainy. The Arrears-of-Pensions bill is so comprehensive in its looseness that every "rattling Dick" who had the toe-ache while in actual service is entitled to a pension, provided some jack-legged doctor will give him an affidavit exaggerating the facts. In its operations the bill

is a reflection upon those who really deserve a generous recognition from their country, and imposes a burden which an already tax-ridden public can illy afford to bear. To make these assertions more emphatic, the following facts and comments are herewith presented for the consideration of intelligent readers:

It is stated by the government statician that the whole number of troops furnished in the civil war from all the states and territories, of all colors and for all periods of service, from three months to three years' time, reduced to a uniform three years standard, amounted to 2,320,272. This number included, of course, quarter-masters, commissaries, clerks and the vast throng of mere hangers-on, who risked neither health nor life in the service. Of this great aggregate it would probably be safe to say neither the health nor life of more than 1,500,000 was ever jeopardized to the smallest degree by their military service.

When, therefore, it is stated that there are now on the rolls 260,000 pensioners, or one-sixth of those who were exposed for the brief period of three years, a fact is revealed which is without a parallel in the history of wars and the liberality of governments. But when the further statement is made that there are on file in the pension bureau 319,748 unadjusted claims for pensions growing out of the brief service named, not only the wonder but the indignation of tax-payers, and of none more than of honest pensioners themselves, should be aroused. And the claimants still continue to come. It is not overstating the facts to say that we shall have in the end half as many pensioners and claimants of pensions as there were persons who shouldered guns in the country's service.

The offense to honest men in these facts, is not that

the number of pensioners is so great, or that the amount to be paid is so large, but it is that so many of the recipients of government bounty are impostors, and so much of the money is fraudulently obtained. The amount paid in the last twenty years for pensions is over $500,000,000, and the commissioner now tells Congress that the next twenty-five years will require $1,295,729,000, and that after that the expense will still go on at the rate of $23,000,000 annually.

It is, however, more important to devise some means of restricting the evil and shame than to tell over and repine about its enormity. Since it is plain to the most careless comprehension that no such number of rightful pensioners exists, the practical question is, how is the Government to reach the real facts and guard against frauds? The explanation of the dishonest growth of the pension rolls is found in the fact that the testimony upon which names are entered and claims admitted is *ex parte*. Whoever has observed how plausibly and even conclusively almost anything may be established and almost any claim proven in our courts or before boards of arbitration when but one side is heard, will appreciate how wide open the doors of the treasury are thrown when claimants can reach in on what is virtually or absolutely *ex parte* testimony.

If applicants for pensions had been required, or were now required to file their applications in the circuit courts of the counties in which they live, or some local court of like jurisdiction to that of our state circuit courts, and the state's attorney required to represent the Government in the examination of witnesses and the testimony adduced in support of their claims, and the rules of law and justice applied to the case of each, and the favorable judgment of such courts demanded as a condition prece-

dent to their allowance at Washington, we should have few frauds to complain of. While it might be fairly assumed that local courts would be favorably inclined toward local claimants, the honor and reputation of judges and the general integrity of all our tribunals would afford strong guaranty against all gross and flagrant abuses. The states would unquestionably co-operate with the general government in carrying out any regulations Congress might prescribe in making all claims rest upon the judgment of the proper local court. The ultimate rights of claimants could be guarded by the right of appeal to United States courts. It is only under some such plan as this that there can be effectual examination of what has already been done so loosely and that the impending evils of the future may be avoided or palliated.

I have commented at some length on this bill because in it we have an illustration of the remarkable manner in which the government is robbed in order to promote the political aspirations of corrupt candidates.

There are scores of measures which find a ready passage at every congressional session that are as fraudulent in character as the Arrears-of-Pensions bill, and hundreds are constantly pending. All these iniquitous jobs in the hands of venal legislators are entrusted to experienced bribers who have a gracious care for susceptible members. The letting loose of so much money to control legislation creates abundant means for expending it. Although there are few cities where extreme poverty is so marked as in Washington, yet there are not many cities where wanton extravagance is so generally practiced. Nearly every Capital official indulges in games of chance, and as every demand finds ready supply, there is no affectation of morals to prevent the establishment of faro, keno, poker, roulette, turf and stock-broking rooms.

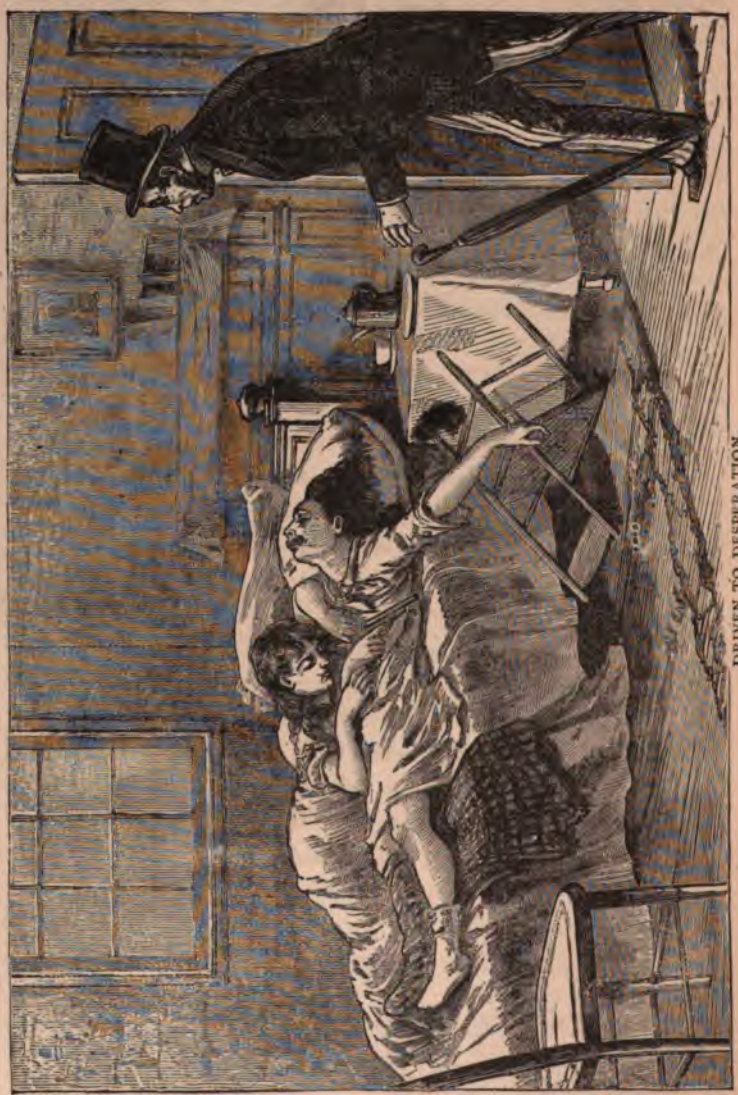
Washington maintains many professional gamblers, but they rarely come in contact with the official fraternity, which prefers an exclusiveness for obvious reasons. Faro and poker have a majority of gaming votaries, who comprise many of the ablest and most popular senators, members, supreme judges and cabinet officers. To obtain admission to any of the first-class gambling rooms, patronized by aristocratic officials, it is necessary to procure a special card or be introduced in person by some distinguished frequenter. There is much taste and lavish outlay exhibited in the furnishing of such establishments, while the attendants are very chivalrous in their attentions to guests. Usually, where games of poker are followed by prominent officers, the stakes rule high, so that it is a common thing for thousands of dollars to pass hands in a night between two or four opponents. Where such extravagance exists, we may reasonably suspect the source whence a supply of means is obtained.

The evils of gambling, in dens which abound on all the principal streets of Washington, are most noticeable among that class of patrons who hold clerical or departmental positions. These appointees are limited in capital, so that the gaming fever not infrequently leads them to embezzlement and forgery. There is no questioning the fact that hundreds of thousands of dollars are wasted at gambling tables every year in Washington, that goes to the loss and gain account on the national treasury books. Book-keeping is a great science among department functionaries, and if it were possible for the public to have a true accounting placed in contrast with the accounts as submitted, there would be an alarm created which might precede an indignation that would summarily purge our corrupt offices.

A very melancholy incident occurred at Washington

during the year 1881, which illustrates some of the evils and deplorable sequels following the gambling habit. A young married man, who belonged to an aristocratic family before the war, but was reduced to painful circumstances by adversities which strode through the fairest Southern homes, came to Washington as an office-seeker. He had influential friends in Congress who interested themselves in his behalf, so that a position was finally obtained for him in the Postal Department. His wife was a delicate lady, possessed of many qualifications which won esteem from a large circle of acquaintances, and though their income was small, they lived happily in a cosy little cottage on I street.

Clerical life at the Capital never rises above a monotonous routine of drawing salary and expending it again for necessaries; hope of accumulation there is none. To those who have once been blessed with luxuries, surrounded by wealth and flattery, the experience of hard fighting against poverty is exasperatingly bitter; there is a feeling of rebellion against self and circumstance, which sometimes dethrones judgment and incites to rashness. This was the condition in which this young man found himself after the first winter he spent in Washington. His restlessness was further provoked by stories that reached his ears from time to time of other clerks winning large sums at the gaming table. After much mental perturbation he at length resolved to test his luck at cards. Fortune attended his first efforts, and in this fact is found the poisonous germ which finally blossomed into a fatal infection. Night after night he sought the table where boon companions sat wooing the fickle goddess, and as gradually losing all interest in the home comforts and pleasures provided by a devoted wife. She marked the change that had come over him, but did not



DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.

reckon the cause. Reverses soon came, and unprepared as he was, they fell like a blighting curse upon his head; frenzy superseded his lax judgment, and when the small monthly stipend became exhausted, he had recourse to a conversion of his valuables into money by securing loans at the pawn-brokers. His fall became constantly more rapid, like a body dropping from a high altitude increases in velocity as it descends. Being custodian of a small fund, he did not hesitate to chance it, ever hoping that his luck would come back and assist him to a high pinnacle of wealth and honor. But fortune did not come, the last thing of value in his possession was wasted, and when the dread realization of his desperate condition came full upon him the burden broke his spirit; bereft of honor, manhood and every ambition, he resolved upon a desperate expedient to balance his accounts with the world. On the evening succeeding his discharge from a position that had afforded him but a meagre support, well knowing that an indictment for embezzlement would soon be entered against him, he called his little wife and giving her a passionate kiss, wooed her again with love's sweet utterances as in the spring-time of their favored courtship. She was overcome with rapture at this change; she felt like one who has crossed the dark valley of affliction and set foot in delicious bowers to find her soul's idol therein. Upon retiring at night in their humble quarters, prayers were repeated, their souls were commended to God, and she felt sanctified by the evening's blessings. When sleep had sealed her beautiful eyes, the wrecked and wretched man drew a pistol from under his pillow and with a whisper, "God forgive me and have mercy," sent a bullet through the heart that loved him so fondly; bent further upon revenging his fell fortune, he discharged another bullet into his own heart, so

that eternal sleep came upon them in the same hour and upon the same couch.

On the following day there was a sight to be witnessed in that little cottage on I street that might well touch a heart with pity, but the melancholy picture was greatly intensified by the discovery of a letter that was found lying upon a shelf in the cottage, which read as follows:

WASHINGTON CITY, ——, 1881.

To those who can forgive:

No mortal may ever know the full measure of grief until experience—such as has been mine to suffer—steals upon them. I have disgraced a mother whose very name delights heaven, and a father whose honor should have been my ægis; I thank the God who seems to have forsaken me that they are both dead and may not learn how great has been my transgression. My beloved wife must never know the evil which I hugged to my bosom until it stung my heart and soul. All the world can scarce contain the bounty of my love for her, and that she may not bear the odium which attaches to my name, I am resolved that we shall both die together; perhaps her beautiful face and innocent soul may plead for my admission into paradise; who could resist the boundless wealth of her purity and love? yes, she will pardon my sin and kiss the hand that took her life, and lifting up her bleeding heart to God will pour the rich blood upon my head and beg Him to forgive me.

Let my name and deed be forgotten, for I am mad and know not right from wrong. My only request is that we be buried together in one coffin and that no memorial chaplet may point our grave. Let the spirit which liveth depart unto its own righteous judgment. ——.

CHAPTER IX.

SOCIETY DIVERTISEMENTS.

WASHINGTON is generally regarded as a theatrical graveyard, and very few Thespian artists appear there. Canterbury varieties meet with some success because Capital

tastes have a bent for sensational things, and they will feast on shows of tights and sparse crinoline, but starve on legitimate exhibitions. The noticeable lack of public

THE STYLE OF DRAMA MOST POPULAR IN WASHINGTON.

amusement is compensated for by numerous private theatricals and ministerial balls. Every minister is expected to give several receptions during each winter, and these are usually attended by all *le beau monde* in Wash-

ington; occasionally some of these ministers are recalled owing to some flagrant amour in which they become involved, as has been the case recently with two ministers representing the same government; but society at the Capital is like Rip Van Winkle before St. George's Inn, "this time don't count." A flavor of naughtiness lingering about a minister is but an element of popularity in Washington, however it may be regarded abroad. But balls and receptions become monotonous by such frequent repetition, so that it is necessary to devise other means for amusement through the long, cold winter evenings. As every lady, and most gentlemen, too, arrogate to themselves the possession of some dramatic genius, private theatricals have become decidedly fashionable with the ultra-æsthetic society people of Washington. Charades were formerly very popular, but they have been wholly discarded now. Another fashionable amusement has lately attained importance among the ladies, viz.: fencing matches. This is regarded with special favor by Southern belles sojourning at the Capital, because it has some elements of chivalry and French *passe temps*, besides affording great opportunity for display of personal grace. There is much divertisement in an exhibition of skill with foils between ladies who are in dress, or, rather, undress; arms, busts and limbs show to much advantage, which enriches beauty and heroizes the participants before a delighted audience.

But receptions, calisthenics, wine suppers, *soirees*, and even intrigues possess little interest compared with some of the private theatrical entertainments which are frequently given before select audiences in magnificent residences of Washington. Those who engage in these performances include none but the *creme de la creme* of society, and not infrequently the plays are the product of

Washington authors, who generally draw their characters from actual personals, thereby adding greatly to the excitement of the play.

Quite a sensation was created during the winter of 1881–2 by a production given in Washington entitled,

WASHINGTON BELLES PRACTICING THE CHIVALROUS ART OF FENCING.

"Adam and Eve." Such a subject carries with it promises of interest, but in this case there were several features of special importance which caused expectation to stand on tip-toe until the play was produced. These abnormal circumstances may be discussed as follows: Among those who came to Washington in December,

1881, was an extravagantly beautiful young brunette from Virginia; she had several influential friends holding official positions, and being heir to a large fortune the ambition possessed her to enter Capital society and test its attractions. She was received with open arms by Washington's best people, and not a few young men of wealth and high official connection bestowed upon her glances of delirious admiration, but which fell like darts upon an armor.

In the early part of January, 1882, it was proposed by some ultra-fashionables that a dramatic entertainment be given at ——'s residence, and of course the beautiful Virginia brunette was invited to take a part. Having a natural inclination for the stage she joyously assented, and a cast of character having been chosen it was decided that "Adam and Eve" should be the play. The piece was written by a peripatetic Bohemian who had been in Washington long enough to know its weaknesses, and by some skill in paraphrasing he produced in "Adam and Eve" a lampoon which struck hard, and yet bore the appearance of unconscious offense.

Every one of those who had been indulging forbidden appetites was satirized, and yet in such a style of *double-entendre* that the real meaning was apparent only to the one suggested. In other words, it was a stroke at each afflicted conscience, exposing each one to themselves only.

The æsthetic craze had just attacked Washington, and in pursuing the beautiful it was esteemed essential that faithful detail should be adhered to. Therefore, when it came to the make-up of Adam and Eve there was some difficulty experienced in presenting them as Genesis describes. On one point there was a general agreement, viz.: that the two leading characters first appeared in

scanty garb; in fact, without any wardrobe worth considering. But, though there is an admitted wide latitude to Capital morals, none could seriously discuss the propriety of appearing so flagrantly bald. A compromise

THE DRAMA OF ADAM AND EVE.

was made at length by dressing Eve in an embroidered corselet which was ornamented by a fig-leaf tracing, and leaving sufficient exposure to form a reasonable judgment of the whole; Adam, however, being naturally less modest, in order that his vestment might suggest primeval

creation, and perhaps getting a hint from John the Baptist, doffed all his clothes and wrapped a tiger's skin about his body, securing it by tying the corners over his left shoulder. The other characters were less particular in literalness, and consequently attracted much less attention.

In the second scene, while Eve was beguiling Adam to taste of a bright red apple which she held out so temptingly, by a most unfortunate accident Adam chanced to tread on one of the pending tiger legs, and in the next instant there was a sight which chilled Satan and set the audience on its beam-ends. The shoulder fastening was broken, and having nothing now to stay its descent, the skin fell limp at Adam's feet, leaving him in a state of nudity as though he had just been cast from Creation's mould. Eve showed her heels for all the world like a frightened prairie-dog diving into its hole, while Adam forgot Eden as he plunged through a paper screen, ran through a bevy of astonished girls who had huddled in the wings, and brought up at the property-room in a state of exhaustion, if not of *delirium tremens*. This overwhelming mortification was not alone noticeable upon Adam and Eve, for the audience was dazed with astonishment, with many indications that they were just getting really interested, especially with the graceful contour presented by our most ancient progenitor. But notwithstanding the absorbing interest which this minor incident precipitated, the curtain went down without rising again that night.

It was stated, and is still declared, that the gentleman and lady who attempted to amuse Washington's upper-tendom in the characters of Adam and Eve, had exchanged hymenial vows and were to have been married the week following this doubly unfortunate incident, but

our beautiful Virginia belle renounced her vows and has ever since refused to meet the Adam who gave such a literal exhibition of his naturalness.

Wine suppers are next to private theatricals in pop-

A PRIVATE WINE AND GAMBLING ROOM.

ularity with Washington's *haut ton*. These are usually given at Welcker's or Wormley's, the fashionable restaurateurs, who are to the Capital what Delmonico is to New York. Attached to each of these establishments are several private rooms all opening into a main *salon*,

and so arranged that both privacy and comfort, either to couples or a large company, are secured. Those who indulge bibulous or gambling habits find at these places fine wines and beautiful women to regale sporting appetites, so that many of the most noted scandals in Washington high life had their beginning in these secluded palaces of vice.

It is next to impossible for a man to follow politics successfully without being a votary of the cup; notwithstanding this political peculiarity, there are comparatively few public saloons at Washington, their absence being due entirely to the private manner in which officials indulge their propensities. Sessions of Congress are sometimes distinguished for the prevalence of drunkenness among members, and the savage personal *rencontres* in debate which follow as a consequence.

A new and very profitable profession has recently sprung up among women who have charms and skill, but little else to recommend them to favors,—though these two are quite sufficient for females who are willing to make the most of them. These new accomplishments consist in touching up black eyes or giving a flushed coloring to faded cheeks and wrinkled brows. The gentleman who may have emerged from an encounter with discolored optics need not now seek the service of a leech-keeper as formerly, for many handsome artists can be found in Washington to cover blemishes with paint and brush, doing the work so artistically, too, that nature is completely counterfeited.

Manicures also flourish at the Capital, their profession being supported by proud ladies and a few supercilious congressmen. They clean finger-nails and impart to them such beautiful pink embellishments that the delicate digit tips appear like red rose-buds. Lips, teeth and

cheeks are also cultivated by these professionals, whose harvest is always bountiful.

Nothing is omitted in Washington that will heighten

RESTORING THE NATURAL COLOR TO A BRUISED EYE.

the charms of women or men, for the very atmosphere seems impregnated with vanity and deception. Comparatively few congressmen maintain their wives in Washington, because they comprehend the demoralization which attends official life and Capital society; of course,

there are many officials who refuse to bring their wives to the seat of national government because the presence of a domestic partner would be a restraint upon their passions, and cut off the elective franchise peculiar to congressional and departmental life; but many others are influenced by honorable considerations, those who delight in the purity of their wives and daughters, and can appreciate the blighting temptations to which society women at the Capital are exposed.

I have attempted to sketch, in the foregoing chapters on Washington life, some of the more flagrant evils which disfigure and disparage our national representatives and the practices which exist by their sufferage and encouragement. The shadows are very dark, but no darker than the object of obscuration; the devil can hardly be painted blacker than his raiment, and this observation may apply with truthfulness to Capital society. The baneful influences of corruption and personal aggrandizement produce social ills with all the naturalness that the sun promotes vegetable growth. Laws are essential and legislators are necessary, and yet each has been a curse upon mankind. If it were possible to choose only incorruptible, wise and philanthropical law-makers crime would not only diminish and patriotism increase, but verily peace and good will to man would become universal throughout the nation. Unfortunately the practice has obtained of selecting the least worthy men to fill the nation's offices, making political influence a test of fitness without regarding capability and honesty. Since this is manifestly true we can no more expect purity and efficiency in the nation's service than to look for a river flowing above its source.

I have not exaggerated a single feature of Washington life, nor have I fulsomely illuminated any picture drawn

in illustration of official scandals; the few herein rehearsed are no ideal coinage; but are literally true, and in fact susceptible of a much louder description. Yet, mindful of the poison which scandal injects like the fangs of a viper, I have avoided any mention of names or insinuations which might publicly expose those whose crimes and libidinous *liaisons* are referred to; the purpose of this work, which is to bring to public attention the gross abuses practiced by corrupt servants at Washington, can be accomplished without traducing any man or woman; it is better to let them understand that there is an all observing eye peering into the most secret places, and that no act, however carefully concealed, can escape discovery.

It cannot be denied that there are noble women and honest officials in Washington; on such as these no aspersion is cast herein, and they will only be thankful for this exposure; none but the guilty will except to the pictures I have drawn, and to these no apology shall be offered.

228 TOPOGRAPHY OF SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING THE GOLDEN GATE AND A PORTION OF THE BAY.

SAN FRANCISCO.

CHAPTER I.

DISCOVERY AND EARLY SETTLEMENT.

THERE was never story more entertaining or instructive than the tales of history told by those adventurous Argonauts who sought fortune in California "in the days of '49." Repeated though a thousand times, yet they never lose their freshness, but seem to grow more beautiful with age. America, the country that has given such opportunities for explorations and adventure; a nation distinguished for inherent bravery and disposition of its mercurial people to decide fortune by the toss of a penny, gives to history, in recording the struggles of California pioneers, the most marvellous of all its pages; over these fascinating records every American delights to ponder, and the memory of those hardy adventurers steals up to all of us like some beautiful vision whenever national progress is considered.

All that portion of America bordering on the Pacific Ocean was, up to 1848, the subject of much contention growing out of titles by discovery and purchase. The Portuguese, previous to the discovery of America in 1492, had discovered the Azore Islands, in consequence of which all the discoveries made by Columbus were claimed to belong to the Portuguese crown, and Spanish subjects were forbidden to occupy them. Spain grew very angry

at this assumption of possession, but the matter in dispute was arbitrated by Pope Alexander VI., who was recognized as the ultimate source of all temporal power. His decision was rendered on the 3d of May, 1493, which decreed that all countries inhabited by infidels, already, or which might be discovered by the Spanish one hundred leagues west of the Azores, should be granted to Spain, and countries lying east of this imaginary line should belong to Portugal. Subsequently England, under Henry VII., attempted to gain possession of a portion of this territory from Spain, but the Pope issued a bull forbidding any transfer of title. The chain of title to California was: first, by discoveries of Spain and Portugal; second, by the decree of Pope Alexander granting the territory to Spain; third, from Spain to Mexico by revolution, and lastly, from Mexico to the United States, which was the result of conquest and treaty. This latter treaty, which ceded New Mexico and California to the United States, was dated at the city of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848. It was ratified by the United States in March following, and on July 4th the title was made complete by Presidential proclamation.

Long prior to the accession of California Americans had affected a lodgement in that territory and were making fair progress in building up a settlement near San Francisco Bay. There were several Catholic Missions on the coast, that prospered finely by raising oranges and grapes, which were shipped to Spain in a sailing vessel that paid an annual visit to these lonesome shores. The climate was so delightful, the soil so rich, and nature was so bountiful, even with uncultivated products, that the penetrating spirit of Americans was not slow in discovering the natural advantages of the country, and securing them by squatter sovereignty.

Commodore Wilkes, who, with a fleet of six ships, explored the Pacific Ocean under authority of the United States government, from 1838 to 1841, was the first American to make an elaborate report on the climate and soil of California, and his descriptions of that favored country were so flattering that forthwith an interest was

OLD CITY HOTEL, 1846, CORNER OF KEARNEY AND CLAY STREETS.
(First Hotel in San Francisco.)

created which led to a rapid settlement of the territory.

Col. John C. Fremont was the first person to make an overland trip to the coast, and it was he who marked out a highway that soon filled with brawny pioneers, braving every peril to reach the new Eldorado.

Yerba Buena—now San Francisco—was located as early as 1776, but it was scarcely any more than a landing place for the Spanish vessel that came every year to take away the Mission products.

In 1846 San Francisco, which received its name in honor of St. Francis, contained a Mexican population of about two hundred souls, and it had no business intercourse with the outside world. It was during this year that the first Yankee ship—the *Brooklyn*, from New York—entered San Francisco Bay, except vessels sent out for discovery. This ship brought two hundred and thirty Mormons, who came to California for the purpose of founding a settlement, but owing to adverse influences they did not remain long on the coast.

After the *Brooklyn's* arrival, the town began to prosper rapidly, and in 1848 there were two hundred houses in the place, giving shelter to a population of eight hundred persons. A public school was opened in April, 1848, and about the middle of November following, the first steamer that ever came in sight of San Francisco landed at the city with about twenty adventurous passengers. It was during this year that the most important event in California history occurred, the discovery of gold. It was not until one year later, however, that any special excitement was created, because the discovery was not of a character to inspire great faith in those who had accidentally unearthed the precious metal.

In the fall of 1847, Captain John A. Sutter, who had first emigrated to San Francisco in 1839, being pleased with the prospects of California, decided to erect a saw-mill in the Coloma Valley, on American River, fifty miles east of where Sacramento City now stands. James W. Marshall was employed to build the mill, and it was this gentleman to whose luck San Francisco owes her proud fortune. As the mill was to be run by water power, it became necessary to cut a tail-race in order to obtain a flow of water sufficiently rapid for power purposes. When the mill-course was completed, a large and swift

volume of water poured through, which, by attrition, wore away the earth rapidly and exposed a substrata which was impregnated by shining particles, that upon examination proved to be gold. This discovery occurred on the 19th day of January, 1848, and about two weeks

SUTTER'S MILL, WHERE MARSHALL DISCOVERED THE FIRST GOLD IN CALIFORNIA, JANUARY 19, 1848.

later Marshall found a nugget weighing six pennyweights, which he carried to Mr. Sutter, but the latter gentleman pronounced it a valueless pyrite. Knowing nothing of metallurgy, Marshall accepted Sutter's opinion as correct, and the gold thereafter found was cast aside as a base article.

In March, 1848, an old gold miner from Georgia—Isaac Humphrey—saw the nugget brought to San Fran-

cisco by Sutter, and knowing it to be gold, he forthwith started for the mill, despite the ridicule his action provoked. Directly after his arrival at Sutter's mill, Humphrey commenced prospecting, and his labor was rewarded by finding gold in large, paying quantities.

Such excitement as followed this second discovery can never be imagined, much less truthfully described. All the workmen about Coloma dropped their tools, and as though frenzied by the prospect, plunged into American river, and began scratching in the auriferous sands. Mr. Sutter's mill was abandoned so suddenly that it was suffered to rattle itself into pieces; animals went unfed, men forgot to eat or sleep, and every usual duty was subordinated to the one overwhelming ambition. From five to fifty dollars a day was taken out in dust and nuggets by each miner, and while this was as nothing compared with the result of subsequent discoveries, yet it was quite enough to inflame the people of California. There was little delay in getting the news to San Francisco, where it struck the citizens like a cyclone. From town to settlement the report spread as though on electric wings, and everywhere it produced the same effect, intoxicating everyone and causing business to suspend as if suddenly paralyzed. Wage-laborers, who had been content with one dollar per day, could not be restrained with offers of fifty times that amount. Dry-goods and grocery stores, saloons, butcher-shops, and lastly the newspapers in San Francisco suspended, being locked up while the proprietors sought fortune around Sutter's mill, which became a Mecca for every Californian. Horses, oxen, jackasses, and wagons of all descriptions, rose to a value never since dreamed of, except during the civil war, when contrabands and refugees sought safety in precipitate flight. But a horse was a fortune during this peaceful and yet most exciting

time; in fact, anything that would provide transportation possessed an exaggerated value.

But still the wonder grew, for the very air seemed to carry these golden stories and deposit them at every threshold. All over America it spread like an uncontrollable epidemic, and workshops, stores and professions succumbed to its exhilarating influence. The discovery was soon proclaimed in the halls of Congress, and the gravest dignitaries rose from their seats to add a shout, and join in the excitement. Thousands of men united in caravans and made that long, two-thousand-mile journey with ox-teams, fighting their way through savage Indians, braving the desperate elements, carving out their road over mountains, through cañons, in alkali deserts, subsisting on game and excitement. But the news traversed oceans and lands alike; all the five races of mankind, from every point in Europe, Asia, Australia and South America, hordes of fortune-seekers, canvassed their possessions and, by ship, sloop and shallop, they crossed watery wastes and poured into California.

From across the deep sea came a strange people, the seal of whose national exclusiveness had never been broken until touched by the magic news of gold in the sands of California. The similarity of their physical peculiarities, those distinguishing characteristics seen in their long, coarse, black hair, braided into a single cue, which streamed down their backs, the shaven crown, black, almond-eye, copperish face, strange habiliments, and sandaled feet, all told of a race whose primeval order had never been invaded by any foreign branch of the human race. In silent, sullen mood, without interpreting the sound of any of the nationalities with which they were now associated, or being able to convey a single thought or wish to any save their own people, yet they,

with kettles, rice, Joss-gods and chop-sticks, joined in the fast lengthening procession of beings who had set their faces toward the land of gold. Their industry was phenomenal, their patience most praiseworthy, and

CHINESE, GOLD MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

none deserved success more than these, who, with all their inherent virtues, were the subjects most despised and wronged by those in competition with them.

CHAPTER II.

THE DAYS OF '49.

With the immigration of that immeasurable host of gold seekers, everything in California changed from a lazy existence into frantic delirium; men lost every idea save that which prompted their immediate pilgrimage to Coloma valley. This little spot that had slept in primeval rest since creation—a wilderness whose most active sounds were the growls of wild beasts, the caution signal of myriads of rattle-snakes, and the songs of native birds—was transformed, as in a night, into a hive of industry swarming with an anxious multitude whose accoutrements were prospecting pans, shovels, crevice-knives and rockers.

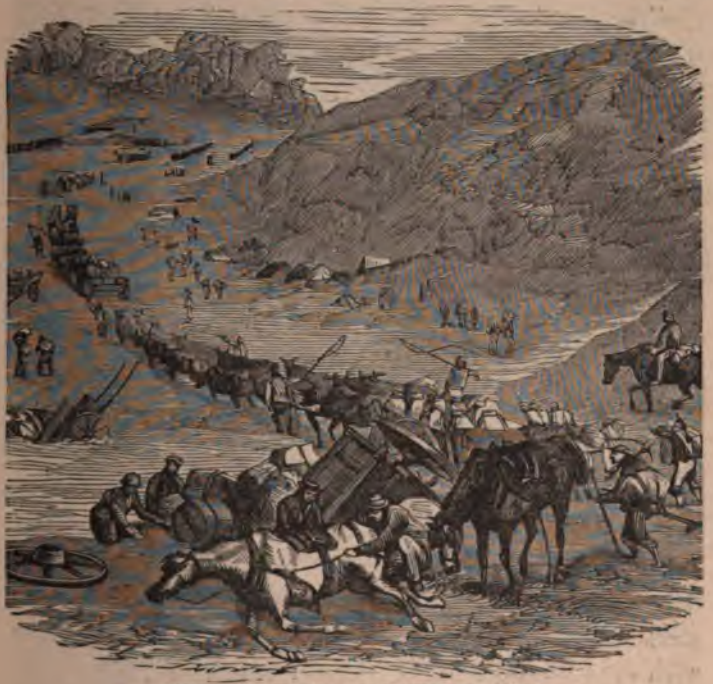
But discovery was not confined to Coloma valley, for as the population increased prospectors appeared in large numbers and very soon discoveries began to break out like forming pustules on the face of a small-pox patient. Gold, gold, everywhere, and the excitement became so intense that for one year it appeared as though the whole world was bent on emigrating to the coast.

"The excitement of the gold discovery in 1848 had, up to January 1, 1849, more than doubled the population of California. At this period the total population was estimated at twenty-six thousand—thirteen thousand natives, eight thousand Americans, and five thousand of all other nations. During the year 1848, ten million dollars in gold had been extracted from the mines, principally from the Yuba, Feather and American rivers, and the gulches thereabout.

A COMMON SCENE IN EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

"In San Francisco and throughout the country the excitement was intense; but, up to the spring of 1849, it was confined to the small population on the coast, most of whom had been in California for many years."

But in the spring of 1849 there was a new stimulus. San Francisco had a population of two thousand on the



EMIGRANT TRAIN—GOLD HUNTERS 1849.

1st of January of that year, nearly all of whom were preparing to begin mining immediately after the rainy season passed. Already the ocean was dotted with cosmopolitan sails all bulging toward the golden land. Strong and treacherous ships were alike buffetting the swells and gales about Cape Horn. The eager Yankee, with pick and pistol, was breaking his way through mias-

matic swamps and jungles at the Isthmus, while vast caravans were trudging tediously over the long stretch of plains and through gates of the almost impassable Rockies.

On the 28th of February following the pioneer steamship of the ocean line of American passenger ships, *The California*, landed at San Francisco from New York, which was followed by hundreds of others, all freighted with excited human souls with visions of gold ever floating in beautiful panorama before them.

"The floodgates of commerce and population were now open, and through them poured a deluge of men upon the village of San Francisco, which at that time contained a few adobe and frame houses about the beach and feet of the sand-hills. Ships were daily arriving with full cargoes of merchandise: no wharves, warehouses, stores, streets, offices, lumber, or labor were to be had at *any price*. July, 1849, found the Bay of San Francisco filling with the ships of every nation, and the Golden Gate received a continuous stream of shipping. The flags of every nation, with the peculiar marine architecture, customs, and language of the new-comers, lent a romantic aspect to a scene fearfully wild and disordered, in consequence of the haste and anxiety of *all* to start for the mines; for now the most fabulous stories, with the fact of the arrival of millions of dollars in gold-dust, wrought the public mind into a feverish delirium. Five hundred square-rigged vessels lay in the harbor, with half a mile of mud-flats between them and high-water mark—Montgomery street; but one wharf, Broadway, to accommodate this fleet. Agents and consignees of these valuable ships and cargoes found the crews (sometimes including officers) taking to the small boats as soon as the anchor was dropped, and head for the Sacra-

mento river toward the new diggings. Lighters, scows and boats had to land these cargoes, but what could be done? Of the few conveyances of this character, none could be had but at fabulous prices. Laborers who, a year ago, would have been glad to have received one dol-

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

lar and a-half a day, now demanded from twenty to thirty dollars. There were no laborers; one man was as good as another—they were 'in a free country;' who would labor for hire, when he could go to the mines and *become a millionaire?* Still they came; more ships, more people; no room, no lodgings, no lumber, nobody

to saw lumber; no forests supposed to be in the country, nobody thinking about *forests*. Carpenters, blacksmiths, teamsters, clerks, sailors, or soldiers, as soon as they touched *land*—all became *miners*. Ho! for the mines!

"The scramble now became powerfully intense; everybody on the run unless stuck in the mud or deep sand. Off came the coats of the merchants, speculators, doctors, and preachers, carrying, lugging, wheeling boxes, goods, and boards, erecting tents of canvas and old sails, tin, raw-hides, blankets, and even of body clothing. The stove-pipe hat, black clothes, and white shirt gave way to the slouch-hat and gray shirt. Razors were out of use: no time to shave. Goods selling at any prices; sometimes at rates making a fortune for the owner, again at prices which brought him to the verge of ruin.

"The sand-hills and mud-flats now presented the appearance of a battle-field; people of every nation, costume, tongue, and clime, in the busy and excited crowd, hauling, running, trading, buying, selling, building, drinking, fretting, cursing, laughing, dancing, weeping, and doing a little of every thing under the sun but praying; all seemed to flounder about in supreme recklessness. The tailor, shoemaker, and clerk awkwardly pulled at the heavy oar to move the lumbering, freighted scow deserted by the sailors, now on their way to the mines; the judge sweating and chafing, as with judicial invectives he levied his *quo warranto* upon a refractory mule belly-deep in mire, in the legitimate exercise of his hereditary prerogative of backing out of a bad job; the doctor refusing to see the results of his emetics. Shovels, boots, blankets, prospecting-pans, butcher-knives, bacon, gray shirts, whiskey, and tobacco were in great demand. Gold sixteen dollars per ounce, weighed on the coffee-scales, steelyards, or 'hefted' in the hand."

The first six months of 1849 added more than fifteen thousand to the population of California, ten thousand of whom landed in San Francisco; less than two hundred of this number were women, and their character may readily be imagined. The best ships were abandoned by

POST OFFICE, CORNER OF CLAY AND PIKE STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO 1849.

their crews as soon as they landed in the bay. A small boat was worth more than a ship, because in the former a voyage could be made up the Sacramento river and near to the mines. Dories, yawls, dugouts, barges, were all filled with gold-seekers and laden with such provisions and tools as could be obtained, and directed up the Sacramento. Everyone assisted in propelling the

craft that carried them, some using oars, others shovels, tin-pans, paddles, etc.

The up-river parties, on meeting a boat coming down stream would instantly form the supposition that the returning crew had collected millions of wealth, and were going back to the States to enjoy their newly-found riches. An inquiry respecting the mines would always elicit a most flattering answer—"that all they had to do was to go up and fill their bags," generally directing them to some place perhaps never heard of before, or noted for its poverty. In evidence of their own success, they would call the attention of the new-comers to several canvas sacks in the bottom of their boat; these generally were filled with a heavy black sand intended for the eyes of the up-river crews, and only served as ballast, being worthless. On beholding these bags the eyes of the up-river crews were frequently seen to start in their sockets; unintelligible sounds were heard to proceed from their throats as they plunged their oars, shovels, pans, dippers, and legs into the water, while heading toward Sacramento. These bags thus afforded some compensation to the disappointed returning crews.

Mining was not confined to the Yuba, American and Feather rivers, but spread over the entire field of the ravines, gulches and streams of the foot-hills, and up to the Sierras, many of the locations yielding immense fortunes of pure gold with but little effort or mechanical appliances. More than forty million dollars were obtained in the year 1849; and, from January 19, 1848, the day of the discovery of gold in California, to the beginning of 1870, the gold product of the State was one billion dollars.

The overland immigration was constantly pouring into the valleys and ravines of the upper country, and here

scenes of the wildest excitement prevailed, sometimes caused by the discovery of rich "pockets" in the river beds, or nuggets in the gulches, but oftener by the fabulous reports of waggish or half-crazy "prospectors," who, without the least foundation in fact, reported the discovery of "mountains of gold," or lakes lying in basins of precious wealth. The location of these discoveries was invariably at a distance so remote or place so inaccessible as to wear out both patience and purse of those who attempted to verify the statements. Throughout the gulches and ravines osnaberg villages sprang up with magic celerity, and presented a scene of stirring activity and excitement. Honesty became a cardinal principle with the miners whose provisions, tools, clothing and gold-dust were secure in and about tent doors whether during day or night time. It was not until a tide of adventurers broke in upon camp and cabin that theiving commenced; there was little time to spend with courts or juries, so that offenders were summarily tried before popular opinion, which, if it said "guilty," the culprit was very quickly given an opportunity to execute a *pas seul* in the air.

Prices of every commodity ran up to fabulous figures. Vegetables and fruits were luxuries that a millionaire could scarcely afford. Apples ranged from one to five dollars each; eggs were firm at fifty dollars a dozen. Everything else was in proportion. Butcher-knives sold readily at thirty dollars each; laudanum was forty dollars a dose, and a pill or purge was a luxury that only $10 could obtain; doctors' opinions were suddenly transformed into valuable mining property, medical advice being sold by the foot — a single prescription costing a round $100; in the mines men were gathering fortunes, some at the rate of $500, $1,000, $5,000, and in a few

INDIANS FISHING FOR SALMON IN SACRAMENTO RIVER.

instances, $8,000 a day, while one man had the good fortune to pick up a single "chunk" of pure gold, weighing thirteen pounds, and worth about $35,000. In the city the few remaining men who could perform ordinarily hard labor, received for a day's work from $12 to $30; the carpenters "struck" because they were receiving only the pittance of $14 a day, and for washing a dozen pieces, $12 to $20 was charged. The returned miners who had met with success, generally parted with their "dust" about as fast as they obtained it, and the favorite way of getting rid of it was over the gaming table; disappointed miners, if ever they smiled, smiled sadder than any other unfortunate persons.

After the news of the discovery of the rich gold fields had become widespread over the world, there was a great rush from the four quarters of the earth, and all classes and conditions of humanity flocked to San Francisco; then was inaugurated the most exciting era of modern civilization, in its every phase (except peace and morality), its business excellence, thrift and prosperity; its harmonizing and equalizing influence on different classes and nationalities; its riot and debauchery; its crime, vice and blood-shed; to be brief, its general extravagance of principles and property, and of life itself.

The Indians, who were quite numerous in California, did not fail to profit by the excitement and value of provisions. Very few of them engaged in mining, but they became active in hunting, and especially in taking salmon from the Sacramento, which found a ready market in San Francisco at ten dollars each.

"The mines continued steadily to yield their golden wealth. Twenty-five dollars a day might be the average of the miners, still thousands were making hundreds per day; and thousands, after paying exorbitant prices for

every thing, and being 'in bad luck,' found themselves, after a year's hard labor and deprivation, without a dollar: clothes, health, hopes, all gone; far from home, dispirited, disappointed, in receipt of letters from wife or fond ones at home making urgent appeals for help, or

MINERS GOING HOME IN 1850.

anxiously imploring their return, reminding them of their promises when leaving home that they would only be absent six months or a year.

"The latter part of 1849 and the years 1850 and 1851 found thousands of penniless, downcast miners returning by the steamers to their Eastern homes, or plunging into gambling, dissipation and vice. Meantime the gold pro-

duct was still on the increase—forty million dollars being extracted in 1849, fifty million dollars in 1850, and fifty-five million dollars in 1851. Many persons, having realized large fortunes, either returned home or entered into business in the growing towns of California."

CHAPTER III.

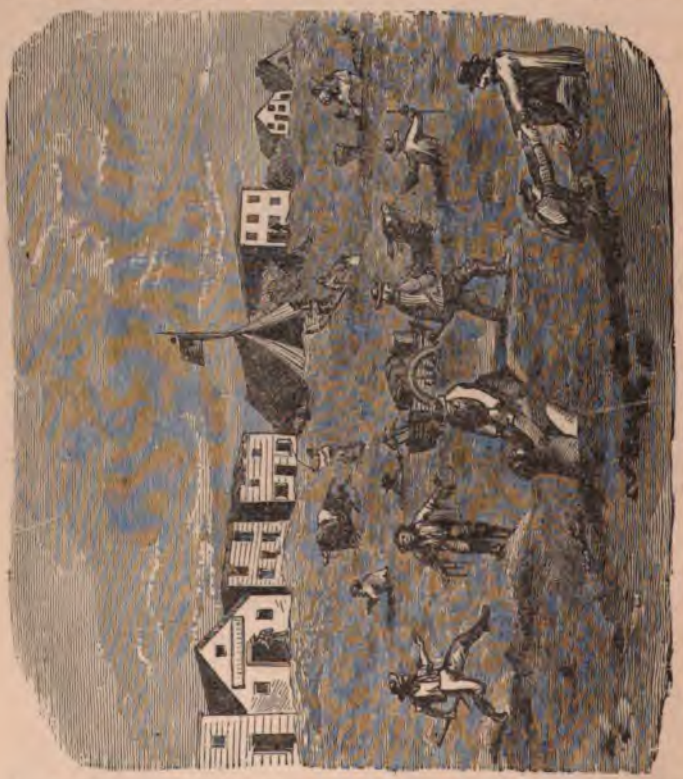
THE MOST EXCITING TIMES.

San Francisco, being the only port of entry in proximity to the mines, reaped the full benefits of California's mineral wealth. Her increase in population was so enormous that it was impossible to build houses fast enough to supply the demand. In consequence of this rents advanced to figures that fully compared with the price of every necessary article. Four large conflagrations swept over the young metropolis and burned half the houses; but these disasters did not curb the spirit that was bent on the building up of a large city. Miners who had illy succeeded in wresting from the earth a store of gold, returned to San Francisco and were glad to engage in the construction of houses, for at this labor twenty to twenty-five dollars a day could be earned.

Wild speculation in city lots, merchandise and lumber succeeded the first year of excitement in the mines. Montgomery street, which is to-day the finest thoroughfare in San Francisco, was, in 1850, a mire in which teams floundered and sometimes entirely disappeared. Yet lots abutting upon it were being sold at princely figures,

which continued to advance as logs and brush were thrown in to make a bed for the street.

Thousands of disappointed miners, representing every race and profession, accepted their fate and turned from unprofitable gold-washing to filling in mud-flats, building houses and engaging in other occupations that promised



MONTGOMERY STREET IN 1849.

the best returns. Employment of all kinds was wanting, and was partly supplied by those whose experience with salt bacon and beans in the wild gulches and ravines had become too bitter for longer endurance.

"Every distinction in costume, country, trade and

profession was leveled; the gouty judge and nimble tailor were catering to the hungry crowd in the restaurant; the blacksmith sawing lumber; a dentist shoeing a kicking mustang or slaughtering a bullock; a butcher keeping a millinery store; a barber cleaning tripe and making sausages; a shoemaker shaving at a dollar a head; a painter digging a gutter; a horse-doctor building a boat; a lawyer sawing firewood; a sailor milking a cow; a book-keeper blacking boots; a jeweler picking chickens or digging clams; a merchant in the kitchen as cook; a farmer keeping an assortment store; an ox-driver painting a sign, while a sickly-looking clerk shoveled down a sand-hill. All were tradesmen, all were professional men. Trades or occupations would change with the last job or highest pay. Men who could not succeed left the country in disgust, never to return again; while their next neighbors, with a fortune, returned to take their families to the land of gold—'God's best country,' as the fortunate ones would call it; and so it was to many, who, landing upon its shores penniless, were soon able to pay off their debts at home and place themselves and families in affluence. How different with those who, forming the larger class, either returned home with barely enough to pay their passage, or who, failing in health, hopes and fortune, found unknown graves, or still chase the fickle phantom which allured them to a strange land.

"The State of California kept continually increasing in population and wealth. Cities and villages sprang up in all directions. Sacramento, a barren waste in 1848, and in which the first frame house was erected in January, 1849, had, in the spring of 1850, a population of twelve thousand. Other places of importance, both in the mining and agricultural districts, were springing up.

Great life and bustle abounded everywhere; the gold product continued on the increase. Fortunes were made in San Francisco in a day. Lands and rents were beyond all precedent; fifty and one hundred lots were granted, in San Francisco, by the Alcaldes, as late as 1850, on the payment of sixteen dollars; many of these lots sold in

CUSTOM HOUSE, ON THE PLAZA. RENT $7,000 A MONTH IN 1849.

one and two years after for hundreds of thousands of dollars. Fifty thousand dollars for a lot, which only a few days before sold for two thousand, was a frequent occurrence. The merest shell of an old shanty or old tent rented for fabulous prices. A canvas tent, fifteen by twenty-five feet, which stood near the Plaza, rented for forty thousand dollars per annum. The Parker House,

a common two-story frame, which was also near the Plaza, on Kearney street, brought one hundred and twenty thousand dollars per annum; a small, rough, one-story building, at the Plaza, was rented by some brokers for seventy-five thousand dollars; and a one-story, twenty-foot front building brought forty thousand. Even the shanty which provided such insufficient accom-

DENNISON'S EXCHANGE AND THE PARKER HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.
(Before the Fire of December 1849. Parker House rented for $120,000 a year in 1849.)

modations for the customs business rented for seven thousand dollars per month.

"Amusements were luxuries; in the circus sixty dollars for a private box, and three dollars in the pit. Board in a hotel, or tent, about eight dollars a day, and from twenty-five to forty dollars per week. Lumber from three hundred to five hundred dollars per thousand. To build a brick house, it was estimated that it would, when

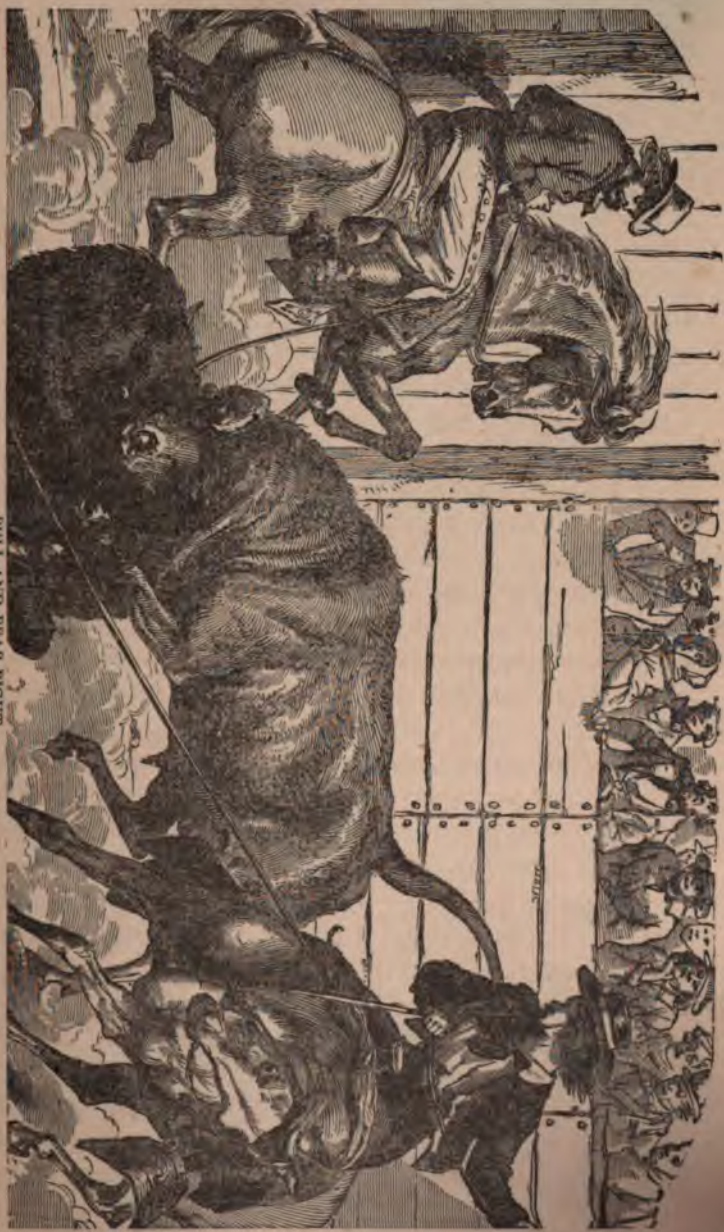
finished, and that too in a rough manner, cost a dollar for each brick in the building.

"Soon vast overstocks of many descriptions of goods glutted the market; so much so that, rather than pay the exorbitant rents and storage necessary, the mud-holes and gulches were filled up with boxes of choice tobacco, and Clay street, for a great distance, was paved with shovels the handles making a kind of corduroy, and rather rough surface.

"Immigrants and gold-seekers were still coming. In 1850, the State had a population of 117,538; twenty-seven thousand people arrived in San Francisco by sea and by the Isthmus. The year 1852 showed a population of 264,435. During the year 1853, thirty-four thousand gold-seekers had returned home by sea, and fifteen thousand by land. The yield of gold in this year was the largest ever produced in the State—sixty-five million dollars. The product has kept steadily decreasing ever since at about an average of two million dollars per annum, until the present time (1882,) when it is about twenty million dollars."

It was but natural, amid such extravagance and exaggeration, that viciousness should become general. There were as yet no practical laws and every passion was free to indulge its bent. Men were robbed in daylight in the most populous parts of San Francisco; crowds of bullies were kept in constant employment by unprincipled rascals, who, having money sufficient at their command, could disposses any property-holder and run him out of the State.

The few women who went to California in 1849, and three or four years thereafter, were generally of the most disreputable class, not merely destitute of decency, but so debased as to be a caricature on humanity; yet, degraded



BULL AND BEAR FIGHT.

and filthy as they were, the extreme scarcity of women made even their company delightful to miners, who paid enormous quantities of gold-dust for such polluted society as these females afforded.

Dissipation and rioting was a universal indulgence, and in the absence of other kinds of amusements bull and bear fights became a very popular divertisement. Admission to these shows of animal ferocity ranged from ten to twenty-five dollars, and the fight was so conducted by two Mexican managers that usually several combats could be had between a bull and bear before either was killed, which made this novel sport one of immense profit to those who owned the animals.

Gambling! It is not strange that, to-day, San Franciscoans are so fond of speculative sports and business. Twenty and twenty-five years ago they *all* gambled. The finest and most substantial houses in the city were the "gilded palaces of chance." Faro, roulette, monte, and rondo, were all favorite games. Gold was so easily obtained and so abundant, that everybody had money to stake on the game. Sometimes these stakes were enormous. Twenty thousand dollars were risked on the turn of a single card. Such large bets were, of course, rare; but one thousand, three thousand and five thousand dollars were nightly lost and won as single stakes.

So popular was the game, that men who had quit the pulpit, the deaconship, the sabbath-school teacher's place, to come to California, as naturally drifted into the gambling houses and took their turn at play, as the most hardened gamester. The gambling houses were the only places of resort. Every lodging house was full and overflowing; hotels were alike crowded, and as there were no homes in this strange community, the restless people must needs seek shelter in the bar-rooms where the games

went on. These places were comfortable at least; they were well lighted at night, and besides, there was that other subtle attraction there, that exciting and intoxicating amusement, that, once indulged in with success, becomes fascinating.

In 1851, the thieving and murdering elements of San Francisco were so great that it became necessary, in self-defense, for the more peaceably inclined citizens to effect an organization that would at least make a show of resistance, and support some color of law. For this purpose a large mass meeting was held, at which the following declaration was promulgated:

"WHEREAS, it has become apparent to the citizens of San Francisco, that there is no security for life and property, either under the regulations of society as it at present exists, or under the law as now administered:

"*Therefore,* the citizens, whose names are hereunto attached, do unite themselves into an association for the maintenance of the peace and good of society, and the preservation of the lives and property of the citizens of San Francisco, and do bind ourselves, each unto the other, to do and perform every lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and properly administered; but we are determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary, nor assassin, shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice. And to secure the objects of this association, we do hereby agree," etc.

To this declaration of purpose was appended a long list of signatures, among which were the names of many of the most influential, honorable and wealthy men in the city. The organization was not to be of a passive character. Action was wanted, and it did act, wisely and well. Its work was not done in the heat of excitement. Although its members sometimes hastily performed their ungracious, though self-imposed duties, it was not without legal formality, close investigation and patient hear-

ing that extreme penalties were inflicted. But they were bitterly opposed by the city authorities. Judges threatened, and lawyers (whose services were not required in the counsels of the committee rooms) mouthed and talked of illegality as if they were the only interpreters of justice; as if the true and good man, whoever he may be, has not in his heart the principles of justice.

Soon all the law-breakers were trembling at the uplifted hand of vengeance, that threatened to smite them ere they could escape. And soon the city was as peaceful as a rural village.

During its active reign the committee executed three notorious criminals by hanging. It drove from the city all others of the more daring and desperate villains, and by its positive action created a public sentiment that forced the legal authorities to be more vigilant in their respective capacities, and more particular in attending to the demands of justice. The committee ceased to act only when crime ceased in the city, but its members were not formally disbanded until after the more exciting times wherein they figured so prominently five years later.

San Francisco enjoyed comparative quiet from 1852 until 1855, when corruption in municipal office and brigandage became more flagrant and unbearable than ever. Masked men appeared openly in the streets and garroted citizens, apparently defying law or resistance; the rough element had apparently banded together for the purpose of preying upon the wealth held by honest hands; on some occasions, however, they were attacked by chance crowds of incensed citizens, and a terrible vengeance was wrought on the thieves. Politics was in fact accountable for this chaotic condition of city affairs, but financial disaster, which caused such a panic among the citizens,

did more to incite murderers to their work and plunge society into anarchy. This disastrous breaker wrecked many of the heaviest monied firms in San Francisco, among whom were Page, Bacon & Co., bankers; Adams & Co.; Dr. Wright's savings bank, and James King of William, were prominent among those who succumbed to the pressure. Society was sore diseased. Villainy wielded the balance of power, and honesty was at a discount. "The law's delay, the insolence of office," became the chafing cause of much discomfort. Honest voters on election day felt that it was but ill-spent time to cast a vote. Ballot-box stuffing, not *vox populi*, placed men in office. In short, the town was ruled by gamblers, rowdies and State-prison convicts. "Sidney ducks" were cackling in the pond.

"At this juncture, James King of William took the editorial chair and began the publication of the *Evening Bulletin*. Notwithstanding he was a tyro in the profession, his power was felt among the evil-doers. He applied the lash without respect to rank or wealth. Dealing with facts alone, he feared no libel suits. He unveiled crime wherever it existed. When it was supposed that Cora, the murderer of Marshal Richardson, was loosely held by the sheriff, he came out in the boldest terms. Said he: 'If Mr. Sheriff Scannell does not remove Billy Mulligan from his present post as keeper of the county jail, and Mulligan lets Cora escape, hang Billy Mulligan; and if necessary to get rid of the sheriff, hang him—hang the sheriff!' An attack of similar tone upon one Casey—a member of the Board of Supervisors—led to the attempted assassination of Mr. King, on the 14th day of May, 1856. Casey was an ex-convict of Sing Sing prison, and in the editorial by Mr. King this fact was set forth. Casey revenged himself by shooting Mr.

King down in the street a few hours after the article was published. The sympathy of the best citizens was with the wounded man. Fearing an attack on the jail where Casey was confined, the military were ordered out. The enraged citizens gathered about the prison. Excitement ran high. Mayor Van Ness attempted to address them from the front of the jail. He advised them to disperse and let the law take its course; but the lion was roused. Cries came up from the restless multitude, 'Where is the law?' 'There is too much law and too little justice in California.' 'Down with such justice!' At a late hour of the night the crowd dispersed.

"But this temporary lull was only a time of quiet preparation for a general uprising of the outraged subjects of a law whose letter was good, but the administration of which was in the hands of men for whose punishment the law was made. The vigilance committee that had been organized as early as 1851 met and effected a reorganization. Within thirty hours after King was shot, more than two thousand names were enrolled on their books. Hundreds stood without the doors of the committee's rooms, anxiously awaiting their turn to subscribe to a pledge, the principles of which, if carried out, would purge the city of the ballot-box stuffers, jury packers, swindlers, thieves and villains generally. The meetings were held with closed doors. This secrecy terrified the guilty, and many fled the city. Others attempted to enroll themselves among the number, but there was an 'all-seeing eye' peering from the heading of the official paper, that signified that whether within the ranks of the organization or without, every one was subject to its penetrating gaze. This freed the ranks of all hypocrites.

"The leading papers, although conservative in tone, *with one* exception, were considered favorable to the

organization. King still lingered, though it was evident his wound would prove fatal. The streets were thronged with armed men. With quiet tread they marched to the jail where Casey was confined. When

CONVEYING CASEY THROUGH THE STREETS.

a brass cannon had been mounted in range of the jail door, they demanded that he and Cora be delivered to their custody. With little delay the demand was acceded to. The trembling prisoners were conveyed in irons to the headquarters of the 'Vigilantes.' The following day, about noontime, James King of William breathed his last. The bells of the town tolled forth the melancholy tidings. Montgomery street, and in fact the whole city, soon wore the sable badge of mourning. Business of all kinds was suspended. Crape trimmings were draped upon many of the residences, and streamed from the door-knobs of the business houses. A paralyzing gloom for a time reigned supreme. One of the best citizens had gone to his death by the hand of an assassin. San Francisco was a plague-stricken city. No epidemic disease was raging; no famine was tormenting the inhabitants; but there was an even more dreaded calamity afflicting them—crime in its most dangerous form held the mastery. The streets in all directions were darkened with men hurriedly pressing on to the headquarters of the 'Vigilantes.' It was the prevailing opinion that the criminals confined there would be speedily executed after the death of Mr. King. But this was erroneous. Casey was having his trial. There was not to be any punishment administered to the innocent; and if *he* was found guiltless, he should go free.

"On the succeeding day, a vast concourse of people slowly wended their way to Lone Mountain, where they deposited in its last resting-place the body of the mourned dead. But previous to this, Casey's trial had been concluded, and a sentence of murder entered against him.

"While the greater part of the populace were witnessing the last sad rites at the grave of their dead friend, quiet preparations were going on at the committee-rooms

for the enacting of a scene that would strike terror to the heart of every criminal. A scaffold had been shot out from the second-story window of the committee-rooms; Casey and Cora were placed upon it, and the same bells that tolled the funeral march, sounded the dirge of these doomed criminals. Ere the fleetest of foot had returned from the grave, the bodies of Casey and Cora were dangling from the cornice.

"The Vigilance Committee had begun their purging task in earnest. They soon had arrested several of the most notorious villains, and, when a fortnight had passed, the city presented a more peaceful aspect. The coroner's work had been much reduced. The newspapers were minus the regular bloody record. No more was it considered of great risk to walk abroad at night time, and security was felt by all law-abiding citizens. But the vicious and criminal classes, if any remained, were restless with anxiety; what had been their place of refuge was now the most dangerous ground for them to tread.

"There were some among the inhabitants who at this stage of its existence deemed it proper that the Committee should disband. Two of the daily papers came out in opposition to longer vigilance rule; one prominent clergyman strenuously opposed them. The politicians undertook to make capital out of its existence, and a strong faction urged that it disband. Meetings were appointed of anti-vigilante character, but the sympathy of the masses was yet with the Committee.

"On the third of June, 1856, Governor Johnson issued a proclamation declaring San Francisco in a state of insurrection. William T. Sherman was commissioned Major-General, and in his proclamation the Governor commanded all volunteer companies, and all persons subject to military duty, to report at once to him, and re-

main in readiness for further orders. The Vigilance Committee was commanded to disband.

"This, perhaps, was the plain duty of the Governor, but the good results following the reign of the Committee made the existence of that organization the desire of the masses. A few men enrolled themselves, but the proclamation was by no means received favorably. Seeing that there would probably be some attempt made by the Governor and his adherents to force it to disband, the Committee opened its books for new enlistments, fortified its headquarters, and made general preparations for defense. In this dilemma the Governor applied to the President at Washington for advice and aid. The President declined to interfere. Some misunderstanding having obtained between Major Sherman and the Governor, the former tendered his resignation. This was accepted, and Mr. Volney E. Howard was appointed as his successor. A shipment of arms and ammunition, in charge of Reuben Maloney, to Major Howard, had been made from Sacramento by the Governor, and the Vigilance Committee, learning of this, sent out a squad of men, who boarded the vessel and transferred to the Committee's arsenal all the ammunition and arms. Another schooner was making a landing about this time, having on board, as was supposed, a cargo of bricks. The Vigilantes looked upon this craft with suspicious eyes, and, after going on board and turning up a few layers of bricks, discovered twelve cases of rifles and six of ammunition. This was another instalment from the Governor to Major Howard. These also soon found storage in the Committee's arsenal. This was on June 20, 1856.

"On the day following, a meeting of the Committee was held, at which it desired Mr. Maloney to be present, to explain the circumstances connected with the shipment

of arms that he had charge of. Mr. A. Hopkins, of the Vigilance police, was detailed to go and bring him. He, with two assistants, proceeded to the office of Dr. H. P. Ashe, United States Naval Agent, where they found Maloney in company with Dr. Ashe and Associate Justice David S. Terry, of the Supreme Court. These two gentlemen informed Hopkins that no arrest could be made in their presence. Hopkins, therefore, returned to the Committee's rooms for reinforcements.

"During his absence, Terry and Ashe armed themselves and descended to the street with Maloney, whom they designed to escort to the armory on Dupont Street and place him in charge of the 'Law and Order' troops. Hopkins' party, however, soon overtook them. As they drew near to each other, Terry and Ashe handled their arms in so threatening a manner as to cause Hopkins to suppose that resistance would be made. Hopkins sprang upon Terry, while another officer seized Ashe. The latter surrendered at once, but Terry struggled desperately to free himself, and, before the struggle was ended, Hopkins received a severe cut in the neck from a knife in the hands of Terry. During the excitement that this conflict naturally occasioned, the three escaped. The great bell over the rooms of the Vigilant Committee sounded a call to arms. Men of all trades and professions quit their respective offices or workshops, and, in an hour's time, the streets were filled with an excited multitude rushing with great speed to the Committee's rooms. Vigilantes had soon surrounded the Dupont Street armory. The soldiery that occupied this, seeing that resistance would be useless, sued for peace. The conditions of the treaty were brief and to the point. The Vigilantes demanded the persons of Judge Terry and Reuben Maloney. These gentlemen were brought out, and then the whole armory,

with its quota of muskets, was given over to the besiegers. In hot haste they marched through the city to every armory or place where the 'Law and Order' forces were stationed, and by night the Vigilantes were masters of the city. Not a shot had been fired.

"The prison cells at the Committee's rooms were filled with men who had been captured at the 'Law and Order' armories. Hopkins, the officer wounded by Judge Terry, was in a critical condition, and Terry was languishing in his cell, perhaps secretly hoping that the gash he had inflicted would soon heal, for upon the recovery of his victim depended his escape from the gallows. With the Vigilantes, rank and position had no influence. Terry, however, had many friends who interested themselves in his behalf. In Texas, his former home, the Legislature submitted a memorial to Congress, praying the Federal Government to interfere in his behalf. It was hotly debated and referred to the Judiciary Committee, but was never reported upon. When Hopkins had recovered, and after a protracted trial, in which over one hundred and fifty witnesses had been examined, Judge Terry was liberated, having occupied his cell as prisoner for almost seven weeks. He was advised by the Committee to resign his judgeship.

"The 12th of August, 1856, found the cells of the Vigilance Committee empty. The city enjoyed unusual immunity from crime and disorder. The members of the Committee felt there was no further work, for the present, required of them; therefore they publicly signified their intention of immediately disbanding. Six days later—Monday, August 18th—business in the city was generally suspended, and the streets were thronged with the inhabitants who had gathered to witness the grand final parade of the 'San Francisco Committee of Vig-

ilance.' There was a flag presentation; speeches were made; and the Executive Committee published an address to the General Committee, setting forth the motives of organization, reciting that the purposes of the Committee had been accomplished, and recommending its members to return to their respective avocations, and let the civil authorities resume control of the city.

"They, however, reserved the discretion of reassembling should emergencies arise when they felt the safety of life and society demanded such action. They kept their guards on duty until about the first of September, when the flag over their rooms was lowered, and thus ended the unwholesome conflict. The work they had performed spoke for itself. Four criminals had been executed; about twenty-five had been banished; and those whom fright drove from the city were variously estimated at from five to eight hundred. On the 3d of November the Committee surrendered the State arms that it had captured to the Governor; the proclamation of insurrection was withdrawn, and things resumed their regular routine.

"The example set by the metropolis, of the citizens thus taking the administration of the laws into their own hands, when the outlaws and vagabonds became too overbearing, has since been followed many times in almost all the prominent mining towns of the coast. These mining camps, in their prosperous days, became the 'hunting-ground' of thieves, gamblers, murderers and adventurers of all kinds, who sometimes committed such high-handed outrages that the law-abiding citizens were fain to rise in their wrath and smite them hip and thigh. This sudden vengeance usually takes the form of 'Lynch law,' and the morals of the community are purged and cleansed by the expulsion or hanging of the leaders of

the outlaws. Of late days, these Committees style themselves '601,' and written 'notices to quit,' signed with this mystic number, generally offer sufficient inducement for suspected characters to change their places of abode, without further action being necessary. No mining camp of any notoriety has escaped the infliction of the 'roughs;' but when the Committee of '601' is organized, and its official announcements are made, the towns are soon cleared of objectionable characters, who know the result of non-compliance with the order too well to brave it."

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIAL AND COMMERCIAL PECULIARITIES OF THE CHINESE.

In the three preceding chapters I have briefly described those early days of California, which will ever be among the most interesting events of American history. San Francisco still retains some of those marks impressed by the gold discovery, most important among which is the Chinese, with their singular customs and alienship—they seldom become naturalized.

For hundreds of years China remained behind her wonderful wall, refusing international communication, and living in an air of isolation which was never agitated save by the atmospheric disturbances produced by English cannons and Japanese commerce. To the Chinese, America was as little known as the North Pole is to us now, until that magic word, *gold!* which bears its own interpreter to every land, rang through the Phillipian coasts and cast itself like a gem at the feet of every

Chinaman. The veil of exclusiveness was at once uplifted, and thousands of these flowery Orientals in junks and quaint schooners set out across the Pacific main for the golden kingdom. China, over-run with its millions of superfluous subjects, looked favorably upon this emigration, while those who came found America pregnant with opportunities of which they eagerly availed themselves. In their native country the poorer class of Chinese were compelled to labor like beasts of burden and subsist on small allowances of rice; upon reaching California they found wages astonishingly high and food more palatable. These advantages were told by letters to friends in China, and then began an immigration to the Pacific coast which has continued and will continue unless some law is enacted opposing their admission.

San Francisco has a Chinese population which is variously estimated at from forty to seventy-five thousand; the actual number is perhaps fifty thousand. Unlike any other nationality the flowery kingdom's subjects never—or very rarely—renounce allegiance to their native sovereign, and very few acquire any real estate in America. Their prejudices can only be removed by exhausting their vitality; they came to California because fortune was there more promising, but even should the climate be more delightful than they ever before experienced; though wealth might be easily amassed, and every surrounding be particularly pleasant, yet a Chinaman can never enjoy these, or any other blessing, outside of his own country. To him China is a celestial country, which was grafted onto heaven by the early philosophers, Confucius and Mencius. Buried elsewhere he believes his soul would never find paradise, so that every Chinaman, however poor, when dying abroad has his bones carefully boxed and transported back to China.

Notwithstanding the fact that Chinese history antidates Herodotus and Moses thousands of years, and that printing was known to these people before the beginning of the Christian era, yet they are behind nearly every other nation in civilization, and their superstition is incomprehensibly great. Those now in San Francisco have transplanted all their native customs and persist in living as their forefathers did. In China they live so compactly together that every breath serves its use to a dozen persons, by re-inhalation and re-exhalation; and, though abundant room might be readily obtained, those in San Francisco hive in exactly the same manner. Their habits are in some respects like hibernating rattle-snakes, while in others they are identical with wallowing hogs. I shall attempt a description of Chinese life in their quarters, but at most only a vague idea of their squalor and inspissated, fumy, reeking condition can be given; no pen, however facile, can hope to convey a distinct picture of Chinese quarters, and those who would see for themselves must be first prepared to encounter odors so rank and pungent as to render the Augean stables sweetly scented by comparison.

Chinatown is a particular, well-defined part of San Francisco, having its metes and bounds within a limit not occupied by any other class. These quarters may be broadly defined as lying within the limits of Stockton and Kearney and California and Jackson streets, and embracing in all some eight squares. Although in places overstepping these boundaries and trenching on fully-recognized aristocratic Caucasian neighborhoods, it is mainly confined to the parallelogram described by these streets, and is perched on the eastern slope of Russian Hill in irregular and intricate masses of oddly-arranged, gayly-bedizened and variously-metamorphosed American-

built houses. Within this compass live nearly all of San Francisco's Chinese. Every alley-way through these blocks swarms with Celestials, the doors of whose abodes open from narrow pathways or sub-alleys into filthy and circumscribed avenues.

These by-courts are used for all manner of purposes, by tradesmen of every class, shoemakers, opium dealers,

ALLEY IN CHINATOWN.

marketers, amulet peddlers, pawn-brokers, green grocers, and a hodge-podge of nameless occupations. A fellow goes ambling through these lanes on his rocking, cork-bottom shoes, carrying a cross-beam suspending two baskets with lids concealing their contents. He cries out in lusty voice, "ki-*lo*, ki-*lo*," as though he had been taking lessons from a charcoal man. If he is stopped by an American whose curiosity leads to inquiry, the peddler

quickly drops his old Swiss-style *le hotte* and uncovers a basket which is found to contain chickens. They are undoubtedly English fowls, but, possibly through Chinese association, they appear uncanny and smell, for all the world, like an unwashed Celestial. It makes no apparent difference whether you buy or not, the peddler gathers his pack again, and bestowing a heathen grin of incomprehensibility, he catches on to his old song once more, "ki-*lo*, ki-*lo*."

Here sits an ancient disciple of Kon-fu-tse (Confucius) who has arranged before him, spread out on a board, which rests on a barrel, some very strange appearing confections; principal among his store is perhaps a dozen or more carefully wrapped vegetables—a green nutmeg, two slices of cocoanut, and some saponaceous leaves, sassafras or slippery-elm. These are arranged in a small packet and sold for the modest sum of five cents each. It is not because these little packages are singular in themselves, that our attention is directed specially to them, but because they subserve a religious and superstitious purpose. It is claimed that these parcels of sacred fruits are blessed by priests and bring good luck to all who eat them. They are made fresh every day and must be sold within the same time, else they possess no efficacy and are thrown away.

On every side are seen signs in chromatic coloring proclaiming a variety of occupations. These signs hang vertically, as in the Chinese written language the lines run downward and are read from top to bottom. Like the French, who frequently employ some expressive phrase to designate their business, such as "Au Diable Rouge," "A la Pensee," "Au Bon Marche," etc., the Chinese follow the same personal fancy. A translation of these signs will discover something like the following:

"Perpetual Success," "Celestial Influence;" these apply to general merchants; but here is a physician whose sign announces his great skill in mixing drugs, feeling pulses and writing prescriptions. A Chinese doctor determines every ill by feeling the pulse; he never regards the tongue or pains of a patient, all his skill being directed toward the pulse. An apothecary, under a shop sign which reads: "Hall of the Approved Medicines of every Province and Land," conveys the further assurance that customers can procure "decoctions prepared with care from fragrant drugs." Restaurants, where merchants of the better class dine, have such devices as "Almond-Flower Chamber," "Garden of the Golden Valley," etc. Gambling places display alluring invitations in phrases like the following: "Get Rich. Please come in," "Riches ever Flowing," "Luck and Happiness." A cigar manufacturer solicits patronage under the attractive combination, "Harmony and Profit." Pork, sausages, fish, vegetables and various peculiar viands are recommended by devices of "Brotherly Union," "Virtue and Harmony." Opium dens hang out their red signs with the declaration that "opium pipes and lamps are always ready." The undertaker's legend, swinging beside a large glass window through which his wares are conspicuous, is "Everlasting Life." Pawnbrokers' signs are a disk and species of shield combined, which are as well known in San Francisco as that of the three balls; they add phrases something like these, "Mutual Benefit," "Honest Profit," "Small Interest," etc. Nor are the religious temples behind secular establishments in the brilliancy and seductiveness of their sign boards; one on Waverly Place displays two: over the lintels of the doors are characters indicating, "Serious Secrets," and above this is a second sign reading, "Queen of Heaven."

Within the shops, especially those patronized by the common class of Chinese, such an odd array of curious goods may be seen as nowhere else: bamboo-tied packages; large and small jars with odd-appearing contents; mysterious articles of food, dried fowls, bundles of sugar

CHINESE GROCERY STORE.

cane, Chinese nuts, piles of skinned eels, baskets of dried shrimps, crabs, flitches of bacon and pork. The ceilings are hung with a *melange* of smoked meats and dried vegetables, while behind the counters of these establishments may be seen a self-satisfied Chinaman briskly smoking a brass pipe, which requires fresh filling after every three *whiffs*.

Many of the houses have covered balconies on the second stories, and from the front of both roof and lower railing a number of colored lanterns and paper globes are suspended. Flowers, in pots, are set in the windows and on the balcony rails, while dishes of the Chinese lily linger in favorite bright quarters for a long time after the New Year festival, which occurs about the fourteenth day of February. Red being the Chinese festive color, and numerous holidays and feasts taking place each year, scarlet cotton streamers and gaily-colored papers, inscribed with public notices or philosophical sentences, form a prominent feature in the street architecture.

Turning into a narrow alley, we come upon a fortune teller, who, for the simple sum of twenty-five cents, will, by the aid of little slips of wood and small rolls of red paper marked with cabalistic symbols—in a word, the "Eight Diagrams,"—throw light on the mysterious future in connection with such matters as gold digging, gambling, sickness, travelling, domestic matters, love and friendship. "The Eight Diagrams," which form the principal means of divination with all Chinese fortune tellers, are merely trinities of straight lines, upon which has been founded a system of ethics deduced by giving names to each diagram and then associating the meanings of these names according to the changes which may be rung upon sixty-four combinations.

Street life in the Chinese quarters of San Francisco is always interesting, but the most entertaining part of this singular existence is found inside, under the cover of darkness, foul odors, clouds of opium smoke, fumes of cooking herbs, in short, among the burrows where Chinese license is least liable to inspection. Into these recesses I will now take the reader and briefly describe some of the most dangerous places and secrets of Chinatown.

CHAPTER V.

CHINESE PROSTITUTION AND OPIUM SMOKING.

Accompanied by detective Avon and an interpreter, we start out upon our tour just about dusk, for it will require several hours to see the most interesting exhibitions of Chinese life, which begin to occur directly after sunset, and though our stay at each place be short, yet we cannot expect to complete our trip before midnight.

Passing first up Washington street we turn into a contracted thoroughfare and after proceeding less than half a square our attention is directed to several women who stand about the entrance to their abodes with torches in their hands, which they pass about the lintels of doors and windows. We discover, by inquiry, that this is a ceremony performed every evening to keep away evil spirits and influences. These women can speak a few words of English, which they employ to entice us into their rooms. Being bent upon investigation, we enter and observe the surroundings, paying four "bittee" (fifty cents) for the privilege of witnessing the physical configuration of these poor, degraded creatures. Without betraying the least modesty any Chinese prostitute will divest herself before a crowd, rather esteeming the act one of satisfaction in obtaining audience to her charms—or disenchantment—of person. In order to set at rest a question which has been fiercely debated by students of nature, our investigation justifies the assertion that there are no physical differences between the Chinese and American women, their conformation being identical. In these houses there is

scarcely any furniture, generally only a few rickety chairs, small boxes and uninviting bedsteads. The women eat constantly when not employed entertaining their visitors, for their food is so unsubstantial that it requires a stuffed stomach to stay hunger. Their dress is also inexpensive, though some special favorites manage to clothe themselves in silken fabrics and appear with a pretension to neatness.

There are about two thousand Chinese women in San Francisco, but most astonishing to relate, there are not a half-dozen who possess any virtue. In China prostitution is a legally recognized custom, one which is invested with legitimate privileges, not in conflict with the best society. Women in China do not lose social caste because they indulge the basest passions, yet inconstancy among those who are married is punished by death. This anomalous, if not paradoxical, custom of course obtains in San Francisco, though legal marriage between the Chinese there is scarcely ever known. Instead of marriage those who can afford the luxury maintain one or more concubines. Even in this there is a marked distinction between the single and those living with recognized paramours—or *quasi* husbands. The single women dress their heads and bodies almost identical with the men, but those who are kept by rich Chinamen wear gay clothes and always keep their hair done up in a most phantastical manner. Essential oils and wax are used profusely, which, together with parti-colored combs and pins, bind the hair so tightly into place as to prevent its disturbance; but in addition to this they sleep on wooden pillows, which rest under their necks and do not permit the hair to come in contact with anything.

The most demoralizing effects of Chinese prostitution are seen in the slavery which enforces it. These women

practice the evil because there is no escape from it; they are bonded slaves, purchased by men and women who derive a revenue from their shame. The custom in China, as has just been mentioned, makes them willing subjects for base purposes. They are purchased in China by agents under the following contract:

"For the consideration of $600 (or any sum agreed upon) *paid into my hands* this day, I, Ah Ho, promise to prostitute my body for the term of four (or any other number) years. If, in that time, I am sick one day, *two weeks* shall be added to my time; and, if more than one day, my term of prostitution *shall continue an additional month.* But if I run away, or escape from the custody of my keeper, then I AM TO BE HELD AS A SLAVE FOR LIFE.

(Signed) "AH HO."

"From the reading of the foregoing contract, Ah Ho has evidently received $600 in advance for four years' service, which, from a Chinese standpoint, is good wages, considering that the prostitution of her body is a profession bringing no disgrace, and perfectly legitimate. But unfortunately the money that Ah Ho declared was 'paid into my hands this day,' was, immediately after she had signed the contract, paid out again to the person who had found a purchaser for her services, and Ah Ho, being ignorant and intimidated by threats of violence, is held in slavery by the contract she had voluntarily signed.

"Perhaps as the expiration of the term of slavery draws nigh, her master will secure the services of an accomplice, who will, by offers of marriage, and various inducements, prevail upon Ah Ho to flee from her place of imprisonment. Then she is again delivered over to her master, and by the contract is '*held as a slave for life.*'

"Thus are the Chinese women of San Francisco kept in slavery for the most infamous purposes, brutally treated while in health, and if overtaken by sickness—which from

the nature of the life they lead is sure to speedily come—are turned out upon the street, reviled by their countrymen, and find no relief except in a most agonizing death. Sometimes a woman is reclaimed from these vile dens, and placed in a mission, or married to a Christianized Chinaman; but her former master is full of resource, ingenious and irrepressible, and sooner or later she is likely to be kidnapped and conveyed to a place of concealment, beyond the reach of her rescuers or the officers of the law, to continue in the disgraceful service."

From the houses of prostitution we pass along the alley-way until a large red sign arrests our attention, and following the detective we enter at a door which leads to a large court. The houses rise several stories high all about us, and the surrounding porches are filled with babbling, laughing Chinamen. Seated about in the court are many others whose efforts are directed toward preparing supper; they have a fire lighted which blazes up in neither stove nor fire-place, but in a small square box of sheet-iron that throws out more smoke than heat, which, in combination, fill the entire court with suffocating vapor. Leaving this court we push our way, by stooping and crowding, through a sub-alley not more than two feet wide, until we strike an area slightly expansive. It is as dark as Erebus in this mysterious underground passage, and but for the flickering rays from a candle which the detective carries, we could not determine our route. Along each side of this by-way are shelves arranged one above the other to a height of ten feet or more. Each of these bunks—for such they are—is about four feet long, three feet wide, and two feet high. There is some straw, or an old blanket on the floor of every bunk, on which two Chinamen may be found at any time after nightfall, smoking opium. In these places no daylight ever pene-

trated, and being situated under ground they are laden with the mould of dampness and foul air; but in addition to a naturally fœtid atmosphere there are the fumes of opium and body exhalations. In these circumscribed quarters the Chinese burrow like rats, breathe each other's emanations and create a very cauldron of offensive rottenness which simmers and evaporates uninterruptedly through all seasons. It is thus that in a space not more than fifty feet square hundreds of Chinamen may be found. And yet, in defiance of all statistics and Boards of Health promulgations relating to increase of mortality in thickly populated quarters, the Chinese persist in showing an extremely low death rate, and a phenomenally small amount of sickness.

Reaching the end of the passage-way just entered, a smart rap upon a well patched door is followed by our admission into one of the most noted dens in America. In this almost inaccessible haunt there are twenty thieves engaged in a game of chance. They scowl on us with ferocious looks and we instinctively throw our right hands back to the trusty weapons in our hip pockets. Seeing our preparation the dusky decoits assume composure and finally proffer each of us a pipe, with horn cup of opium; but this is no place to fall under the influence of so dangerous a narcotic. We watch their game, however, and finally grow interested in witnessing the dexterity and fortune of some of the players. But we cannot grow accustomed to the dancing shadows, which flit like murderous specters about those grimy walls. There! as a Chinaman lifts his card on high for a *coup d'etat*, it gathers the rays from those sickly tapers and casts a reflection which appears like some fiend with dagger uplifted for a fatal thrust. There is now a smell not unlike that which rises from the cerements winding a corpse;

the flickering shades become more phantastic and every breath is drawn as though filtered through the heart of a devil; narcotic fumes begin to penetrate our unaccustomed brains, and images of aphantasmagoria, with death stealing from behind a screen to cut us down, fill us with horror. There is witchery in the picture that is thrown upon our brain, and like one who abandons hope, we shift our oars and drift unconsciously to doom. Our escort, however, feels no such harrowing influence, and after conducting us again to the open air we realize that those visions were but the effects of foul air, strongly saturated with intoxicating opium. Having ascended from the most villainous abodes in Chinatown—or America—we follow on a block further, and by using a signal which the detective understands, we are admitted to an opium den that derives its patronage from a more aristocratic class. In fact, the den is owned by an American, who conducts it through a Chinese manager. There are two rooms, both of which display pretentious furnishing, with tables and lounging chairs, on which repose a representation of Americans, while others stand in the background awaiting their turn. This smoking and tea drinking room is patronized exclusively by white men and women, the latter, of course, belonging to a class which, though lacking some popular elements, are excessively numerous in San Francisco. Such a sight was shocking, but there were some compensating appearances which brought interest out of moral disturbance.

It is generally supposed that the sensations produced by the first draught at an opium pipe are peculiarly pleasant, but never was a more egregious mistake made. While the amateur is not nauseated as when first attempting tobacco, the feeling and savor is exceedingly offen-

282 AN ARISTOCRATIC OPIUM DEN.

sive; there is an acrid taste to the smoke, and as it strikes the uvula and penetrates the nasal passage, which it is sure to do at first, there is a burning and astringent sensation which provokes extreme disgust. No one can acquire the habit except by some persistence, for in nearly all respects it is like its companion, tobacco. Another grave error exists in the belief that opium always induces a feeling of supreme contentment and pleasure; that it creates beautiful visions and laves a troubled brain like potations of nepenthe. With respect to its narcotic and nerve-quieting properties, opium is like whiskey, though a larger number of those who use it experience a soothing sensation, yet not a few become excited under its influence and can obtain no mellifluous effects until they have absorbed large quantities.

The usual manner of smoking opium may be succinctly described as follows: The opium so used is a special preparation somewhat resembling molasses in color, perhaps darker, but has the consistency of paste. It is carried in a small, horn cup, from which it is extracted upon the point of a wire. The pipe-bowl is made of stone or earthen-ware, and is solid, with the exception of a very small puncture which runs down through the center and connects with an ivory or wooden stem, which conveys the smoke to the mouth. In preparing for an indulgence, the opium is gathered from a cup upon the point of a steel wire, when it is rolled into a small ball that adheres to the wire. Then it is held over a small lamp, which sits inside of a glass that resembles an inverted tumbler with the bottom broken out. In this flame the opium boils and swells until, by evaporation, it is reduced to a hard ball, less in size than a small pea. It is now ready to be smoked. The pipe-bowl is kept heated, and the opium-pea, which still ad-

OPIUM SMOKING IN THE LOWEST DENS.

heres to the wire, is carried to the pipe, and both pipe and opium being put into the flame, the smoker begins. Notwithstanding all this trouble of preparation, there are not more than three or four draughts of smoke in a charge.

There is another way of smoking opium, somewhat resembling that of tobacco, but the drug thus used is differently prepared, and its effects are less stimulating; however, the latter means are employed very frequently by novices who cannot manipulate a wire and hold the flowing opium—for it requires much skill to do this.

The prices of opium pipes are estimated by the length of time they have been smoked. By long use the stems become saturated with opium and are therefore more valuable, because they produce more serviceable results. Three or four heavy draughts of the vaporized drug, drawn by deep respiration into every passage of the lungs and exhausted through the nose, are followed, generally, by a soporific sensation; but to those who have long practiced the habit it requires several pipes to transport them into fields Elysian.

De Quincy, in his admirable letters to young men, describes the effects of opium smoking in language at once so terrible and truthful that it seems invidious for any other writer to essay a like attempt; those who desire further information respecting this insinuating and dangerous vice are therefore referred to the works of that famous author. During Gen. Grant's visit to San Francisco, on his return from abroad, he made a tour of the opium dens, accompanied by detective Avon and several ladies, who bravely faced the fumes and perils of underground Chinatown to witness scenes such as have just been indifferently described.

STAGE AND INTERIOR OF A CHINESE THEATRE.

CHAPTER VI.

CHINESE THEATRES AND RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

ALTHOUGH I have barely mentioned some of the horrible phases of Chinese life, consideration for a more cultivated taste, which I am sure my readers possess, prompts me to pass over the underground Hurlothrumbo of Chinatown and describe some of the more pleasing characteristics; some that will excite laughter rather than condemnation.

The Chinese are excessively fond of amusements; though very frugal, they are liberal in their support of the drama. To those who have never had any experience among these strange people there is scarcely anything more ludicrously absurd than a Chinese theatre, and however grave or tragic the piece performed, an American can look on only through a veil of mirth-provoked tears.

There are three Chinese theatres in San Francisco, the principal one of which is located on Washington street, opened in 1879. They are all in a flourishing condition and have crowded houses from five o'clock in the afternoon until two o'clock the following morning. These theatres are constructed something on the style of English play-houses, especially in the auditorium arrangement, though instead of adjustable seats they have long benches divided, by small partitions, into compartments for a single sitter. Inasmuch as Chinese women are never permitted to sit in company with the men, balconies are built on each side of the auditorium for their exclusive accommodation.

The stage is like those of our modern theatres, with one important exception, viz.: an absence of curtain and scenery. To us it seems next to impossible to run a theatre without a drop curtain, but the Chinese manage very well to dispense with that important accessory. On every side of the stage there is a lavish display of Chinese characters—coined phrases of fabled deities and wise saws of canonized sages. The audience enjoy an unrestricted license; wear their hats, smoke brass pipes and cigarettes, and buy pop-corn or confections from Chinese "peanut boys." But the funniest thing on the stage is a Chinese orchestra. Words quite fail me when I undertake to describe this noisy adjunct. The musicians, so to speak, occupy a position on the stage just behind the players, and their music is as noisy and inharmonious as a provincial charivari. They use instruments bearing some resemblance to fiddles, banjos, guitars, cymbals and miniature kettle-drums. The string instruments are long and narrow, with only three cords that cry out in a miserable, squeaky falsetto. They are played incessantly and apparently without the slightest regard to time or harmony. In other words, if the alleged music could be translated into English we might discover one fellow playing "Old Dan Tucker" to his neighbor's "Rye-Straw." In short, the whole orchestra is a medley of shrill discord and harsh, rasping noises. No women are ever allowed upon the stage, but young fellows assume female characters and skip about in wanton abandon. They also try to sing, but this fact I only discovered by being told so; it would be wholly impossible for an American to decide without the aid of a translator. The voice is raised to a transcendental high "do," and there it quivers, screeches, drawls and exasperates until a native

suspicions that the warbler is trying to imitate the screams of a convict having his toe nails filed off.

The star actor comes plunging onto the stage in a perfect cyclone of noise, himself yelling like a trapped devil to make "confusion worse confounded." His make-up presents all the horrible that exists in Chinese imagination; long, flowing robes in red and black; a vizier on his head with streaming pheasant feathers; grizzly beard setting off a face painted with cunning terribleness, and in his hand he carries a staff terminating with spear and crescent, that strikes terror into a white visitor who imagines it to be the magic staff of some Plutonian monster. Behind him is a retinue of actors bearing lances which they wave and thrust spasmodically, but we can't tell whether they are trying to "spit" the star or the devils that impel him. Presently one of the supes, or stars, which I cannot say, is caught in a *cul de sac* and remorselessly stabbed with a leather sword; the victim falls dead and remains a corpse for a minute, when he deliberately arises and walks off without assistance—just to think of a dead man acting as his own pall-bearer! When this act takes place the Chinese can depend upon an *encore* from the American side of the house. But during all this time, regardless of songs or tragic utterances, the orchestra continues its interminable din as though the music was paid for by the hundred feet.

The property-room of a Chinese theatre is almost as full of curious interest as the audience side. It is lighted by large paper lanterns, and contains hundreds of things concerning the use of which the most accomplished American actor would know nothing. It is here that the star mixes his own diabolizing cosmetiques and changes his naturally homely face into a character more frightful than that of Caliban. As all Chinamen are incessant

eaters they keep a repast constantly ready in the property-room, and when not acting the attaches are filling up with quaint dishes. A dressed pig is always a con-

PROPERTY-ROOM OF A CHINESE THEATRE.

spicuous object in the dressing chamber, for with Chinamen pigs are not only good eating but they possess a charm which brings good luck.

A Chinese play is like a continued story, it is given in chapters; many of their tragedies — they never play comedies—run through the entire year, and few are concluded in less than one month. They never carry mirth upon the stage, dancing among them being almost unknown, but confine themselves to illustrating the wisdom of their philosophers or the tyranny of their rulers. Outside the theatre a Chinaman is full of levity, but inside a play-house he is the essence of gravity; it matters not how delighted he may be with any part of a performance, he never demonstrates his feelings by hand-clapping or stamping of feet; a broad grin is the extent of his approval.

Next to theatres a Chinaman's interest—perhaps amusement—lies in his religion. I am aware that there are many Mohammedans, Buddhists, Taouists and Confucians among the Chinese, nevertheless, I incline to the opinion that they have no well-defined religious belief, *i. e.*, teachings and faith bounded by creeds and canons. Religion, in the abstract, they practice with more ceremony and devotion than any other people, but their faith is more a searching after revelation than hoping to reach a heaven through the practice of ethical precepts. They have a multitude of gods, like the ancient Greeks, and sacrifice to these to win favor, and propitiate their faults by undergoing voluntary punishments; but in all respects their gods never rise above the estimation of a parent or censor.

Confucius and Mencius were actual, historical personalities, each of whom established a code of morals that have never been improved upon. Neither of them believed in a personal God, and all their teachings were admonitions how to *live*, without regard to death. Their philosophy is almost universally taught throughout the

Chinese Empire, and so sacred is their memory held that they have been deified to an equality with all the other Chinese gods. The doctrine taught by Confucius, briefly summarized, is as follows: He said: "I teach you nothing but what you might learn yourselves, viz.: the observance of the three fundamental laws of relation be-

CONFUCIUS. (Traditional likenesses.) MENCIUS.

tween sovereign and subject, father and child, husband and wife; and the five capital virtues—universal charity, impartial justice, *conformity to ceremonies and established usages*, rectitude of heart and mind, and pure sincerity." He inculcated the necessity of acts of homage for the dead, and advised that respectful ceremonies be observed at the graves of deceased persons or at their homes; hence the practice now prevailing among Chinese of keeping a room in their residences for the worship of the dead—the "hall of ancestors"—and the ceremonies that are therein performed at certain dates. Con-

fucius' most god-like quality was, that in his life he practiced what he preached. This example had its influence on the people, and caused many who would not otherwise have accepted his teachings, to enlist as his disciples

During his life he held several political offices at different times, in the administration of which he introduced many reforms. He died 479 B. C., at the age of threescore years and ten. His family has continued, through sixty-eight or seventy generations, to the present day in the same province and locality where he was born. They are honored by various privileges, and enjoy a sort of aristocratic distinction—being the only examples of hereditary aristocracy in the Empire.

Lao-tsze was the founder of the Taouist (sect of reason) religion. His existence is rather mythical. His biographers name the time of his birth as 604 B. C., and of his death one hundred and nineteen years thereafter. The latter part of his life was therefore contemporaneous with Confucius. It is said that Confucius visited the old philosopher with a view to gain more wisdom from him, but the meeting of the two sages was not satisfactory. Lao-tsze rebuked Confucius for his pride.

The Taouist religion, as promulgated by its founder, was excellent, and more nearly suited to the spiritual nature of man than the Confucian, but its succeeding advocates and interpreters have introduced so many new isms into the doctrine, among which are alchemy and divination, that it is now accepted only by the imbecile, aged, and the illiterate.

The disciples of Lao-tsze believe—as his biographers state—that he was the incarnation of a shooting star, and that previous to his birth he lay in his mother's womb for eighty years. It is also a common belief among them that he did not die, but like Elijah, was translated to

heaven—not, however, in a chariot of fire, but upon the back of a black buffalo.

We are told that Buddhism—from the title "The Buddha," meaning "the wise," "the enlightened," which was given to its founder—has existed nearly two thousand five hundred years, and is the prevailing religion of the world. It originated in Hindostan, and a prince, by name Siddhartha, is the accredited founder of this belief. This royal child was very precocious, having displayed wonderful intellectual powers in early childhood. It was the desire of the king—his father—that the prince should be reared amidst the splendors of a rich court; and therefore Siddhartha was surrounded by every luxury. Had he been disposed, as most princes are, he would have felt, no doubt, that his was to be a life of pleasure—a blissful existence; but his mind was too active and grasping to be content with such emptiness, and those things that had been placed about him by loving hands, to heighten his enjoyment, became repulsive. He was given to meditation, and in his thoughtful moods the gaiety around him was a source of annoyance; so he fled the court, and shut himself up in a monastery, in the solitude of which he endeavored to solve the problem of life. After great turbulence of mind and continued thoughtfulness, by which many conclusions were formed, accepted as true for a time and finally abandoned for more satisfactory deductions, the principles of the Buddhist religion were evolved.

It has been said by learned writers that the original moral code of the Buddha, "for pureness, excellence, and wisdom, is only second to that of the Divine Lawgiver himself." It taught charity, purity, patience, courage, contemplation, knowledge, resignation under misfortune, and humility.

295 INTERIOR OF A JOSS HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It is a doctrine of transmigration of souls. As soon as the life (which is the soul) goes out of one body it is born again into another existence. If, while the soul inhabited the first body, the actions and thoughts done in that body were in accordance with the teachings of the Buddha, then the new birth would be higher and holier. Thus the soul would continue throughout interminable ages, passing from one high existence to another still more exalted, till a perfect bliss might perhaps finally be reached in one of the many Buddhist heavens. For the bad spirits or souls a retrograde transmigration is marked out, until they at last reach one of the one hundred and thirty-six hells prepared for them in the centre of the earth. But according to the Buddhist belief, there is no God. They perhaps unconsciously look up to a higher power than human, but the doctrine originated with man and therefore it is thought not to comprehend anything that man cannot attain to by his natural intellectual gifts.

These various religious sects, instead of constructing churches and having their doctrines expounded by priests, as do other sects of the civilized world, carry all their devotions to the Joss House—which is a temple dedicated to their gods. These sanctuaries are usually located on the second or third floor of a dingy looking building. Upon entering one of these the uninitiated visitor is struck more by the smell of burning incense than the sight that greets his eyes. There is a great difference in the arrangement of Joss Houses, especially as regards lighting and fumigating. Some of them are lighted by large windows, and have no incense accessories, whilst others are very dark, the only light shed in them being derived from minute wax tapers that sit in the center of a button and float in a glass filled with peanut oil; there is also a

pungent odor emitted from smouldering pieces of wood and herbs, which, though the Chinese call it incense, cannot be so distinguished by an American save as an expression of offence. The gods sit enthroned on an arched dais in the rear of the room, or in small alcoves. These gods are of variable aspect, some with faces of hideous visage and others bearing philosophical countenances. They are all made of wood or plaster, and painted red, both their dress and features. There is seldom a less number than three in each Joss House and most generally five, three being placed in the center and one on each side. The drapery, carving and gilt that ornament the alcoves are costly and elegant, and often exhibit much taste and skill in design. Hanging immediately in front of the gods is one or more glass or paper lanterns, that reflect a weird light on the images, while at their feet are censers in which a resinous substance is kept burning. On an artistically carved table fronting the sacred dais is always found an array of vases, bamboo splits, divining sticks, artificial flowers, pieces of sandal wood, and brass images of impossible animals, fish and fowls.

A large bell, mounted upon a stout frame, and an immense drum, form the furniture of another part of the room. These are used to arouse the sleeping gods, as well as to render more impressive certain ceremonial observances. Immediately in front of the images are placed tables, upon which the food offerings are strewn. The gods are seldom permitted to go hungry, and their thirst is forever allayed by the bounteous supply of tea that is kept constantly before them within easy reach.

The lining of the canopy over the gods is crimson, and about the walls of the building, both inside and out, upon the pilasters of the alcoves, and upon the curtains, are characters in crimson, red and gilt, having various sig-

nificances. Just over the proscenium arch—as it were—are the characters *Shing Ti Ling Toi*, which means "the spiritual gallery of the all-powerful gods." Beneath this, on a richly embroidered curtain, are *Shing Shan Mo Keung*—"the gods whose holy age is perpetual." Those on the outer walls are generally the prayers of the worshipers, with their names attached, and not infrequently the amount they contribute in offerings.

The principal images in these temples represent "the god of the Sombre Heavens," "the god of war," "the god of medicine," and "the god of wealth," all of which are worshiped; and a large number of very small evil deities—representing many of the commoner sins—which are propitiated. The first of these—"the god of the Sombre Heavens"—is *Yun Ten Tin*, who is supposed to have the entire control of the water of the earth. He is worshiped because of his ability to prevent drougth and extinguish fire—two great evils that are prevalent in China.

Kovan Tai, "the god of war," is a favorite deity with the Chinese of San Francisco, because of the remarkable power he possesses of settling disputes, quelling riots, etc.,— a simple appeal to him being sufficient to intimidate the most malicious enemy. His financial ability is regarded as superior also.

Wah Tah, "the god of medicine," is another favorite, being appealed to while in health, to keep off disease, and while sick, for relief. By the aid of the mysterious incantations of a priest, this divine healer is supposed to be able to cure all manner of disease. But *Tsoi Pah Shing Kwun*, "the god of wealth," the dispenser of riches, has about him the more earnest and hopeful worshipers of all. To him the merchants, capitalists, money changers, &c., bend the knee; and to him does

almost every Chinaman appeal, whether rich or poor, hoping thereby to be prospered in whatever business he is engaged in. There are separate deities for female worshipers—that is, those worshiped by them exclusively.

With all these accessories so convenient for a lengthy ritual service, the worship of the Chinese is very simple and commonplace. There is a marked lack of reverence in their manner of approach to "the gods." They do not uncover the head, nor cease their conversation, neither do they remove from their lips the pipe or cigar; but if they have an offering to make they do it in the simplest and most unceremonious way, and then go through the chin-chinning performance (bowing low three times) as quick and as slight as though the whole proceeding were of very little importance. Occasionally one will prostrate himself before his deity and in a low voice, mutter a prayer; and it is not uncommon for the female worshipers to conduct themselves very reverently, as if they felt their own humility, and recognized in the image before them a very superior being, worthy of everlasting adoration.

The priests receive their support from the sale of incense tapers, paper money offerings, incense candles, and the like, required by the worshipers. Many visitors also purchase from them some of the devotional apparatus, to keep as Chinese curiosities.

This elaborate display of gilt, carving and room ornamentation, though having a semblance of sacredness about it, really comprehends nothing more than the old Roman oracles. These images are in no sense regarded as gods, but merely as miniatures of wise persons who have lived in the flesh and died at periods of such popularity that their memory receives this canonization. The Chinese are essentially spiritualists, if anything, as

their belief is in the eternity of matter, and mundane association between the dead and living. To them Confucius dead possesses the same potentiality as Confucius living, hence they appeal to him through the image that represents his personality, as are all the other so-called gods regarded. Hence, I repeat, there is no well defined religion among the Chinese respecting a deity, heaven, or future rewards and punishments. Some few sects believe in horrible atonements for the simplest infractions, or at least such theories are advanced, but after critical investigation I am convinced that they are the result of bug-a-boo stories, told rather to frighten than promulgated as an accepted doctrine, and are designed to restrain mischievous children instead of furnishing an incentive to prepare men for death.

In further proof of my belief respecting Chinese faith, reference may be had to the manner in which their gods are utilized; no Chinaman ever thinks of praying to them, but hopes to receive their favors by pandering to their supposed avarice or bodily comforts. For example: when a Chinaman contemplates engaging in a new enterprise, going upon a voyage, or investing in a lottery, he invariably consults his god before so doing; he is prompted by the same motive that induces so many to visit fortune-tellers. If Confucius were living now, with the renown his memory bears, Chinamen would consult him as to their future with the same belief in his superior judgment, as they now have for his spirit; his wisdom was exceedingly great when living, it is perhaps improved by gathering the experience of so many centuries during his spiritual existence. This is the sum and substance of the estimation placed upon the Chinese gods, which can hardly be called a definable religious belief—using the term "religious" in its common acceptation.

The manner of consulting these oraculous gods is as follows: The Chinaman who desires to ascertain the outcome of any engagement he is about to undertake, repairs to a Joss House and presents himself first before the god he is about to consult, and then to the priest in charge. He then states his name, residence, and object of his visit. The priest thereupon passes to him a paste-board cup partly filled with bamboo slips, usually one hundred in

ASCERTAINING THE FUTURE BY DIVINING STICKS.

number, upon each of which is printed a single sentence; each of these sentences has a corresponding answer in a book of oracles kept by the priest. The applicant, upon taking the cup, bows reverentially before the god, after which he shakes it gently until one of the slips falls out. Having done this, he rises from his knees and picks up the slip, which he places on the censer containing burning incense of sandalwood; he is careful to place the side of the slip, upon which the sentence is written, towards the god. The priest now comes forward, takes up the bamboo slip and searches for its answer in his book of oracles.

Should the answer be satisfactory, the enquirer expresses his joy and leaves; but should it indicate ill fortune, the ceremony is repeated for a confirmation, sometimes two or more times. As the Chinese are very superstitious, their ceremonies may be numbered by the thousand. Exorcism of spirits through female mediums is a very common practice, and, singular to relate, these mediums go into trances and talk nonsense just as our civilized seers do. In fact, Chinese and American spiritualism is identical.

CHAPTER VII.

SOCIAL, BUSINESS AND GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THE social customs of the Chinese are very singular, if not mysterious. To describe them all would be a task which I confess my inability to perform without years of previous preparation. Among the thousands of superstitious practices may be mentioned the following in summary: The Chinese have no glass windows in their houses in their native country; they employ match-makers to effect engagements and marriage; a fortune-teller is consulted by parents before consenting to the marriage of their children; betrothals are consummated by exchanging cards; they select lucky days, and perform a long series of divinations and ceremonies before marriage; they use charms to ward off evil spirits; worship the god of the kitchen; they betroth unborn children, believing that marriages are made by the spirits; they cannot marry within one hundred days after the death of a

parent; there are seven reasons for divorcing a wife, and three for divorcing a husband; married women caught in adultery are punished by death; they perform many singular ceremonies to determine the sex of an unborn child; propitiate two female demons during the period of pregnancy; after birth they subject the infant to a series of prayer-offerings, and shave its head when one month old. They worship Confucius in the schools by special ceremony at the end of each year; they punish children for unfilial conduct by public whipping—sometimes to death. All disease is attributed to an angry god, to cure which propitiation is made; the god of medicine is invited to visit the sick. No Chinaman is permitted to die in his own house if it can be avoided; they maintain a special building to which hopeless cases are carried just before death intervenes. They implore the aid of certain divinities to cure small-pox; they beat a gong when it thunders to drive away evil spirits; they believe that all epidemics are under the control of five rulers whom they seek to appease by sacrifices; they engage in idol processions as a token of gratitude for the recovery of the sick and to promote longevity; they believe that when dead they cannot see without the aid of candles, two of which are provided; they place wine before their dead and burn imitation money to pay their passage through the realms of shade, and perform numerous other strange ceremonies concerning the final disposition of the dead, some of which will be hereafter described.

There is a very broad line of social demarkation between the rich and poor Chinese, especially noticeable in dress. Among Americans fine clothes are no indication of social or financial condition, but with the Chinese their garments are as badges of distinction. Those who have

wealth wear silk skull-caps, silk blouses and white silk stockings; their cue, or pig-tail, is also generally longer and with richer plaitings than those supported by the poor class. In deportment there is a like difference, for those who are wealthy manifest the finest training and culture, which no ill-conditioned subject can hope to receive in his native country. In China, which is overrun with a redundant population, wealth is acquired only

ARISTOCRATIC CHINESE FAMILY.

by hereditary transmission; there are no opportunities offered for the acquisition of riches among the poor; every line of business is absorbed by families who have acquired the several branches by inheritance, consequently, those who are unfortunately born poor, however great their ambition, can never enter upon the path that leads either to wealth or fame. To this is due the fact that only the rich are educated, while the poor are left to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," with all their sensibilities blunted, and their minds filled with a birthright of ignorance. This disparity of nature is

plainly apparent even in the most casual meeting, not alone in dress but equally so in manner; a wealthy Chinaman will greet you with gracious suavity and graceful courtesy, while the poor class acknowledge a salutation by an incomprehensible grin and frustration which betray their own acknowledged inferiority.

Since the Chinese population has become so large in San Francisco, this Oriental graft has set up their ancient customs, and transplanted in American soil all their an-

CHINESE PUPIL RECITING HIS LESSON.

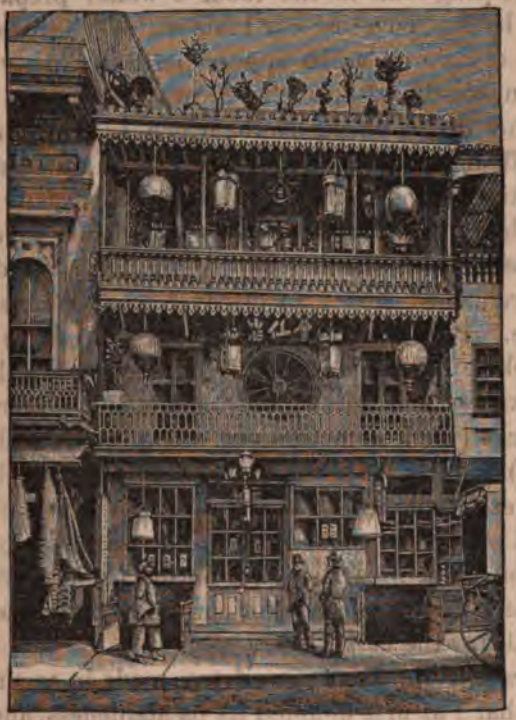
cestral peculiarities. There are three or four schools established in that city, and also a weekly newspaper which has attained a very large circulation. Chinese school-rooms are almost as interesting as the ceremonies in a Joss House. These schools are held in rooms belonging to a private family, and are maintained by tuitions. Girls are seldom, if ever, given any instruction, as education is not regarded as a proper qualification for them to have. Pupils do not study any of the general branches, such as geography, mathematics, history, or the natural sciences, but are confined to the philosophic writings of Confucius and Mencius. These they are required to

commit to memory, and recite with their backs toward the book. This is called "*backing the book.*" They are not taught in classes, but each studies the book he pleases, taking a longer or shorter lesson according to his ability. They all study out loud, oftentimes screaming at the top of their voices. They first learn the sounds of the characters, so as to recite them *memoriter*. After years of study they acquire an insight into their meaning and use. They commence to write when they begin going to school, tracing the characters given them as patterns on paper by means of a hair pencil and China ink. It requires an immense amount of practice to write the language correctly and rapidly.

Notwithstanding the superior facility of American steel pens and writing material, the Chinese refuse to relinquish their hair-brush pencils and coarse paper. These crude, if not awkward, facilities may be found plentifully scattered about every business house, and saucers of ink are in each room handy to all who wish to write.

During my last visit to San Francisco, in order to gratify a curiosity, I, with two companions, dined at a first-class Chinese restaurant and partook of a liberal bill of fare, although I cannot pronounce the feast an enjoyable one outside the humor it afforded. The restaurant has much about its exterior similar in appearance to those conducted by Frenchmen, but the interior arrangement is peculiar to the Chinese. There are three floors used for eating purposes; the first, or ground floor, is usually a store room where confections are sold, and is supplied with counters off which luncheons are eaten. Back of this room is the culinary department, which always remains open to entrance for any one who desires to investigate the mysteries of cauldrons, kettles and ovens; a very strong but not unpleasant odor penetrates the whole

building, and at times it becomes appetizing to a hungry American. The second floor is supplied with tables at which the middle class of Chinamen dine, and this department, of course, has the largest patronage. On the third floor is seen a lavish furnishing of brass figure and ara-



EXTERIOR VIEW OF CHINESE RESTAURANT.

besque work, parti-colored windows, red curtains and lanterns; also beautifully inlaid ebony tables supplied with square stools of fanciful designs. On this last floor there are two departments, one of which is used for general dining purposes, and the other, which is secluded, for special dinner parties. Everything served in either

of these rooms brings a very high price, so that their patronage is exclusively from the rich Chinese. As I dined in this latter department, a description of the service and what I tried to eat, is interesting enough for description here.

Upon taking seats in the room a waiter prepared the banquet by first covering our table with a cloth that was so badly discolored as to appear positively dirty, but I was soon convinced that the brown spots were due to placing hot dishes on the cloth, which had scorched the linen. Being entirely ignorant of Chinese dishes, I ordered the several courses and everything usually served at first-class dinners. Our waiter thereupon gave a terrific screech which startled us greatly, but as he did not faint I remained seated to discover what his next step would be. Presently he returned to us with three sets of chop-sticks. These gastronomic adjuncts serve the purpose of knives and forks; they are nothing more than small sticks (made sometimes of wood, bone, mahogany or ivory) a little longer than a lead pencil. With these we were expected to carve and spit the dishes then *en route*. I soon ascertained that our waiter, who had shouted so suddenly and lustily, meant us no harm and least expected to give cause for surprise; his screech was only a call for the first course.

Our first service was a cup of tea, made in so simple a manner that I at first doubted its palatableness, and after I drank it the experience fully qualified me in pronouncing its merits most abominable. Two cups were brought for each person; into one cup a few dry leaves of green tea were thrown and then filled with boiling water; another cup was then placed over the one containing the tea, when, after a few minutes of steeping, the tea was declared ready for drinking without any sugar or milk

accessories. Following the tea came some rare dishes of *qui ying*, *hum yang*, *quachee*, *alp taln*, *keong*, *lai chi* and *lung ngaln*, or, converted into English, sweet cucumbers, melon seeds, candied cherries, sweet pickled duck, celery and eggs mixed with ginger. Some of these we tasted, but others were sampled by the nose.

The third course consisted of *san suey*, or terrapin soup seasoned with onions.

The fourth was *ki ton yu chee*—sharks' fins stewed with eggs; roast pig, boned duck, called *chuen alp;* stewed chicken, *fung lut su ki;* boiled oysters, *ho see.* Following this, or the fifth course, we had *fen gnon*, roast goose; *toon goo bak hop*, mushrooms and leeks; California quail; *kni wah ham cha ho*, oysters fried in batter; *fu yue chee*, sharks' fins fried in batter; *sut yue*, pickled cod-fish; *cho coo bak hop moo goo*, pigeon stewed with leeks and bamboo sprouts.

The sixth, or pastry course, developed *ha yuk kow chee*, fancy rice cakes; *ki ton ko*, egg cake; *hong yon mo*, corn-starch pudding; *chawng*, oranges; *pin knon*, apples; *heong gav chew*, bananas; *po tie chee*, grapes.

The last thing (as well as the first) that is served at a Chinese dinner is *cha*, tea. In this description of a fashionable feast I have mentioned only what are regarded as aristocratic dishes. An ordinary meal served to the wealthy class consists wholly of sweet-meats, such as preserved fruits, honeyed rice, and balls of candied sugar, resembling hard sauce in taste. The use of knives at the table is almost unknown to the Chinese people; everything they eat is taken up by two chop-sticks and held to the mouth to be eaten by biting, but it requires an expert to manipulate them; to a novice these sticks are sure to prove exasperating; an effort to use them is generally followed by the sticks turning suddenly and throwing the eatable so held either into your own or neighbor's lap.

Beef and potatoes are seldom offered at a Chinese feast. The Chinese look upon the killing and using for food of cattle, or buffaloes, as a very great sin, as they are valable for beasts of burden. There is a tradition among them that says "the killers of beef shall endure punishment in Hades after death. Some are tossed on knives, others on hills of swords. Some have red-hot iron poured down their throats, and others are tied to red-hot posts. Through the eternal ages they shall not be born again, or, if they are, they become buffaloes. Butchers have hearts of iron, and those who raise buffaloes to kill for beef have hearts more wicked and fierce than wolves or tigers." To have potatoes for dinner is considered a sign of hardship and a mark of extreme poverty.

A small opium room leads off from the dining hall. This is furnished luxuriantly, and those who desire to indulge in the time-killing drug may repair thither after dinner is over, and reclining at ease on a soft-cushioned couch, pass from the reality of splendid oriental surroundings into that dream-land where the heathen celestial so delights to roam—with the amber mouth-piece of a great sizzing opium pipe between his teeth, and a deathly palor on his face.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUSINESS AND GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS CONTINUED.

Conspicuous in Chinese adornment is their tonsure and cue; the pig-tail is a peculiarity of these people that has no precedent outside of Chinese Tartary, nor a follow-

ing in any other country. The history of this remarkable, if not *destingue* custom is very interesting, and as few Americans, even though residents of San Francisco, are familiar with the reasons why Chinamen affect this quaint custom, the following bit of revelation will be valuable, especially since it is made by the Rev. Justin Doolittle in his popular work on the Chinese.

"The tonsure of the common people and mandarins, in distinction from the tonsure of the members of the Taouist and of the Buddhist priesthood, consists in shaving the whole head with a razor once in ten or fifteen days, excepting a circular portion on the crown four or five inches in diameter. The hair on this part is allowed to grow as long as it will, and is braided into a neat tress of three strands. It naturally falls down the back. The lower extremity of the cue is securely fastened with coarse silk so that it will not unbraid. The ends of the silk are left dangling. When the cue or braid of hair is not of itself long enough to suit the fancy of its owner, it is lengthened by braiding in it some hair which has been combed out of other people's heads, and arranged with great care in bunches for this use. The ambition of some is not satisfied until it is made to reach down within a few inches of the ground. When at work, and at other times when the cue would be troublesome, it is coiled about the head or thrown around the neck; but to appear in the presence of their superiors or their employers with the hair thus coiled indicates a want of good manners.

"Shaving the head, as above described, is practiced by all classes except females, Taouist priests, Buddhist nuns, and Buddhist priests, and rebels against the present government. Females, unless they are Buddhist nuns, are permitted by custom and by law to wear their hair with-

out braiding it into a cue. If they become such nuns, they must shave off all the hair from their heads every ten or fifteen days. Taouist priests either shave their hair like the common people, or they do not shave at all. The hair, left long, they never braid like the common people, nor is it left to dangle down the back, but it is coiled around on top of the head in a manner peculiar to their sect. Priests of the Buddhist religion shave off all their hair as smoothly as possible two or three times every month. The reason why the Buddhist priesthood shave their heads in this manner is explained by some to be indicative of a desire to put away from them everything of this world; they do not claim as their own even their hair.

"The tonsure of the common people is not a religious habit, nor is it originally a Chinese fashion. The first emperor of the present dynasty, who began to reign in 1644, having usurped the Dragon Throne, determined to make the tonsure of Manchuria, his native country, the index and proof of the submission of the Chinese to his authority. He therefore ordered them to shave all the head excepting the crown, and, allowing the hair on that part to grow long, to dress it according to the custom prevailing in Manchuria. The Chinese had been accustomed, under native emperors, to wear long hair over the whole head, and to arrange it in a tuft or coil on the crown. As might be expected, the arbitrary command to change from the national costume to the shaven pate and dangling cue was quite unwelcome. The change was gradual, but finally prevailed throughout the empire —so gradual that at the commencement of the reign of Kanghi, the second Tartar emperor, very few had adopted the custom of their conquerors. At first, those who shaved their heads and conformed to the laws received, it is said, the present of a tael of silver; after awhile,

only half a tael, and then only a tenth of a tael, and afterward only an egg. Finally, even an egg was not allowed. The law requiring the people to shave the head and braid the cue was not often rigidly enforced by the penalty of immediate death, but it became very manifest that those who did not conform to the wishes of the dominant dynasty would never become successful in a lawsuit against those who did conform, nor would they succeed at the literary examinations. Government favor, as regards lawsuits and literary examinations, was shown to those who conformed to the regulations of the government. Some of the proud *literati* and gentry absolutely refused to conform to the degrading and foreign custom, and the result was they lost not only their long hair, but their heads. It has been facetiously remarked by somebody in regard to this matter, that there was more than one example of a man '*strangled by a hair*.' At the end even of the long reign of Kanghi the change was not completed; but during the reign of his successor, the coil of long hair, according to the fashion of the Ming dynasty, completely gave place, in that part of the empire, to the shaven pate and the braided cue, such as are worn by the chiefs of the Manchu dynasty. Ever since, in sections of the empire loyal to the reigning family, the present fashion of the tonsure and the cue has been accepted by the Chinese *as the badge of servitude to the Tartars*. Cropping or cutting the hair in any way like the prevailing fashions in Europe and in America is entirely unknown among the Chinese.

"These facts serve to explain why the leaders of the rebellion in the centre of China require their adherents, and those whom they conquer, to let all the hair grow, and to coil it in a tuft on the head. They professedly adopt the national costume of wearing the hair which

prevailed under the Ming dynasty, that immediately preceding the present one. Long hair on the whole head is the index of rebellion against the Tartar government at Pekin. Indeed, the common name for the rebels, on the part of the Imperialists, is the '*long-haired robbers.*' Long hair on the whole of a Chinaman's head means, when interpreted into plain English, '*I reject the Tartar supremacy. I own no foreign master. I am a Chinese freeman, and my hair exhibits my sentiments on the subject.*' The tonsure and the caudle-like appendage proclaim, '*I am not my own master. I cannot even dress my hair according to my pleasure. I do not conceal my political condition and character. My head shows that I am a slave to the Tartar emperor.*' The shaven pate and crown advertise that the person is a devotee of Buddha, while the unbraided coil on the head, with or without some of the hair around the head shaven off, proclaims the man to be a priest of Rationalism. An inspection of the head of a Chinaman will indicate to the beholder the political status or the religious office or profession of the man.

"No Chinaman would dare to appear in the streets of Pekin, or in any other part of China subject to the Pekin government, with his head dressed in the national costume of the last native dynasty, nor would a Chinaman persist in following the Tartar custom of the shaven head and the braided tress in any of the districts where the power of the rebels prevails. The political condition or the religious profession of a Chinese is indicated by the cut of his hair and the dressing of it, as plainly as the color of one's neckcloth, or the fashion and the color of one's apparel, in some Western countries, advertise the wearer's profession or rank.

"Notwithstanding the foreign origin of the fashion, the

Chinese in Southern and Northern China, where the Tartar power prevails, seem to be much attached to the present manner of shaving the head and wearing the cue. They take great pains to keep the cue neat and good-looking, just as though it was an honorable instead of a disgraceful and degrading badge. They appear commonly to have entirely forgotten the servile object and the violent manner of its introduction. Some twenty or thirty years ago the idea was advanced in a periodical published at Canton, that perhaps it would require as much violence now to cause the Chinese to revert to the old custom of wearing long hair on all the head, as it did formerly to make them adopt the tonsure and the cue. The attachment to the present custom which foreigners observe is, however, believed to be more negative than positive, more apparent than real. It may be satisfactorily explained by the influence of authority and the power of habit. For two centuries, nearly every male in China, except rebels or priests, has shaven the pate and braided the hair growing on the crown. Now, whatever fashion every one adopts, no matter what may be its origin, design, or means of introduction, eventually becomes reputable and fashionable.

"The rebellion, having for its object the restoration of the Imperial throne to a Chinese, and the re-establishment of Chinese customs, has caused the minds of the native *literati* and the native gentry to recall the national practices of the preceding dynasty with a warm and hopeful interest. There exists an ardent desire in the upper classes of Chinese society to adopt the ancient national customs; but they have no option in the matter. Among the rebels, as well as among the Imperialists, there is no consultation of individual preferences or national tastes. Those who are conquered by the one are persuaded, by

arguments as strong as life and death, to let the hair on the whole head grow, while those under the authority of the other party are compelled to shave it all off excepting on the crown, and to braid into a long cue that which grows on the crown. As a consequence, if the rebels

A CHINESE BARBER.

prevail, the fashion of dressing the hair on the head for the whole nation will become essentially what it was in the last Chinese dynasty. But where and while the Tartars rule, every Chinaman will continue to carry on his brow and to dangle at his back the accustomed badge of servitude to them."

The shaving process is one of great elaboration and skill, so much so that surprise is excited as to how the barbers acquire their dexterity. A Chinaman must make special preparations before undergoing treatment at the

barber's hands, for it requires great patience and a long sitting. His face and head are first shaved with a razor that bears some resemblance to the old style hawk-bill knife, though scarcely so long. After shaving, his ears next claim attention; they are washed carefully, and then the barber draws a lance looking knife with which every hair growing inside the ears is shaved off; after this, yet another instrument is produced, something like a long bodkin, which is inserted into the orifice of the ear to the drum, and so manipulated as to cleanse the recesses of that organ. A steady hand is absolutely essential to perform this latter service, hence opium smokers cannot follow the tonsorial art. The pig-tail is also skilfully dressed and replaited, the whole operation usually consuming two hours or more, and all this time the customer is compelled to sit on a stool without any support to his back.

The Chinese, though singular in all their phases of life, are none the less cunning in the prosecution of their business. They are well versed in subtle ways, whether at the card table or conducting a regular business, and Americans have long since lost their ambition for leading John into tricks of trade.

Some years ago the wealthiest Chinese of San Francisco got up a corner on pork, and they managed the scheme so successfully that they have ever since enjoyed a monopoly of the article in that place. Every pound of pork or lard used in San Francisco must go through a Chinaman's hands, and so potential is the capital these almond-hued Orientals control that there is little hope that the monopoly will be broken.

As there are large trade organizations among Americans, controlling business and the labor of poorer classes, so are there like combinations among the Chinese, though among the latter there is more despotism and cohesion,

owing to the operation of a provision under which severe penalties are inflicted for transgressions.

Chief among the social and business organizations of the Chinese in San Francisco is a body known as the "Six Companies." It has a membership of ten thousand in the city, and despotically controls every Chinaman on the coast. Its name is a very tower of strength and unity. Though as generally known as the order of Free Masonry, there are very few Americans in the Golden Gate city who know anything concerning its history. Learning this I consulted a priest in charge of one of the Companies' Joss Houses, through an interpreter, who gave me the following facts, which I may not invidiously say are here published for the first time:

The Six Companies is an organization that represents the results of a revolution that occurred in China about the year 900. China is divided into a score of provinces, which, at the time referred to, were governed by the Emperor Low Chung Wong (the word *wong* means emperor, but it is appended to special names as an affix of honor, the same as the suffix "Don" is used by the Spanish to indicate *gentleman*). Low Chung Wong is represented as having been an imperious and cruel ruler who made himself so repugnant to his subjects that three of the principal provinces inaugurated an open rebellion against the high sovereign. The governors of these three dependencies formed themselves into an independent confederacy which was styled the "Quintye Brotherhood," and after issuing a rebellious proclamation they attracted to their standard all but four of the provinces. A long war followed; but the conspiracy succeeded in overthrowing Low Chung Wong, and Quintye Wong was established emperor. This ruler proved to be so wise and just that after his death he was canonized, together with his two brothers, who first incited the rebellion.

The three Quintyes are established gods and their images are set up in all the Joss Houses belonging to the Six Companies. This organization was originally known as the "Three Companies" and represented the Quintyes; their ostensible purpose was to foster the interests of a certain part of China, and in other respects it was a fraternal and mutual benefit organization. After the order was established in America it was made the means for protecting the temporal interests of Chinamen, but while doing this those who held the chief offices managed to provide so liberally for their own interests, by levying and collecting large fees or tributes from their subjects, that some of the influential members rebelled. The result of this was a division in the brotherhood, which led to the formation of three other branches of the order, and the organization has ever since been known as the "Six Companies." They are also known as "Highbinders," and claim to be Freemasons, with no motive except benevolence and mutual interests, but in reality they are Nihilists, at sworn enmity not only with the Chinese government but with America as well. They entertain the hope that their strength will increase so rapidly in the United States that they will soon be powerful enough to establish their own Utopian government in America. They have their own judges and police officers, and very frequently try, condemn and execute those who have infracted their law. Many Chinese unite with the order, not because they are in accord with its principles, but to escape the blackmail and persecution to which non-members are subjected.

The initiatory cermonies, through which candidates for the "Highbinder" order are required to pass, are said to be absolutely terrible, being apparently designed to test vitality and courage. The applicant is first di-

vested of all his clothing, and then conducted to a table that stands in the center of a dimly lighted hall. He is then made to prostrate himself on the table, to which he is firmly bound. Following this part of the ceremony six members clothed like devils enter and approach the helpless candidate, with drawn daggers, and carrying ladles full of melted metal in their left hands. The daggers are dripping with blood, and every accessory is intended to impress the subject for initiation with the belief that those who have been admitted just before him were drawn and quartered, and that undoubtedly melted lead had been poured down their throats before the carving-knives were applied. It requires about two hours to initiate a candidate, who must, during all this time, submit to a constant expectation that he will certainly be immolated the next moment.

There is marked distrust among the members of the Six Companies, which is evidenced by the manner in which their funds and valuable papers are protected. Each order—there being two now—has six directors, who act the dual part of directors and treasurers, but they are required to do all things appertaining to the funds in concert. Each branch of the order is provided with a safe for keeping the valuables, and these safes are secured by six strong locks, the keys to which are entrusted one to each of the six directors, and when the safes are opened every director is required to be present to unbar his respective lock. But even this precaution does not prevent a misappropriation of the secret order funds, which I am told are used by the officers under the plea of expenditures incurred in assisting needy Chinamen, or promoting their interests in America.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SIX COMPANIES' MEMORIAL.

THE Chinese in America may be classed among heathens, as they are; their unprogressive spirit may be condemned, and they may deserve abuse for practicing a frugality which is synonymous with filthiness, but their shrewdness cannot be denied. They have had less advantages in labor competition than any other race on our soil, yet their prosperity has been marked and rapid. This fact, however, I attribute chiefly to one thing, viz.: they use no intoxicating drink. Few men remain in poverty who abstain from spirituous liquors, and as the Chinese are, aside from their opium practice, the most temperate people in America, their advancement is only natural. Industry and temperance are the stepping stones to both fortune and health, and by observing these no man can remain poor. Yet it is not to be denied that the Chinese have been rather a detriment than an advantage to the people of this country. It is manifestly unfair to place native laborers in competition with these celestial pagans, for the reason that Americans have been raised amid customs and surroundings diametrically opposite to those which influence the habits of Chinese. The fact that one may thrive on the flesh of rats and dogs is no reason why others, who do not relish such inexpensive diet, should be forced to subsist upon it. The difference consists in raising, and honorable competition does not demand a conformation to all habits because they are cheap. Considering the question of Chinese immigration

(in its effects upon our native laboring population) in the broadest sense of justice, and in recognition of that universal axiom "self preservation is the first law of nature," we cannot otherwise conclude than that the Chinese are an injury to our popular institutions. How the injury shall be remedied is a problem for statesmen to solve.

The agitation, which has developed chiefly on the Pacific coast, against further Chinese immigration, has been carefully watched and studied by these despised Orientals. Recognizing their position as being seriously prejudiced by public clamor, the Chinese, through their Six Companies organization, prepared a memorial in 1874, in which is cleverly set forth all their claims to citizenship, and answers to the opposition set up against them. This document bears the impress of ingenious diplomacy, if not sophistry, and conclusively shows the inherent and acquired cunning intelligence of these really adroit people. The memorial, though full of exaggeration, and omissions of ugly facts, is so effectively worded, and at the same time presents such a striking phase in the question of a proposed modification of the Burlingame treaty, that it is herewith presented in its entirety:

MEMORIAL OF THE SIX CHINESE COMPANIES.

To His Excellency U. S. Grant, President of the United States of America.

Sir: In the absence of any Consular representative, we, the undersigned, in the name and in behalf of the Chinese people now in America, would most respectfully present for your consideration the following statements regarding the subject of Chinese emigration to this country:

I. We understand that it has always been the settled policy of your honorable government to welcome emigration to your shores from all countries, without let or hindrance. The Chinese are not the only people who have crossed the ocean to seek a residence in this land.

II. The treaty of amity and peace between the United States and China makes special mention of the rights and privileges of

Americans in China, and also of the rights and privileges of Chinese in America.

III. American steamers, subsidized by your honorable Government, have visited the ports of China, and invited our people to come to this country to find employment and improve their condition. Our people have been coming to this country for the last twenty-five years, but up to the present time there are only 150,000 Chinese in all these United States, 60,000 of whom are in California, and 30,000 in the city of San Francisco.

IV. Our people in this country, for the most part, have been peaceable, law-abiding and industrious. They performed the largest part of the unskilled labor in the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad, and also of all other railroads on this coast. They have found useful and remunerative employment in all the manufacturing establishments of this coast, in agricultural pursuits, and in family service. While benefiting themselves with the honest reward of their daily toil, they have given satisfaction to their employers and have left all the results of their industry to enrich the State. They have not displaced white laborers from these positions, but have simply multiplied the industrial enterprises of the country.

V. The Chinese have neither attempted nor desired to interfere with the established order of things in this country, either of politics or religion. They have opened no whiskey saloons for the purpose of dealing out poison and degrading their fellow-men. They have promptly paid their duties, their taxes, their rents, and their debts.

VI. It has often occurred, about the time of the State and general elections, that political agitators have stirred up the minds of the people in hostility to the Chinese, but formerly the hostility has usually subsided after the elections were over.

VII. At the present time an intense excitement and bitter hostility against the Chinese in this land, and against further Chinese immigration, has been created in the minds of the people, led on by His Honor, the Mayor of San Francisco and his associates in office, and approved by His Excellency the Governor, and other great men of the State. These great men gathered some 20,000 of the people of this city together on the evening of April 5th, and adopted an address and resolutions against Chinese immigration. They have since appointed three men (one of whom we understand to be the author of the address and resolutions) to carry that address and those resolutions to your Excellency, and to present further objections, if possible, against the emigration of the Chinese to this country.

VIII. In that address numerous charges are made against our

people, some of which are highly colored and sensational, and others, having no foundation whatever in fact, are only calculated to mislead honest minds and create an unjust prejudice against us. We wish most respectfully to call your attention, and through you the attention of Congress, to some of the statements of that remarkable paper, and ask a careful comparison of the statements there made with the facts of the case.

(a.) It is charged against us that not one virtuous Chinawoman has been brought to this country, and that here we have no wives nor children. The fact is, that already a few hundred Chinese families have been brought here. These are all chaste, pure, keepers-at-home, not known on the public street. There are also among us a few hundred, perhaps a thousand, Chinese children born in America. The reason why so few of our families are brought to this country is because it is contrary to the custom and against the inclination of virtuous Chinese women to go so far from home, and because the frequent outbursts of popular indignation against our people have not encouraged us to bring our families with us against their will. Quite a number of Chinese prostitutes have been brought to this country by unprincipled Chinamen, but these at first were brought from China at the instigation and for the gratification of white men. And even at the present time it is commonly reported that a part of the proceeds of this villainous traffic goes to enrich a certain class of men belonging to this honorable nation — a class of men, too, who are under solemn obligations to suppress the whole vile business, and who certainly have it in their power to suppress it if they so desired. A few years ago, our Chinese merchants tried to send these prostitutes back to China, and succeeded in getting a large number on board the outgoing steamer, but a certain lawyer of your honorable nation (said to be the author and bearer of these resolutions against our people), in the employ of unprincipled Chinamen, procured a writ of habeas corpus, and brought all those women on shore again, and the courts decided that they had a right to stay in this country if they so desired. Those women are still here, and the only remedy for this evil, and also for the evil of Chinese gambling, lies, so far as we can see, in an honest and impartial administration of municipal government, in all its details, even including the Police Department. If officers would refuse bribes, then unprincipled Chinamen could no longer purchase immunity from the punishment of their crimes.

(b.) It is charged against us that we have purchased no real estate. The general tone of public sentiment has not been such as to encourage us to invest in real estate, and yet our people have purchased and now own over $800,000 worth of real estate in San Francisco alone.

(c.) It is charged against as that we eat rice, fish, and vegetables. It is true that our diet is slightly different from the people of this honorable country; our tastes in these matters are not exactly alike, and cannot be forced. But is that a sin on our part of sufficient gravity to be brought before the President and Congress of the United States?

(d.) It is charged that the Chinese are no benefit to this country. Are the railroads built by Chinese labor no benefit to the country? Are the manufacturing establishments, largely worked by Chinese, no benefit to this country? Do not the results of the daily toil of a hundred thousand men increase the riches of this country? Is it no benefit to this country that the Chinese annually pay over $2,000,000 duties at the Custom-house of San Francisco? Is not the $200,000 annual poll-tax paid by the Chinese any benefit? And are not the hundreds of thousands of dollars taxes on personal property, and the foreign miners' tax, annually paid to the revenues of this country, any benefit?

(e.) It is charged against us that the Six Chinese Companies have secretly established judicial tribunals, jails and prisons, and secretly exercise judicial authority over the people. This charge has no foundation in fact. These Six Companies were originally organized for the purposes of mutual protection and care of our people coming to and going from this country. The Six Companies do not claim, nor do they exercise any judicial authority whatever, but are the same as any tradesmen or protective and benevolent societies. If it were true that the Six Companies exercise judicial authority over the Chinese people, then why do all the Chinese people still go to American tribunals to adjust their differences, or to secure the punishment of their criminals? Neither do these companies import either men or women into this country.

(f.) It is charged that all Chinese laboring men are slaves. This is not true in a single instance. Chinamen labor for bread. They pursue all kinds of industries for a livelihood. Is it so then that every man laboring for his livelihood is a slave? If these men are slaves, then all men laboring for wages are slaves.

(g.) It is charged that the Chinese commerce brings no benefit to American bankers and importers. But the fact is that an immense trade is carried on between China and the United States by American merchants, and all the carrying business of both countries, whether by steamers, sailing vessels or railroads, is done by Americans. No China ships are engaged in the carrying traffic between the two countries. Is it a sin to be charged against us that the Chinese merchants are able to conduct their mercantile business on their own capital? And is not the ex-

change of millions of dollars annually by the Chinese with the banks of this city any benefit to the banks?

(h.) We respectfully ask a careful consideration of all the foregoing statements. The Chinese are not the only people, nor do they bring the only evils that now afflict this country. And since the Chinese people are now here, under solemn treaty rights, we hope to be protected, according to the terms of this treaty; but if the Chinese are considered detrimental to the best interests of this country, and if our presence here is offensive to the American people, let there be a modification of existing treaty relations between China and the United States, either prohibiting or limiting further Chinese immigration, and, if desirable, requiring also the gradual retirement of the Chinese people now here from this country. Such an arrangement, though not without embarrassments to both parties, we believe would not be altogether unacceptable to the Chinese government, and doubtless it would be very acceptable to a certain class of people in this honorable country.

With sentiments of profound respect,

LEE WING HOW,
President Sam Yup Company.
LEE CHEE KWAN,
President Yung Wo Company.
LAW YEE CHUNG,
President Kong Chow Company.
CHANG LEUNG KOK,
President Wing Yung Company.
LEE CHEONG CHIP,
President Hop Wo Company.
CHAN KONG CHEW,
President Yan Wo Company.
LEE TONG HAY,
President Chinese Young Men's Christian Association.

This memorial has not had a wide circulation, nor was its cogency recognized to any appreciable extent by either the President or Congress. Several bills have been introduced in the national Legislature restricting Chinese immigration, and one, which was presented to the Congress of 1882, has much in it to recommend its passage. There is some doubt now whether more Chinese are coming to our shores than are departing, but it is believed that during the year 1881 there was a very slight increase in Chinese population.

CHAPTER X.

CHINESE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

HAVING treated the Chinese in their several phases of social, private, public, business and religious life, I will dismiss the subject with a description of the ceremonies practiced by them in disposing of their dead, as this last consideration of the race permits us to bid them adieu both corporeally and spiritually. It is only possible, in a limited space, to give an outline of the burial and mourning customs, for the reason that these ceremonies are so numerous and peculiar that it requires encyclopedian knowledge and space to give them proper description. In San Francisco, however, where there are so few wives or children, the Chinese do not practice rites so extensive as in their native country, where ceremonies are participated in by all the relatives of a deceased person. When a poor Chinaman dies in America he is given temporary burial; after lying in the ground for one year the body is resurrected and what remains of it is packed in a tight box and shipped to China for permanent burial. In cases where these subjects leave no means to provide transportation for their bodies, the expense so incurred is paid out of a fund kept for the purpose by Chinese charity institutions.

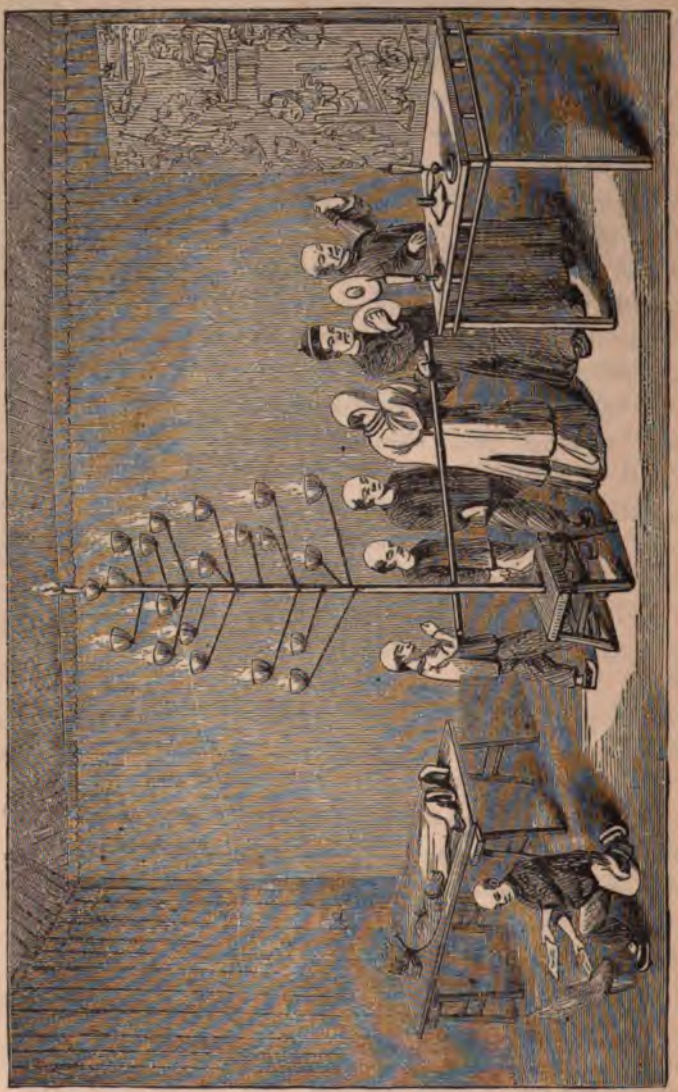
There are two reasons why a Chinaman's body is not permitted to rest forever after death in a grave on foreign soil; first, as previously explained, because these strange people believe they are the true Celestials; that China is the land over which all blessed spirits hover; and that a

Chinaman, worthy to live hereafter in a spiritual existence, cannot enter a beatific condition save through a Chinese grave. The second reason is that the laws of China do not permit a native subject to alienate himself by naturalization in a foreign country; once a subject of the Chinese Emperor always a subject, is the spirit of this law, and those who disobey the mandate forfeit their lives. No Chinaman can take out naturalization papers in America and return again to China without endangering his life, for should it become known he would be arrested and put to death by the most cruel and diabolical means. This stringent law acts as a powerful deterrent, and is the excuse for Chinamen not becoming citizens. Some of them, however, do become naturalized, but in accepting our protection they renounce all hope of ever again seeing their flowery kingdom. Ninety-nine out of every hundred have no disposition to abandon their own country, being influenced chiefly by their superstition, and therefore desire to manifest their obedience to the emperor by returning again to China even in the investiture of death.

Referring to the burial ceremonies performed over bodies of adult persons, who have some wealth and friends, the first thing done is to bid farewell to the deceased. This ceremony consists in an assembling of all the relatives and friends about the dead body, when all attest their grief by a concert of lamentations. After thus crying aloud for several minutes, two candles are produced and set upon a table, which may occupy any part of the room, while at the same time a bowl containing incense is also placed on the table and set on fire. The candles are intended to light the way for the spirit, which is supposed to be in darkness until after the lapse of a certain period; the incense is used as an offering of esteem.

In every case where the deceased has a family, with either a betrothed or married daughter, a very singular ceremony is performed, called "turning the bridge ladder." Generally several priests are engaged to prepare the "bridge-ladder" and assist in the ceremonies. To conduct this part of the funeral rite, a post some seven or eight feet high is placed in a socket or frame standing on the ground in a perpendicular position. Into holes made in the sides of this post are fastened several tiers of sticks of bamboo, two or three feet long. These sticks project outward and upward a little from the perpendicular post. Sometimes these sticks amount to several tiers. The longer ones are placed toward the bottom, and the shorter ones toward the top, the lowest tier being three or four feet from the ground. At the extreme outer end of each is suspended by a wire a kind of glass cup containing oil and wicking, the whole constituting a lamp. On the top of the upright post is placed a candle. Into a hole, about three feet from the ground, made in the upright post, is inserted a pole, projecting at a right angle, some two or three feet longer than the longest of the sticks having lamps at their end. This "bridge-ladder" is placed in the middle of the room. On one side of the room is placed a table having candles and incense upon it. On the wall or partition of the room by this table are suspended one or two large paper-hangings relating to the infernal regions. The body of the deceased is lying on one side of the room, or if there is an adjoining room which can be used it is placed in it.

When everything is ready the ceremony is commenced by lighting the lamps and candle on the "bridge-ladder," as well as the candles and incense on the table. The priests chant their liturgy amid the noise of cymbals. The married daughter comes forward, having a white



TURNING THE BRIDGE-LADDER.

cotton cloth bound about her head, partly concealing her eyes, or she holds to her eyes a white cotton cloth much as one would a handkerchief while crying. The eldest son of the deceased, if there be a living son, now advances, and, taking hold of the end of the long pole, pushes gently against it; the post turning in its socket, the entire "bridge-ladder" moves. The wife of the eldest son, his younger brothers and their wives, the married daughter of the deceased and her children, &c., now follow slowly the elder brother as he pushes around the "bridge-ladder" for a few times.

In case there is no son, a married or affianced daughter leads the company. During the period that this "bridge-ladder" is thus made to revolve all of the party join in loud lamentation and wailing. Their outcry, taken in connection with the chanting of the priests and the noise of the cymbals, make a very confused hubbub and tumult of voices and sounds. These, together with the sight of so many lamps and candles burning brightly in broad daylight, produce a very singular spectacle for the foreign beholder, which, once seen, will not be quickly forgotten.

The object of this performance with the "bridge-ladder" is to lighten and assist the deceased on his way. It is called "bridge-ladder" because it is fancied to resemble a bridge and a ladder. The bridge would aid the dead to pass rivers, and the ladder would aid him to climb steep places, should he meet such impediments in his journey.

After the ceremony of "*turning around the bridge-ladder*" has been concluded, and after the body has been dressed for the coffin according to custom, it is usually placed on the cover of the coffin. The eldest son now approaches and kneels down before the corpse. He then takes a cup of wine and offers it to the dead three times.

He then takes some cooked vermicelli, by means of chopsticks, out of a bowl, and presents it to the mouth of the dead three times. After this he takes a bowl of cooked rice, and makes a presentation in similar manner three times. While he is performing these filial acts, all the rest of the family, brothers, sisters, and grandchildren, except the partner of the dead and those higher in rank, kneel down around the corpse and pour out their lamentations. If the eldest son of the deceased has previously died, his eldest son, if he has one, takes his place. In case he has no son living, some one who has been adopted as the eldest son performs the ceremony, the second or the third, or any other of their children, never performing this ceremony unless adopted as the heir and representative of the eldest son. Sometimes, in wealthy families, a professor of ceremonies is employed to direct the eldest son in the discharge of his duties on this occasion according to established rules. The eldest son at this time wears a cap, with his clothing properly arranged, and having shoes upon his feet; but previously he has appeared with disheveled hair, clothing disarranged, and in his stocking feet.

After wine and food have been offered to the dead, and just before clothing the corpse in its final cerements, a small chair, usually made of split bamboo and paper, is set on the ground outside the house. About this chair are placed four effigies, in front of each being a cup of wine and some rice cakes. After this ceremony is completed the priests begin to chant their liturgies again, and the clashing of cymbals is renewed; at the same time a fire-brand is applied to the chair and effigies, which are speedily consumed. This chair is provided for the dead man's spirit, with the charitable supposition that he would prefer sitting to standing during his transportation

to the realms of eternal shade, and the wine and rice cakes are to serve as food during his journey. The four effigies represent the servants who will carry him to eternity, and these are expected to also partake of the food burned with them.

At the conclusion of this ceremony the corpse is dressed in what is called "longevity" clothes, so named because they shall last for all time. These clothes are made of various fabrics, according to the financial standing of the deceased. It is a rule with the Chinese that in performing this part of the funeral rites, two more garments must be placed upon the upper than upon the lower part of the body. After the grave clothes have been placed on the corpse the body is tightly bound around with several strips of cloth, two of which must be red and one white, and these strips are brought together and tied in knots over the body.

Following this service comes the ceremony of placing the body in a coffin. Preparatory to this, the corpse, while lying on the cover of the coffin, is turned half way around, so that its head comes where its feet were. The coffin is placed so that its head is toward the front door, or the front of the house. When everything is ready, the corpse is lifted from the coffin cover and placed in the coffin, while the children and grandchildren, &c., break forth into loud lamentation and wailing. The eldest son carries the head of the corpse, and his brothers or other family relatives aid him in placing the body in the receptacle provided. This is made of good wood, quite thick. In consequence of the number of grave-clothes put upon the corpse, the coffin is much larger than otherwise would be necessary to hold the body. On the bottom of the coffin there has been a quantity of ashes spread, and over the ashes some sheets of paper have been

placed. Sometimes a large number of small bundles of ashes or lime are placed in the bottom of the coffin and along the sides of the corpse; or, in place of the ashes, some bundles of the pith out of which artificial flowers are made, commonly called rice paper, are used by some families. Over the corpse a piece of cloth is spread, and the cover is nailed down.

During the performance of all these customs, candles and incense have been kept burning. Subsequently the candles give place to oil lamps in the practice of some families, while incense continues to be incessantly used.

There are many other rites practiced just before and after the interment, to minutely describe all of which would require more space than can be spared. Among these ceremonies is placing a table before the coffin on which rests what is called a "longevity" picture, made of rags in resemblance of a doll, but intended to represent the deceased. On this table is also placed a bowl in which incense is kept burning for the period of forty-nine days. A place is kept vacant at the family dining table for the spirit sometimes for three years, and this place is designated by an inverted bowl which is supposed to contain food and wine. The nearest relative of the deceased sleeps beside the coffin for severel nights as a token of devotion; this watcher is required to keep incense constantly burning, and should the light expire for lack of attention it would be regarded as a very bad omen. Before retiring at night all the relatives of deceased enter the room with great solemnity and bid the corpse "good night." These ceremonies, and many others, are continued for several days, and after the body is finally interred they do not cease sometimes for years.

In describing the above funeral rites I have considered only those performed in honor of wealthy persons who

have deceased, leaving families behind to prepare the ceremonies. In San Francisco, where there are so few Chinese with families, such ceremonies are seldom performed. The more common service observed in honor of the dead in that city usually takes place at the temporary burying ground near Lone Mountain, which is about two miles west of San Francisco.

When a Chinaman dies having no next of kin, but the social standing to merit an observance of the funeral rites, his body is swathed, with much care, in fine linens, and two or more priests are engaged to "give him a good send off;" candles are lighted, incense and *cash* (imitation money) are burned over the corpse, and after the performance of several ceremonies, like those already described, the body is conveyed to the burial ground. These occasions are little less than pleasure excursions, in which hundreds of Chinese participate. They carry, with the deceased, large quantities of provisions, chief among which are roasted pigs with flowers stuck in their backs. The procession moves rapidly, with a band of musicians at the head and many hired mourners, dressed in white cassocks with caps of linen, following immediately behind. Upon reaching the grave there is more ceremony before interring the body, after which the rites become more furious in clamorous demonstration. A priest takes his station beside the grave and while the musicians clang their gongs, blow trumpets, etc., he rings a bell and sprinkles holy water over the consecrated mound. Those who are employed as mourners prostrate themselves on the ground and cry out discordant lamentations, rehearsing Chinese philosophy and catechising the spirits who are supposed to surround them. During the progress of these ceremonies other Chinamen employ themselves in fixing lighted tapers on the graves, burning in-

A CHINESE FUNERAL IN LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

cense from censers, and preparing the feast which soon follows. The dishes of food that are carried for the ostensible purpose of feeding the dead are really used as a barbecue, to which those present devote themselves with the relish which a keen appetite incites. Tapers are left burning on the graves, and after another sprinkling of holy water the crowd disperses in a humor not unlike that which might be exhibited by a party just leaving a circus.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEAUTIES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Pacific coast, especially California, is essentially the paradise of America. Balmy Italy cannot compare with the equable, salubrious and delightful climate of this pre-eminently favored section of country, a place where neither heat oppresses nor cold pinches those who live in its bright, delicious atmosphere. San Francisco is more cosmopolitan than New York and more sensuous than New Orleans. The air is a tonic, touching every cheek with rosiest health and developing women into beings of transporting beauty. In this particular the Golden Gate Metropolis is peculiar, for more lovely females never blessed God's favorite footstool than may be found in lavish abundance coquetting on all her streets and lighting love's lamp in nearly every California household.

The city is built on seven or more mountains, to attain the summit of which requires the aid of cable railroads—

an invention which resulted from natural obstacles that every San Franciscan experienced many years before these roads were constructed.

"Nob" or "Nabob" hill is the most aristocratic residence spot in the city, and yet it is located on the crown of a hill so steep that a footman cannot ascend it without frequent intervals of rest; yet by the use of Clay street cable-road the trip to the summit is one of positive

CABLE RAILROAD ON CLAY STREET, PASSING CHINATOWN.

luxury. On this hill will be found residences of Ex-Governor Leland Standford, Charles Crocker, and the widow of Mark Hopkins, every one of which cost a million or more of dollars. In point of real beauty these buildings far surpass anything that may be seen in New York City, not excepting Mr. Vanderbilt's lately completed residence.

Montgomery street is to San Francisco what Wall street is to New York; it is devoted chiefly to stock-broking offices, some of which are exceedingly fine, and as the people are consummate stock gamblers, from

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VIEW OF WOODWARD'S GARDEN, SAN FRANCISCO.

millionaires down to washerwomen and bootblacks, of course these institutions flourish constantly with a rare prosperity. Kearney street, which runs parallel with Montgomery, is the retail and fashionable thoroughfare, and promenading on it may be found more entrancingly beautiful women to the square foot than Paradise has to the square acre.

One of the most interesting features of San Francisco is Woodward's Garden, a pleasure resort located in the southwestern part of the city, and filled with many wonders, principal among which is the aquarium, which I have no hesitancy in pronouncing the finest on either continent. In this garden may be found not only a very fine zoological and aviary collection, but also a conservatory containing nearly every known flower and plant.

The bay of San Francisco is a harbor capable of anchoring every ship on the globe, and it is universally pronounced superior to all others in the world. A sportsman from the East crossing this harbor can scarce contain himself on account of the myriads of wild fowl that sit so lightly on the dancing water, giving no heed to passing boats; ducks, geese, brants, coots and mudhens are super-plentiful, insomuch that they are scarcely considered game, especially as deer, turkey and prairie-hens are abundant, and grizzly bears are sometimes too easily found ruminating in the adjacent Sierras.

In the last few years San Francisco has been building a park projected by Mr. Standford, I believe, which, when completed, will be a spot worth a thousand miles' travel to visit. The drive-ways are already finished, which extend from opposite Lone Mountain three miles to the sea, and lead down to a beach whose beauty can never be computed by pen or brush.

The Cliff House is built on a rock that towers in sym-

SEAL ROCKS NEAR THE GOLDEN GATE.

metrical grandeur above the restless waves that unceasingly lave its base. From the long porch that traverses this building may be had the most sublime view that vision ever photographed; lying only a few hundred yards from shore, and immediately opposite are the Seal Rocks, bold, jutting upheavals, with pinnacles pointing directly starward, on which a thousand seals hold their eternal councils. The maddest waves dash round these Herculean monuments, throwing up rainbows of flying spray, and building crests upon which ride the lords of the rocks. Hundreds of barking sea-lions hover around in the breakers or clamber up the slippery sides, while some, apparently on adventure bent, amble with cumbrous flippers to the very apex, a hundred feet high, and from this lofty and circumscribed pinnacle throw a headlong leap into the foaming crests below. Sometimes the most desperate fights occur among these fierce animals, when their roars and terrible growls will not fail to excite fear on the part of more timorous observers.

But looking away northward five miles a view equally grand is seen, where the tide swells in and out at the Golden Gate, bearing scores of white sails, and long trails of smoke marking the tracks of steamers. On either side of this magnificent entrance pillars of massive stone lift up their crenelated heads like frowning battlements surveying the field of vision for an enemy. So abruptly do they rise and to such a great height, that the roaring, tumbling billows dash like thunder at their base, and breaking into rain, climb upward until they fall back in a mist scarce heavier than fog.

On the sea-shore there are quaint and curious shells strewn by ocean's hand amid the sand, and jelly-fish, sea-weed, peculiar nuts, and a thousand things that excite the stranger's interest will be found profusely spread by

abandoning waves. In my visits to all the famous beaches of America I have never found a place so charming as the Pacific shore six miles from San Francisco. The day is not far distant when the summer pilgrimage of rich people to sea-side resorts will turn westward instead of seeking the Atlantic shores, where intense heat mingles with every wave and the sand grows parched with solar fires. This change will occur when overland railroad competition or sagacious managers reduce the fare in summer time to the reasonable figures charged for travel eastward.

SALT LAKE CITY—POLYGAMY.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THERE is no phase in human nature so anomalous, so strangely metaphysical, as religious worship. If all faith were the product of divine intuition, there could be but one creed and one code of ethics; hence we must argue from experience that religion is a germ implanted by nature, but that its fruits depend wholly upon the soil and care that nourish it. There is no doctrinal way of measuring true righteousness; consequently, the proof of heterodoxy being established against one church does not imply orthodoxy in another, any more than the preponderance of a church militant furnishes a conclusive reason that the divine God-head personally superintended the compilation of creeds and catechisms. A zealous member of one denomination may inveigh against, or, indeed, logically show that other sects are the disciples of error, but this does not prove that his own creed is perfect. The sole measure of right and wrong is an unbiased conscience—the divine essential, the law of nature—that right and righteousness mean justice to one another, regardless of written prescriptions or ecclesiastical codes. It is upon this basis and construction of religion that the Mormon Church must be regarded.

I do not propose to discuss the questions which theology interposes in considering the evils of Mormonism, so-called, but to present its practices and results, that an intelligent public may form its own conclusions upon the facts. It is proper, however, to disassociate Mormonism from Polygamy, since the two have no interests in common, and in truth are at opposition, as will be seen in subsequent chapters.

Joseph Smith, the prophet and founder of Mormonism, descended from an ignorant and despised family, who were regarded by their neighbors as a superstitious, singular people. Although Vermont was Joseph's birthplace—having been born at Sharon, Windsor county, December 23, 1805—he was brought up in New York, and is generally conceded to be a product of that State. Wayne county was the scene of his youth, where he resided until twenty years of age, and where he was regarded as a precocious yet eccentric prodigy. His earliest manifestations were divination and exorcism, the former, however, being no more than locating veins of water by the use of witch-hazel, and the latter some spiritualistic mysticism, something like that exhibited by our modern itinerant mediums.

When thirty years of age, Joseph removed to Ontario county, where he followed the calling of a well-digger, and it was while engaged in this employment that he found what was afterward called his "peep-stone." This was nothing more than a white, silicious pebble, but the shrewd theologian hugged it to his bosom and endowed it with subtle and supernatural properties by his prolific imagination. Though wholly uneducated, Joseph was cunning and persuasive enough to excite wonder and faith in the simple people who lived about him; not to such an extent, however, as led them to accept all his assertions without some reservation.

According to Mormon history, directly after finding the peep-stone, Joseph attended a religious revival, which was sweeping over Ontario county like a whirlwind, and, influenced by the powerful appeals of an Evangelist minister, he became overwhelmed by a conviction of his sinfulness. He confessed before the world his burden of guilt and professed conversion, together with his sister Sophronia, and his brothers, Hyram and Samuel. After the revival closed the several denominations represented put forth their efforts to secure the converts for their respective churches, and this act, it is claimed, led Joseph to make inquiry of God that he might know which sect embraced the true doctrine of Christ. In seeking this communion with the Lord he repaired to a hazel thicket, and there, in all the fervency of a troubled spirit and contrite heart, he prayed for divine direction that the true light might be revealed to him. Whilst engaged in these supplications suddenly the woods became illuminated as with a light brighter than ever eye had before seen, and out of this brilliant landscape walked two angels clothed with garments that shone like the splendor of God's great throne. By these bright beings Joseph was caught up and transported through a vapor that resembled diamond dust to the fields elysian, which he was permitted to see. Whilst in this beatific realm an angel told him that his sins were all forgiven, and in answer to his prayers he was told that no existing religious denomination was propagating the truth as God had given it to the old prophets. He was then carried back to earth, where he remained groveling in doubt, and praying for the light of understanding until the twenty-third day of September, 1823, when another delegation from heaven appeared before him and bore a message from God which commanded him to restore the ancient priesthood by

establishing a new church, and to forthwith prepare himself for the labor. Still he was left uninstructed, and still he prayed for divine guidance; then the Lord visited him in the guise of a cherub and imparted the knowledge which prepared him for the labor of founding Mormonism, while at the same time he was endowed with the gift of prophecy. He was also told that certain plates of gold, whereon was written the history of America before Christ, were lying buried in the hill Cumorah.

On the 22d day of September, 1826, reckoning three years from the date of the revelation, Joseph was commanded to repair unto the hill Cumorah, where he would meet an angel who would instruct him what to do. Obeying the voice which spoke to him as a spirit, he went to Cumorah and there saw an angel clothed in a raiment that shone with dazzling splendor, but, sustained by the revelation he had received, Joseph approached the angel, who deposited in his hands a volume composed of gold leaves, bound together by rings, on which there were inscriptions which he could not comprehend. The leaves were very thin, but so numerous that they made a book full six inches in thickness; they had been deposited in a box along with two stones which were as transparent as crystal, and this receptacle bore the seal of God; the stones were pronounced by the angel to be Urim and Thummim, used by seers in ancient times to forecast the future and to see all things.

Joseph does not tell what he did with the plates after accepting them from the angel, but admits that he told his neighbors of all that had befallen him, adding that his story was received with scorn and incredulity, and that many tried to steal the plates. After keeping the history thus strangely written, for some time, he showed the plates to three persons, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and

Martin Harris, by the sanction of an angel, who it seems was the spiritual custodian of the sacred writings. These three men have subscribed to an oath which will be found in all Mormon bibles, and is as follows:

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvelous in our eyes, nevertheless the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

OLIVER COWDERY,
DAVID WHITMER,
MARTIN HARRIS.

Shortly after this first affidavit the plates were shown to eight other farmers of the neighborhood, who bore testimony as follows:

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jun., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious

workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and hefted, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

CHRISTIAN WHITMER,	HIRAM PAGE,
JACOB WHITMER,	JOSEPH SMITH, Sen.
PETER WHITMER, Jun.	HYRUM SMITH,
JOHN WHITMER,	SAMUEL H. SMITH.

The first person who testified to having seen the plates, Oliver Cowdery, was a rambling country school-teacher, who had a fair education and was a splendid scribe. This man was engaged by Smith to transcribe the records after his translation, which the prophet performed by placing the two stones in his hat and looking upon them while he held one of the plates in his hand.

The history purported to have been written in the ancient language of the Egyptian Jews, by the prophet Mormon, and in characters which no living man could read without the Urim and Thummim. Cowdery wrote down every word as it was translated by Smith, and so great was their labor that it required more than two years to complete the transcription. Cowdery relates, according to Mormon tradition, that on one occasion during the time that he and Smith were writing the Book of Mormon, they went out for a walk along the river bank, merely for recreation, as the labor of translating and writing was very exhausting. They came to a place where there were a great many stones, some of which they gathered up and threw into the stream in a contest to see which was the better thrower. It so happened that Cowdery found a stone among those he thus gathered that exactly resembled the Urim and Thummim. In order to satisfy himself whether Smith was practicing any deception, he concealed the stone in his pocket until

they returned to their cabin to resume the translation, when he replaced Urim with this common stone without acquainting Smith of the fact. He had now a perfect opportunity for testing the Prophet's supernatural vision, but Cowdery related that Smith was suddenly confounded, declaring he could see nothing, and at once fell to praying for divine direction again. The trick was then explained, Urim replaced, and the translation proceeded as before. The original manuscript is still in existence, and is in the keeping of Christian Whitmer, who is now a resident of Richmond, Missouri, and, strange enough, is the only one living of the eleven witnesses. He attaches supernatural power to this writing and is so careful of it that he had a strong box made and bound with iron especially for its keeping. Mr. Whitmer relates, that about the year 1873 his house was struck by a cyclone and set on fire, and that the building was totally destroyed excepting the room in which the sacred manuscript is kept.

Joseph Smith had great difficulty in getting the book printed, because no one having the necessary means could be made to believe in its sacredness, until in 1830, when Martin Harris, an illiterate, superstitious old man, was induced to mortgage his farm to secure money for the publication in book form. It was printed by Pomeroy Tucker, the proprietor of an Ontario county paper, the first edition being three thousand; it was rapidly circulated and attracted great attention.

A synopsis of the Book of Mormon, as prepared by a gentleman who has made the work a study, is as follows:

It consists of a number of books, named after their reputed authors—Book of Nephi, Book of Alma, Esther, Jared, etc. They contain the following history:

In the reign of Zedekiah, six hundred years before Christ, a Jewish family, with a few friends and retainers,

left Jerusalem, being warned of God that a great destruction and captivity were at hand, and journeyed eastward in search of a "land of promise." After many wanderings, and the death of the Patriarch, they reached the sea, when Nephi, who had succeeded his father in the Patriarchate and Priesthood, was directed by the Lord to build a boat; and, furnished with a "double ball and spindle," which served the exact purpose of the modern mariner's compass, they embarked and in due time reached the continent of America. Subsequent revelations have decided that they landed in Central America. There they increased rapidly, but a great schism arose; and one Laman, with his followers, refused to obey the true priesthood, for which they were cut off, cursed, and condemned "to be a brutish and a savage people, having dark skins, compelled to dig in the ground for roots, and hunt their meat in the forests like beasts of prey." But it was foretold that a remnant of them should, in time, "have the curse removed, and become a fair and delightsome people," who should "blossom as the rose, under the teachings of the Latter-day Saints." These were the Lamanites, the present Indians, while the Christian party were known as Nephites. The latter spread over all of North and South America, became rich and powerful, and built the cities of Zarahemla, Jacobbugath, Manti, Gidgiddoni, and scores of others, thus accounting for the numerous ruins found on this continent. They were ruled over successively by Nephi the First, Second and Third, by Noah, Alma, Kish, Coriantumnr, and numerous other kings, and were successively instructed by a number of prophets. But the Lamanites increased likewise, and carried on almost perpetual war with the Nephites till a great part of the land was desolate. According to this history there have been no people of the Old World so

warlike and blood-thirsty as these, and battles in which from twenty to fifty thousand were slain were of common occurrence. The Nephites were troubled, too, by "false doctrine, heresy and schism;" the true priesthood was reviled; one man arose and preached Universalism, "that God would save all mankind at the last day," and others followed strange gods. An immense mass of the nation turned back and joined the Lamanites, and a band of robbers, under one Gadianton, desolated a large part of the land. At length prophets appeared and announced the coming of Christ, who, after He was crucified at Jerusalem, preached the gospel in America. At the time of His death this country also was shrouded in darkness; a mighty earthquake threw down the wicked city of Jacobbugath, opened great chasms and basins throughout the land, and the whole face of the country was changed. The Nephites accepted Christ at once, but in a few generations fell again into apostasy, and the Lord delivered them into the hand of their enemies. The mighty chieftain Omandagus, whose rule was from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi, fought against the Nephites, and after him many others. Little by little the Nephites were driven eastward, but made a stand near the shores of Lake Erie, and fought "till the whole land was covered with dead bodies." They made their final stand about 430, A. D., at the hill Cumorah, in Ontario county, New York, where the Lamanites came against them, and the battle raged till two hundred and thirty thousand Nephites were slain; the little remnant was captured, and only Mormon and his son Moroni escaped.

The various kings and priests had kept a record of their history, which Mormon now collected in one volume, added a book of his own, and gave them to his son. The latter finished the record, and buried the whole in the

hill Cumorah, being assured of God that in fourteen centuries a great prophet should restore them to man. Such is the book, and Joseph's account of it. On such testimony alone there is sufficient cause to reject it, the book itself containing abundant internal evidence of fraud.

CHAPTER II.

AUTHENTICITY OF SMITH'S WORKS—SENSUAL MOTIVES.

In the preceding chapter I have rehearsed the story, or tradition, of Joseph Smith's inspiration, as told by Mormons, but well established facts, easily accessible, prove conclusively that this *ex parte* history is a romance without any semblance to truth. Since Mormonism has become an established church doctrine, with a recognized power, and no inconsiderable membership, it is proper that the following well authenticated facts appertaining to the authorship of the Book of Mormon be herein related:

About the year 1820, Josiah Spaulding, a learned law advocate, was a resident of Ohio, where he had a lucrative practice, and was regarded with high favor by all who knew him. He had an uncle, named Solomon Spaulding, who resided in one of the eastern States, but his health had failed him, and, hoping to find some benefit by a change of climate, came to Ohio, where for several years he made his home with his nephew. Mr. Spaulding's affliction was a chronic ailment which confined him closely indoors, and to relieve the tedium of his

lonely existence he amused himself by writing a story in imitation of the style and language used in the Bible. He was doubtless influenced to write such an historical novel by the religious belief he entertained, for he was an idealist and believed in natural religion, as also in the depravity of man through the fall of Adam. He opposed a paid ministry and maintained that true disciples of God would be sustained by divine favor, like that received by Elijah, who was fed in the wilderness by ravens. This sentiment in its completeness he expressed in the following language, which will still be found in the "Book of Mormon," chapter 8, verses 23 to 41:

Yea, behold I say unto you, that those saints who have gone before me, who have possessed this land, shall cry; yea, even from the dust will they cry unto the Lord; and as the Lord liveth, he will remember the covenant which he hath made with them.

And he knoweth their prayers, that they were in behalf of their brethren. And he knoweth their faith; for in his name could they remove mountains; and in his name they could cause the earth to quake; and by the power of his word did they cause prisons to tumble to the earth; yea, even the fiery furnace could not harm them; neither wild beasts nor poisonous serpents because of the power of his word.

* * * * * *

And it shall come in a day when the blood of saints shall cry unto the Lord, because of secret combinations and the works of darkness.

Yea, it shall come in a day when the power of God shall be denied, and churches become defiled, and shall be lifted up in the pride of their hearts; yea, even in a day when leaders of churches and teachers, in the pride of their hearts, even to the envying of them who belong to their churches.

Then follow several verses prophesying wars, and all secret abominations that shall result from this money gathering from the word of God.

Yea, it shall come in a day when there shall be churches built up that shall say, come unto me and for your money you shall be forgiven of your sins.

Oh, ye wicked and perverse, and stiff-necked people, why have ye built up churches to yourselves to get gain? Why have ye transfigured the holy word of God, that ye might bring damnation upon your souls? Behold, look ye unto the revelations of God.

Behold, I speak unto you as if ye were present, and yet ye are not. But behold, Jesus Christ hath shown you unto me, and I know your doing.

And I know that ye do walk in the pride of your hearts; and there are none, save a few only, who do not lift themselves up in the pride of their hearts unto the wearing of fine apparel, unto envying, and strifes, and malice, and persecution, and all manner of iniquities; and your churches, yea, even every one, have become polluted.

For, behold, ye do love money, and your substances, and your fine apparel, and the adorning of your churches more than ye love the poor and needy.

O ye pollutions, ye hypocrites, ye teachers, who sell yourselves for that which will canker, why have ye polluted the holy church of God?

* * * * * * *

Why do ye adorn yourselves with that which hath no life, and yet suffer the hungry, and the needy, and the naked and sick, and the afflicted, to pass by you and notice them not?

Yea, why do you build up your secret abominations to get gain, and cause that widows should mourn before the Lord, and also orphans to mourn before the Lord?

* * * * * * *

Behold, the sword of vengeance hangeth over you, etc.

I have thus quoted at some length from a single chapter that it might serve as an evidence of Mr. Spaulding's belief, but there are many other chapters in which he pronounces his convictions that paid ministers and fine churches are an abomination to the Lord.

The twenty-ninth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of Nephi reads as follows:

He commandeth that there shall be no priest-crafts; for, behold, priest-crafts are they that preach and set themselves up for a light unto the world, that they may get gain and praise of the world; but they seek not the welfare of Zion.

This verse follows directly after a declaration that milk and honey flow freely without price before all true

disciples, so that it is susceptible of but one construction. It may well be argued, in view of this prejudice which Mr. Spaulding exhibits, that he wrote the Book of Mormon, and the Old Testament which prefaces the same like an ancient law, not alone to give himself employment, but also as an expression of religious conviction about which he shows great concern.

Mr. Spaulding, the writer, died in 1823, and his widow moved to Ontario county, New York, taking the manuscript of this legendary romance with her. She lived beside a man named Stroude, for whom Joe Smith dug a well, and while he was thus engaged Mrs. Spaulding claims that the manuscript was stolen, a thing easy to do, as she took no further care of the manuscript than to keep it on an exposed shelf, and as its contents had been made known to the neighbors, it is reasonably supposed that Smith acquired possession of it through means only known to himself.

Josiah Spaulding, the nephew at whose house in Ohio Solomon Spaulding died, removed to St. Louis in 1835, and remained there until his death, which occurred in 1852. As a lawyer he had but few peers, and his uprightness in all the walks of life was such that he received a meed of praise after death from his professional brethren, as well also from the whole body of St. Louis citizens, greater than any other man ever buried in Missouri soil. The testimony of one so honored for his inflexible rectitude is particularly valuable when it may be used to decide the authorship of a book claiming to be the product of divine inspiration. He stated positively that his uncle, Solomon, wrote the Mormon bible, and further declared that it was written under the circumstances and influences already detailed; that in a careful reading of the published work he found that it was identical with the

manuscript prepared by his uncle, with the exception of a few minor interpolations evidently injected by Smith or Cowdery to subserve personal ends.

If it were necessary to the more complete establishment of the fact that the Mormon bible never emanated from any but a common source, and one entirely foreign to Joe Smith or God Almighty, the further truth may be mentioned that its teachings are in many instances direct injunctions against practices which Joe Smith followed and commended, and that its phraseology is absolutely execrable. Solomon Spaulding was an unlettered man, and this fact is clearly evidenced by the writings in the Mormon bible. All that it contains, exhibiting any pure sentiment or wholesome precept, is taken, by flagrant plagiarism, from the sacred records, and what appears as original is enough to shame the intelligence of an ordinary school-boy, excepting that there is some proof of the author having been a student of history. In all these particulars the book shows that it emanated either from Solomon Spaulding or one of like acquirements.

There are many other evidences obtainable serving to clearly and conclusively prove that Joseph Smith stole the manuscript which Solomon Spaulding prepared, and that by inherent cunning he impressed upon a few densely ignorant people the strange delusion that he was a second Christ, with a mission before him of equal importance.

On the 6th of April, 1830, the Mormon church was organized at Manchester, New York, by the baptism of six members, viz.: Joseph Smith Senior and Junior, Hyrum Smith, Samuel Smith, Oliver Cowdery, and Joseph Knight; Joe Smith, Jr., and Cowdery were invested with the Aaronic Priesthood and took upon themselves the office of high priests, who should devise and control the church government.

From this date there was decided progress made in propagating the new doctrine, but Joe Smith continued his evil ways of covetousness and unlawful acquisitions until he was arrested for theft. But still the church grew, and in the August following Parley P. Pratt, a Campbellite preacher, and Sidney Rigdon, a school-teacher, became converted and put on the apostolic harness for earnest work. Soon thereafter Orson Pratt embraced the new doctrine, and his accession did more to push forward the proselyting than the active labor of any other person that ever joined that church. Pratt was a man of great learning, and up to the time of his death, which occurred in November, 1881, at Salt Lake, he exercised a ruling influence over all the members, and was looked up to as the champion of Mormonism.

In the early part of 1831, Kirtland, Ohio, was chosen as the seat of the church, a place where Sidney Rigdon had formerly lived and where he had already converted about one hundred of the simple-minded people of that neighborhood. This place, very soon afterward, became a very plague-spot of licentiousness. The church grew rapidly and its membership included more women than men. It was now that the tree began to bear fruit. Joe Smith prescribed an "incarnated catechism," which is almost too shocking to describe, and yet he claimed it was a revelation from God. This form of inquiry into the spiritual proficiency of communicants and applicants consisted of a service that photographs the aims and ambitions of the church founders, and if there were no other unholy practices and crimes to condemn Mormonism of to-day, that alone would be sufficient to reveal the monumental iniquity that inspired Joe Smith to found his sensual religion.

A special building was erected at Kirtland, which con-

tained three rooms, two small and one large, that subserved a purpose so lascivious as to almost defy belief. At given times the members, both women and men, repaired to this "tabernacle of faith," always after nightfall. The women went directly to one of the small rooms, where they divested themselves of all their clothing and stood in a state of perfect nudity until they were commanded to appear in the large room. The men likewise repaired to the other small room, where they also undressed and in a state of utter nakedness awaited their summons. The large room was darkened so that not an object inside could be descried even in outline, and when all were ready, one of the high priests would order the unadorned members to enter. As they filed into this intensely dark room from opposite directions, each met a partner until the entire company was matched, whereupon they would fall to wrestling with one another by couples, and assuming every conceivable attitude calculated to inspire the highest sexual passions; but the object of this lascivious ceremony was to test each member's power of resisting temptation. Joe Smith defended the heathenish practice by declaring that it taught communicants how to subordinate the lusts of the flesh to spiritual grace and the fullness of righteousness. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention the fact that "no outsiders were admitted."

CHAPTER III.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

THE methods employed to make converts, while the church was located in Ohio, were variable but always ridiculous. Rigdon was the first to preach "the beginning of the end," in which he set forth the early destruction of the world, and declared that salvation could come only through an acceptance of Mormonism. He was an excellent exhorter, and being possessed of a vivid imagination he drew pictures of hell and heaven with such chromatic coloring that his hearers became fairly frenzied through religious excitement.

Orson Pratt, not to be outdone by his colleague, hit upon another plan for gaining converts, and at the same time to give himself an inspirational boost in the estimation of his simple congregation. Coming into church one evening at "early candle-light," he appeared as one sorely troubled in spirit. Upon taking position in the rear of the church, (which was a log building with a window on each side,) as if to address his audience, he said: "Brethren and sisters, I have a very strange feeling this evening, as if the Holy Ghost were about to manifest unto me for some wise purpose." After pausing awhile he resumed: "I am impressed by God to declare that I will not preach again to you until GABRIEL SHALL BLOW HIS HORN!" These last words were spoken in a loud voice, and forthwith the diaphanous toot of a dinner-horn broke upon the air with appalling suddenness and clamor. Pratt jumped off his feet as though the devil had prodded his posterior, and then he proclaimed

aloud: "The Lord has indeed manifested himself; the horn of Gabriel has awakened me as one from the dead, and since this miracle has been performed to convince our naturally skeptical hearts, let us forever hereafter feel certain that God's favors are upon the Mormon church. I will now address you as the spirit inspires me."

Every evening for a week this horn of Gabriel was blown at the opening of church services, and the congregations went through paroxysms of overwhelming excitement, screaming, shouting, tumbling over benches, hugging each other, and apotheosizing Mormonism. At length, however, a faithless and precocious mischief-maker, not fully satisfied that Gabriel was "working the miracle racket," concluded to make an examination. He accordingly posted himself behind a wood-pile before "tooting" time, and awaited developments. Presently he saw through the darkness a body approaching, that hid itself in another part of the same wood-pile. A few minutes later, and on time to the second, he heard that same trumpet blast—strong, resonant and ear-splitting. He jumped from his covert and sprang suddenly upon Gabriel and his instrument, without regarding the dignity or supernaturalness of a holy messenger. Gabriel so far forgot his celestial attributes and potentiality as to cry out like a mortal:

"Let go of my horn!"

The trick even lacked cleverness, and of course Gabriel proved to be a young man engaged by Pratt to do the blowing. But this exposure had no effect whatever on the credulous people who had embraced the faith. Nothing on earth, or in heaven, could shake their belief in Pratt and Gabriel, so that they still believed implicitly every word and revelation that fell from the inspired old

humbug, and sustained him by liberal gifts of property.

But Joe Smith, who had been set in the background by Rigdon and Pratt, looked with disfavor on the Gabriel's horn scheme, and thought evil results would attend the exposure; so, to avoid this, he gave his followers another revelation out of the large stock he kept constantly on hand for emergencies. This was given in the form of a command from God that the church should be transplanted to Jackson county, Missouri, a spot which Smith avowed was originally the Garden of Eden, and that Zion should be set up there, against which time, blood nor money should ever prevail. Accordingly several of the church elders set out overland, in the latter part of July, 1831, and pitched their tents twelve miles from where Independence now stands, some time in August following. A site was chosen for the Great Temple, the erection of which was begun soon after, when another large party of Mormons came on from Kirtland to swell the colony.

Joe Smith soon afterward returned to Ohio and established a banking-house, of which he was chosen president, and as it derived a large patronage from the Mormons, the business was a success. But Smith left the bank after five months' management and returned to the spiritual harvest. At the same time he also sent out apostles in all directions in imitation of Christ's instructions.

In the spring of 1832 Brigham Young was converted, together with his four brothers and six sisters, under the ministrations of Samuel Smith, and forthwith Brigham became not only a devout follower, but also a powerful preacher in expounding the doctrines of Mormonism.

In March, 1832, Joe Smith and Sidney Rigdon, while itinerating on missionary labor, were seized by an enraged mob which charged them with communism, forgery and thievery, and they were publicly tarred and feathered.

This indignity caused them to seek Missouri again, where a flourishing settlement of their brethren had been made. A paper was soon started in the interests of Mormonism, and a church regency was created by appointing Joe Smith, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams as a triumvirate council, who should represent the supreme church government. The membership now numbered about fifteen hundred, and in their combined strength they asserted a sovereign ownership to the lands in Jackson county. Not alone this, but they became arrogant and domineering, threatening dire calamities to all who refused to join them; that the wrath of God was about to descend upon all Gentiles, whom they designated as a "generation of vipers." This supercilious, brow-beating style of proselyting was at length succeeded by robbery, following the example of Moses and his people when they despoiled the Egyptians by God's sanction. This greatly excited the Missourians, and it was shortly apparent that something serious was about to occur. Outrages continued to be perpetrated, until during the August elections, when an armed body of three hundred men appeared in Independence and proceeded to tear Mormonism up by the roots; the newspaper office was first demolished, two of the saints were badly beaten, and several others subjected to plastic coverings of tar and feathers. The Mormons appealed to the Governor (Dunklin) demanding protection, and a party of militia was ordered to their assistance from St. Louis, but before this relief party reached Independence another collision had occurred between the citizen-mob and the Mormons, which resulted in the burning of many of the latter's homes, while several on each side were killed. The Mormons withdrew from Jackson county and crossed over the Missouri into Clay county, where they re-established themselves.

In the meantime Kirtland continued to be a headquarters for the faithful, and when news of the war in Missouri reached that point Joe Smith gathered up his followers and determined to measure arms with the mob. When he reached the Mississippi river his party was attacked by a virulent type of cholera, from which dread disease twenty died. Despite his revelations and proclamations a panic ensued, which further decimated his ranks, and left him so weak a following that the project of reclaiming Zion had to be abandoned. He therefore returned to Kirtland and called a council of his brethren, at which twelve apostles were chosen, with Brigham Young as chief. These were sent on missions throughout the East. They now adopted the name of "Latter-day Saints," and repudiated that of Mormons. A college was founded at Kirtland and endowed, among other chairs, with a Hebrew professorship, which Joe Smith fostered by direct gifts. A temple was also built at a cost of $40,000. A savings bank was established by Smith and Rigdon, but it soon after failed in a manner which so incensed the depositors that its founders were compelled to summarily leave the State. They returned to Missouri and went about building up Zion again in several counties, besides establishing the town of Far West. Now succeeded a schism in the church which seriously threatened disintegration; Orson Hyde, Heber Kimball and W. Richards had been sent as missionaries to England, and in their absence Smith was bitterly denounced, and internal feuds resulted in a charge being brought against the church that it was in antagonism to the State and threatened a rebellion. War was again imminent; the citizens in opposition began drilling, while the Mormons organized a defence corps, which they called the "Danite Band." A severe fight did occur at Gallatin,

in which several of the citizens and Mormons were killed, and this led to a vendetta that lasted until many county officials were assassinated and the town of Gallatin reduced to ashes. Governor Boggs issued an order expelling the Mormons from Missouri, and fifteen thousand militiamen were enrolled and sent against them. This body was fired upon at Haines' Mill, whereupon the militia fell upon the attacking party and exterminated every one, numbering in all about thirty. The whole Mormon membership in Missouri was a little more than twelve thousand, and their fighting force about twenty-five hundred; these continued the unequal conflict until Smith and several other leaders were captured at Far West, when the war ended. Joe and Hyrum Smith were indicted for murder, arson, treason, larceny and breach of the peace. A preliminary examination resulted in their being remanded to the county jail for trial in the circuit court. But after languishing in prison for some months, and becoming tired of the confinement, they bribed their guards and got out of the State, going to Illinois, where a large body of their deluded followers had already preceded them, settling in Adams and Hancock counties.

Illinois received the Mormons with outstretched hands of welcome, believing they had been unjustly persecuted by "Border Ruffians" of Missouri. Joe Smith at once cast about for the founding of another settlement of his people. Dr. Isaac Galland, who owned a vast tract of unimproved land in the northern part of Hancock county, sent for Smith to examine it, and offered such amount of the land as might be required upon very low and easy terms. Smith accepted this invitation and found a spot along the Mississippi bank which he so favorably considered that several thousand acres were purchased, and the building up of Zion was for the fourth time renewed.

This site was chosen for the founding of Nauvoo and the establishing of a temple consecrated to the worship of Latter-day Saints. In eighteen months after this settlement was begun it contained over two thousand buildings, including two school-houses and a Mormon tabernacle. Now had their days of triumph come; they were rich in possessions and no prejudices assailed them, while the membership was increasing with wonderful rapidity.

CHAPTER IV.

CHURCH PROGRESS—OBSCENITIES AND ASSASSINATIONS.

Brigham Young, who had been sent to England as a missionary, labored with such success that early in 1841 he returned to America with seven hundred and sixty-nine converts, while the efforts of other apostles had also been crowned with success, so that during this year Nauvoo increased at a magical rate, and in October of the same year ground was broken for the erection of a magnificent temple.

The Mormons now began to show their political strength, and attracted to their ranks doubtful characters of every conceivable ilk; among these converts obtained from the States there was a large number of professional horse thieves, defaulters, highwaymen, and political jackdaws that had been run down and out of their several communities for crime or unpopularity. Some of John A. Murrell's Ohio river gang became converts in order to secure the protection which Joe Smith guaranteed, whilst

others came from defeated banditti in Iowa, Missouri and Illinois. These lawless characters did not change their natures by becoming members of the Mormon church, but this centralization of outlaws served to give them broader license for practicing their iniquities.

So great did the Mormon power become in Hancock county that they controlled absolutely all the county offices, and elected Stephen A. Douglass a circuit judge, who certainly entertained no prejudices against the sect, and in one particular instance showed them a favor of doubtful legality. They were actuated by this verse in their book of Doctrine and Covenants:

> Behold it is said or written in my laws: Thou shalt not get in debt to thine enemies. But, behold, it is not said at any time that the Lord shall not *take when he pleases*, and pay as seemeth to Him good. Wherefore, as ye are on the Lord's business, whatsoever ye do, etc.

They now had three thousand votes, all solid in the hands of Joe Smith, so that their influence was coveted by politicians throughout the State, and in national elections. Smith had the naming not only of all county officers, but, owing to the close vote between the Whigs and Democrats, he dictated who should represent the district in Congress.

With such great spiritual and temporal power in his hands, Joe Smith became arrogant and dictatorial not only to his subjects, who looked up to him as a god, but also to those who had no sympathy for the deluded people, and regarded Smith as a hypocritical scalawag, with more devil than saint in his composition. His henchmen continued their spoliation of Gentiles, burning hay-stacks and pilfering barns, corn-cribs and smoke-houses. Their strength still grew amazingly; but not content with enrichment in power and purse, Smith gave another revelation that was designed to gratify the unholiest of pas-

sions. This latter law was with relation to the sealing of women to male members of his flock, and it was in such binding clauses that the women were compelled to submit to promiscuity or suffer the wrath that was promised them for disobedience. He claimed that God was about to fulfil the prophecy "that the time shall come when seven women shall cleave unto one man, begging him to

ANOINTING COMMUNICANTS IN THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE.
(Representing the Ceremony as performed by the Mormons at Nauvoo.)

take away their reproach." The day, he said, was at hand, and so instructed the priesthood, who repeated the revelation to lay members. The doctrine was preached that no woman could be saved except through the medium of a husband; that this union was enjoined by divine authority; that it was purely spiritual and platonic, and no true follower of the prophet would hesitate to accept the law.

In fulfilment of this new mandate, Smith at once began to seal to himself comely wives of other members, and also unctuous lasses of goodly promise. Those of the laity who had beautiful spouses were called, by Smith's revelations, to preach the gospel in foreign lands, and during the absence of these husbands their wives were sealed to him. Joseph now began to manifest a connoisseur's taste, and in order that his selections of spiritual partners might be made after a more comprehensive knowledge of their configuration, he gave another revelation, which resulted in the establishment of an Endowment House, through which all members were required to pass before they could hope for salvation. In the administration of the endowment ceremonies, males and females were compelled to subordinate any native modesty they might have. The women repaired to a chamber where their clothing was all removed; they then passed in nude condition to the anointing room, where a priestess received them; they were there baptized in a tub, and then anointed with olive oil until their flesh was as slick as a Guinea negro's. Those who know of the secret practices of the priesthood declare that Smith and his colleagues had a peephole made in the side of this endowment room, through which they studied the physical attributes of female communicants, so as to inform themselves fully concerning the desirableness of new spiritual wives. This ceremonial proceeding led to beastiality with all naturalness, and even Joseph exhibited an emasculating tendency under the practice.

But there were others in the church besides Joseph, who had an ambition to view female forms with a critical eye, and for the benefit of these influential branches of Smith's religion, he extended his revelation so as to in-

clude an allegory commencing with the fall of Adam and Eve, which act, especially that representing God driving our first parents from the Garden of Eden, was performed with a naturalness of make-up that made the old patriarchs—so-called—smack their lips, and the women to instinctively hide behind their hands, with fingers slightly apart. These ceremonies will be described, at

GOD DRIVING ADAM AND EVE OUT OF EDEN.
(Representing the Ceremony as performed by the Mormons at Nauvoo.)

length, in subsequent chapters, with the exception that while at Nauvoo the Mormons adhered to stark nakedness, while latterly some clothes are used.

In the earlier days of Mormonism its prime principle seemed to be the subversion of morality to indecency, and this was done, too, by the flagrant practices already mentioned. Joe Smith is pronounced by a woman who was sealed to him, and who is still living, as a very monster

of licentiousness; and she further declares that he has ruined young girls by the hundreds, besides debauching scores of other men's wives, under the law of "Sealing," which is interpreted by them as a means of grace designed for the special salvation of woman. They claim that no woman can be saved except through the aid of a man; it is, therefore, necessary that all females should marry, but it is better that every woman be sealed to more than one man, so as to insure her resurrection, inasmuch as her first husband might, through apostasy, become alienated from God and could not, therefore, conduct her to paradise; her chances are consequently increased by being sealed to several men.

During Joe Smith's life polygamy was not enjoined, but a system of concubinage existed which readily led to the adoption of that barbarous practice. The Book of Mormon prohibits a plurality of wives, and in such explicit language that it furnishes another proof of Smith's duplicity and the perversity of modern Mormonism. In the second chapter of the Book of Jacob will be found this command:

26. Wherefore I, the Lord God, will not suffer that this people shall be like unto them of old.

27. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none.

28. For I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women; and whoredoms are an abomination before me; thus sayeth the Lord of Hosts.

29. Wherefore this people shall keep my commandments, sayeth the Lord of Hosts, or cursed be the land for their sakes.

31. For behold I, the Lord, have seen the sorrow, and heard the mourning of the daughters of my people in the land of Jerusalem; yea, and in all the lands of my people, because of the wickedness and abominations of their husbands.

35. Behold, ye have broken the hearts of your tender wives, and lost the confidence of your children, because of your bad examples before them; and the sobbing of their hearts ascend up

to God against you. And because of the strictness of the word of God, which cometh down against you, many hearts died, pierced with deep wounds.

The command concerning marriage, as given in this chapter, is hardly susceptible of misinterpretation, and so far as an outward observance may indicate, Joe Smith regarded it as a law, though he transgressed that which denied him the right to maintain concubines. This law is amplified in Chapter III, of the same book, which furnishes a conclusive reply to a question frequently asked by Mormons themselves.

I have departed somewhat from the natural sequence of history in order to give some phases of Mormonism which led primarily to a conflict that soon after drove them from Illinois and out of civilization into a territory where their infamous customs might be *en rapport* with their wild surroundings.

It is possible that by continuing to mass their political influence, the Mormons might have remained longer undisturbed, for each party courted this religious influence, and was willing to barter public acquiescence for the three thousand or more votes Joe Smith collectively cast. But the Mormons were anything save honest or diplomatic; they were not only fanatic but arrogant, as though their power were omnipotent—and there is no doubt but a great many of them did really believe in the infallibility of their church. This supremely silly confidence finally led Joe Smith to announce himself as a candidate for President of the United States (1844). His ignorant dupes conceived his candidacy to be in the hands of God, and that his election was absolutely certain; his apostles went abroad through the land proclaiming their prophet's aspirations, and pronouncing a revelation from God calling Joseph to preside as executive

over the nation. By this act the Mormons created an independent party which forfeited their rights to political consideration from the Whigs and Democrats, and left them standing alone without sympathy or influence.

So abusive of their preferments had the Mormons become that when the old parties dropped away from them, the citizens generally, of Hancock county, commenced an active resistance against the practices which were now notorious among the sect. Nauvoo had become little less than a place exhaling the most noxious and licentious influences; men and women joined the church in order to indulge propensities which, outside of the Mormon creed, were crimes and misdemeanors punishable by law; in addition to these demoralizing and iniquitous customs, the boldest outrages, and even assassinations, were perpetrated by the Latter-day Saints upon those who opposed them.

In 1845, Joseph Smith had a great yearning toward the wife of William Law, one of the most eloquent preachers in the church. This lady is represented as having been very beautiful, and her husband was attached to her with the holiest devotion, but still upheld the teachings of Mormonism until his domestic happiness fell directly under the "sealing" law. Joe Smith insisted on having Law's wife sealed to him spiritually, which, in fact, meant a polyandry—two husbands—for Smith desired to play that part. Law violently objected, but his opposition could avail little against Smith's influence and his "Danite Band," for his wife was forcibly taken as a "spiritual" companion to the Prophet, and of course put to such use as his infamous lust suggested. Law thereupon raised a rebellion in the church, for there were some who could understand his wrongs, and in order to increase the defection he established an anti-Smith paper

in Nauvoo. But after its first issue a mob, under the instruction of Smith as mayor, and the common council of Nauvoo, invaded the printing office by force, and destroyed all the material. Law then tried to have processes served on Smith and his Danite council, but the civil authority was in the hands of Mormons, and its invocation brought him no redress. Such a condition of affairs could not longer be tolerated; there was a gathering of frowning clouds that portended a terrible storm, and when it broke there were scattered over Hancock county smoking homes, murdered men and a dead prophet. Bodies of militia were organized in Hancock, Schuyler and McDonough counties, to enforce the court mandates, and there was an immediate mustering of forces bent on subduing if not eradicating Mormonism. Carthage, the county seat of Hancock, although governed by Smith's hordes, became the assembling place and headquarters of the citizen soldiery.

A force of ten men was detailed to assist the constable to arrest the Nauvoo city officers and conduct them to Carthage for examination and trial.

In the meantime, Joe Smith, as Lieutenant-General of the Nauvoo Legion, had declared martial law in the city; the Legion was assembled and ordered under arms; the members of it residing in the country were summoned into town. The Mormon settlements obeyed the mandates of their leader, and marched to his assistance. Nauvoo was one great military camp, strictly guarded and watched, and no ingress or egress was allowed except after the strictest examinations. In one instance, a citizen of McDonough county, who happened to be in Nauvoo, was denied the privilege of returning until he made oath that he did not belong to the party at Carthage, that he would return home without calling at Carthage, and that he would give no information of the movements of the Mormons.

However, upon the arrival of the constable and guard, the mayor and common council at once signified their willingness to surrender, and stated their readiness to proceed to Carthage next morning at eight o'clock. Martial law had previously been abolished. The hour of eight o'clock came, and the accused failed to make their appearance. The constable and his escort returned. The constable made no effort to arrest any of them, nor would he or the guard delay their departure one minute beyond the time, to see whether an arrest could be made. Upon their return they reported that they had been informed that the accused had fled, and could not be found.

In the meantime, Governor Ford made a requisition upon the officers of the Nauvoo Legion for the State arms in their possession. It appears that there was no evidence in the quartermaster-general's office of the number and description of the arms with which the Legion had been furnished. Dr. Bennett, after he had been appointed quartermaster-general, had joined the Mormons, and had disposed of the public arms as he pleased, without keeping or giving any account of them. On this subject General Wilson Law was applied to for information. He had lately been the major-general of the Legion. He had seceded from the Mormon party; was one of the owners of the proscribed press; had left the city, as he said, in fear of his life, and was one of the party asking for justice against its constituted authorities. He was interested to exaggerate the number of arms rather than to place it at too low an estimate. From his information it was learned that the Legion had received three pieces of cannon and about two hundred and fifty stand of small arms and their accoutrements. Of these, the three pieces of cannon and two hundred and fifty stand of small arms were surrendered. These arms were

demanded because the Legion was illegally used in the destruction of the press, and in enforcing martial law in the city, in open resistance to legal process and the *posse comitatus*.

The surrender was also demanded on account of the great prejudice and excitement which the possession of these arms by the Mormons had always kindled in the minds of the people. A large portion of the militia, by pure misrepresentation, had been made to believe that the Legion had received from the State as many as thirty pieces of artillery and five or six thousand stand of small arms, which, in all probability, would soon be wielded for the conquest of the country and for their subjection to Mormon domination.

On the 23d or 24th day of June, Joe Smith, the Mayor of Nauvoo, together with his brother Hyrum, and all the members of the council, and all others demanded, came into Carthage and surrendered themselves prisoners to the constable, on the charge of riot. They all voluntarily entered into a recognizance before the justice of the peace, for their appearance at court to answer the charge. All of them were discharged except Joe and Hyrum Smith, against whom the magistrate had issued a new writ, on a complaint of treason; they were immediately arrested by the constable on this charge, and retained in his custody to answer it.

Soon after the surrender of the Smiths, at their request Captain Singleton, with his company, was dispatched from Brown county to Nauvoo, to guard the town, and he was authorized to take command of the Legion. He reported, afterward, that he called out the Legion for inspection; and that upon two hours' notice, two thousand of them assembled, all of them armed; and this after the public arms had been taken away from

them. So it appears that they had a sufficiency of private arms for any reasonable purpose.

After the Smiths had been arrested on the new charge of treason, the justice of the peace postponed the examination, because neither of the parties was prepared with their witnesses for trial. Meanwhile he committed them to the jail of the county for greater security. The jail in which they were confined was a large stone building, containing a residence for the jailor, cells for the close and secure confinement of prisoners, and one larger room not so strong, but more airy and comfortable than the cells. They were put into the cells by the jailor; but upon their remonstrance and request, they were transferred to the larger room; and there they remained until the final catastrophe. There were comparatively few who seriously apprehended an attack on the jail, though a guard was stationed about the building to protect them. Nor was it apprehended that there was the least danger on their part of an attempt to escape; for any such attempt would have been the signal for their immediate death. Indeed if they had escaped, it would have been fortunate for the purposes of those who were anxious for the expulsion of the Mormon population, for the great body of the people would most assuredly have followed their Prophet and principal leaders, as they did in their flight from Missouri. It was afterward learned that the leaders of the anti-Mormons did much to stimulate their followers to the murder of the Smiths in jail, by alleging that the Governor intended to favor their escape. If this had been true, and could have been well carried out, it would have been the best way of getting rid of the Mormons. The leaders would not have dared to return, and all their church would have followed.

The force assembled at Carthage amounted to about

twelve or thirteen hundred men, and it was calculated that four or five hundred more were assembled at Warsaw. Nearly all that portion resident in Hancock were anxious to be marched into Nauvoo. This measure was supposed to be necessary, to search for counterfeit money and the apparatus to make it, and also to strike a salutary terror into the Mormon people, by an exhibition of the force of the State, and thereby prevent future outrages, murders, robberies, burnings, and the like, apprehended as the effect of Mormon vengeance on those who had taken a part against them. The morning of the 27th day of June was appointed for the march, and Golden's Point, near the Mississippi river, about equidistant between Nauvoo and Warsaw, was selected as the place of rendezvous.

Agreeable to previous orders, the *posse* at Warsaw had marched on the morning of the 27th of June in the direction of Golden's Point, with a view to join the force from Carthage, the whole body then to be marched into Nauvoo. When they had gone eight miles, they were met by the order to disband; and learning, at the same time, that the Governor was absent at Nauvoo, about two hundred of these men, many of them disguised by blacking their faces with powder and mud, hastened immediately to Carthage. There they encamped at some distance from the village, and soon learned that one of the companies left as a guard had disbanded and returned to their homes; the other company, the Carthage Grays, was stationed by the captain in the public square, a hundred and fifty yards from the jail, whilst eight men were detailed by him, under the command of Sergeant Franklin A. Worrell, to guard the prisoners. Communication was soon established between the conspirators and the company; and it was arranged that the guard should

have their guns charged with blank cartridges, and fire at the assailants when they attempted to enter the jail. General Deming, who was left in command, being deserted by some of his troops, perceiving the arrangement with the others, and having no force upon which he could rely, for fear of his life retired from the village. The conspirators came up, jumped the slight fence around the jail, were fired upon by the guard, which, according to arrangement, was overpowered immediately, and the assailants entered the prison at the door of the room where the two prisoners were confined, with two of their friends, who voluntarily bore them company. An attempt was made to break open the door; but Joe Smith being armed with a six-barreled pistol, furnished by his friend, fired several times as the door was bursted open, and wounded three of the assailants. At the same time several shots were fired into the room, by some of which John Taylor, now president of the Mormon church, received four wounds and Hyrum Smith was instantly killed. Joe Smith now attempted to escape by jumping out of the second-story window; but the fall so stunned him that he was unable to rise, and, being placed in a sitting posture by the conspirators below, they despatched him with four balls shot through his body.

Thus fell Joe Smith, the most successful impostor in modern times; a man who, though ignorant and coarse, had some great natural parts, which fitted him for temporary success, but which were so obscured and counteracted by the inherent corruption and vices of his nature, that he never could succeed in establishing a system of policy which looked to permanent success in the future. His lusts, his love of money and power, always set him to studying present gratification and convenience, rather than the remote consequences of his plans. It seems

that no power of intellect can save a corrupt man from this error. The strong cravings of the animal nature will never give fair play to a fine understanding; the judgment is never allowed to choose that good which is far away, in preference to enticing evil near at hand. And this may be considered a wise ordinance of Providence, by which the counsels of talented but corrupt men are defeated in the very act which promised success.

It must not be supposed that the pretended Prophet practiced the tricks of a common impostor; that he was a dark and gloomy person, with a long beard, a grave and severe aspect, and a reserved and saintly carriage of his person; on the contrary he was full of levity, even to boyish romping; dressed like a dandy, and at times drank like a sailor and swore like a pirate. He could, as occasion required, be exceedingly meek in his deportment, and then again rough and boisterous as a highway robber, being always able to satisfy his followers of the propriety of his conduct. He always quailed before power, and was arrogant to weakness. At times he could put on the airs of a penitent, as if feeling the deepest humiliation for his sins, suffering unutterable anguish, and indulging in the most gloomy forebodings of eternal woe. At such times he would call for the prayers of the brethren in his behalf, with a wild and fearful energy and earnestness. He was full six feet high, strongly built, and uncommonly well muscled. No doubt he was as much indebted for his influence over an ignorant people to the superiority of his physical vigor, as to his greater cunning and intellect.

The death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith created the most profound excitement in Nauvoo, where their people became fairly wild with affected grief. The funeral was attended by fully five thousand persons, and such marks

of honor were given the dead Prophets as might have well become true divinities. At the time of their death Joseph Smith was thirty-nine years of age, and Hyrum forty-four. In a period of fifteen years these men, illiterate as they were, had created a religious commotion in America, and brought to an acceptance of their anomalous doctrine more than two hundred thousand souls; they had come up from obscurity, passed through the crucible of antagonism, and in death their followers regarded them as martyrs worthy of deification.

CHAPTER V.

BITTER FIGHTING AND CHURCH DISSENSIONS.

After the Smiths were assassinated a serious change occurred among the Saints, which was a prognostic of impending danger, and the vendetta that was soon to be inaugurated. Joseph Smith believed in hereditary succession so far as his own family interests were concerned, and shortly before his death he declared that a son was about to be born unto his wife, Emma, who should raise up Zion and re-establish the church upon Eden's ancient site, in Jackson county, Missouri. On the 17th of November following a son was born to Emma, to whom was given the name David Hyrum, and it is to him the Mormons still look up as to a saint to whom God will delegate the power prophesied of him.

But an immediate ruler was needed, and the most violent scenes were enacted by opposing factions, who

sought by persuasion and force to elevate their respective candidates. William Smith, Joseph's eldest surviving brother, claimed the regency by virtue of hereditary ascent, while Sidney Rigdon urged his candidacy by pleading priority in the presidency; that the mantle should be transferred to him because he stood next to Joseph in his official relation to the church. Lyman Wright harangued the people in his own behalf, asserting that he had received a revelation from God, calling him to the successorship. Brigham Young was also an aspirant, claiming special eligibility because of his successful missionary labors. There were no less than a dozen other candidates, and all entered some plea similar in kind to those advanced by Smith, Rigdon, Wright and Young.

On the 7th of October, in response to an encyclical letter, there was an assemblage of Mormon ecclesiastics who were called upon to determine the future church government. At this meeting it was decided that the "College of Twelve Apostles" should elect a ruler, and after a short deliberation this body invested Brigham Young with the vestments and insignia of chief potentate. This action was followed by great discord; many withdrew with their dissatisfied leaders, and not a few accompanied Rigdon to Pennsylvania where he tried to plant the stakes of a new Zion.

After Brigham's elevation the church became aggressive; every meeting thereafter was distinguished by the most violent addresses, made against Gentiles generally. Large quantities of arms were secretly obtained, and Nauvoo, which was now a city of fifteen thousand people, became the drill and camp-ground of a revengeful multitude. What could not be accomplished by open force was attempted by assassination, arson and persecution. The trial of those who were concerned in

Smith's death developed not only an acrimonious feeling, but threatened a collision between Mormons and their opponents; a detail of men was made by Governor Ford to preserve the peace, but while no overt act was committed during the trial, no force could prevent a massing of men intent on precipitating a decisive conflict. Everybody went armed with pistols and bowies; every highway bristled with lurking foes, so that life became almost too cheap for estimation.

In the latter part of 1845, some of the ultra anti-Mormons of Adams county resolved to rid their section of the Saints, and to this end addressed a note of warning to several leaders, who, instead of obeying, stolidly refused to move. A result of this was the burning of about one hundred Mormon houses in Adams county, the occupants of which were compelled to flee for their lives. This incendiary and riotous act inflamed the Nauvoo Legion anew, so that they went out upon every highway to wreak vengeance upon their enemies. They killed dozens of men, set fire to the property of the Gentiles, plundered houses, and committed every depredation in the catalogue of crime.

The war had now come in earnest, and there was to be no backing down before a full settlement of the contest, determining whether the Mormons should leave Illinois or remain in the ascendancy. Under permits from Gov. Ford many companies of militia were organized, while at the same time a report was industriously circulated that the United States government would send a large force of soldiers to the scene of strife for the purpose of subjugating or annihilating the Mormons.

In the meantime Brigham Young despatched several prominent members of his priesthood with instructions to search for another place upon which to establish Zion,

evidently anticipating a time when the removal of his church from Illinois would be a necessity. These locators, after several months' wandering over territorial plains and wilderness, found a spot in Weber Valley, Utah, which they considered well suited to their purpose, and upon returning to Nauvoo made report accordingly.

Having appealed in vain for aid from the State and national authorities, Brigham and his people believed the rumor concerning a proposed invasion of his domain by several regiments of soldiers, and he therefore concluded to at once abandon Illinois and proceed to Utah. In the winter of 1845–6 an order was promulgated by Brigham announcing the decision of his council, and proclaimed a revelation from God which commanded the Mormons to gather together their possessions and build up Zion anew in Weber Valley. In pursuance of this command the Mormons sold their lands in Nauvoo, and throughout Hancock, Adams, McDonough and Schuyler counties, realizing prices for the same less than they might have brought at sheriff's sale. Before the middle of 1846 nearly twenty thousand of these strangely united people had crossed the Mississippi and were wearily plodding their dreary way across a wild country, bearing with them only necessary utensils and provisions, drawn by ox teams.

About one thousand Mormons remained in Nauvoo until the following fall, when they were attacked by about eight hundred State troops, and after four days' fighting were compelled to leave the State precipitately. Some of these took the easiest route open to them, down the river, and stopped at St. Louis, where they remained for nearly two years, and established a place of worship on the corner of Fifth and Morgan streets, but their purpose was to abide in St. Louis only until they could learn with

what success Zion had been reconstructed and planted in Utah, and upon the founding of Salt Lake City all these loiterers left Missouri and joined their brethren in the wilderness.

The journey performed by so many thousand families, from Nauvoo to Utah, is one of the most remarkable in history. A majority of them started in November, and these were divided up into parties of ten wagons, each being under orders of a captain, while Brigham acted as commander of the whole. Starting out at such a season they were exposed to all the rigors of winter, and inclemency of fall; men might have performed this march without experiencing any great suffering, but our sympathies are keenly excited for the women and little children who made up a greater part of the hegira: families were called from warm firesides where blazing logs on the hearths invited domestic assemblage; brides left altars; farmers turned back ere the furrow was run; mothers rose up out of beds of travail; schools were dismissed that the pupils might join in the pilgrimage; there was no abiding for preparation, or consideration for the enfeebled; like the Canaanites, the Mormons had been set upon, and to escape the sword and torch, they were compelled to flee to a far country and submit themselves to the vicissitudes and sufferings which awaited them on the way.

On the day these unhappy people left Illinois the Mississippi river was frozen over so as to permit crossing with teams. Upon reaching the interior of Iowa heavy rains were encountered that swelled the smaller streams, impeded travel and subjected the Mormons to such inclemency that disease broke out among them and carried off hundreds. When the rains ceased falling intense cold succeeded, which was made more difficult to endure

by the addition of heavy snow-storms that blocked their route, and at times overwhelmed them. In such dreadful exposure men and women suffered terribly, but their afflictions were as nothing compared with that which overcame the tender bodies of little children, hundreds of whom froze to death while nursing at their mothers' breasts. All along that dreary, frozen highway were the marks of bleeding feet tinging the sheeted wilderness, while body after body was consigned to tombs carved out of nature's winding cerements; tears glistened and chrystalized on every cheek that blanched with sorrow and suffering. Still ownward the fugitives pressed, those in the lead blazing trees to guide their followers, until Council Bluffs was reached. Here they were compelled to halt, or else sacrifice themselves to the unpitying elements that seemed to grow constantly more furious and blighting. They went into camp six miles west of Omaha; but as the weather continued its severity, about one thousand log huts were built, into which the miserable people crawled and saved themselves from freezing to death. Here they remained three months, in the meantime keeping up their devotional exercises, which had much to do in sustaining the Mormons in their trials. Many of those capable of performing hard work scattered through Iowa and engaged as farm hands or set up trade-shops, so as to employ the time of their detention profitably. About five hundred more enlisted in the United States army for service in the Mexican war. These were mustered in at Leavenworth and then marched to California, where, after eighteen months of service they were disbanded, peace having been concluded with Mexico (1848).

During their three months' stay in winter quarters, which place is now called Florence, seven hundred of the

Mormons died, of which number five hundred were children; this fact tells a story of hardships and sufferings that excites a sympathy impossible to express, and despite all religious bigotry or prejudice, it serves to remind us that we are still brothers in flesh and feeling, though estranged in spirit.

Early in April, 1847, Brigham Young set out at the head of a party numbering one hundred and fifty men to review the location selected by those first sent to search

DESERTED MORMON CABIN AT FLORENCE.

for a new place to establish the church. John Taylor, who was one of the priesthood, expressed great anxiety to locate on Vancouver Island, while others contended that Northern California was preferable, but Brigham was inclined to adopt the place first chosen, and his will being law there was no further discussion of the question. This advance party, with seventy wagons, proceeded directly over the Fremont trail, and along Platte River several hundred miles, when they turned north nearly to the Black Hills, thence west again over a new route until they struck Emigrant Cañon, through which

they penetrated to Jordan Valley, reaching there July 24th, 1847. This date the Mormons have commemorated by fixing upon it "Anniversary Day," which has ever since been duly observed.

Jordan Valley was found inviting enough to warrant them in pitching their tents, and here they began planting some few vegetables and fixing the stakes for a new settlement.

The sufferings and bitter privations that had fallen so heavily upon the pilgrims created much dissatisfaction and excited in some a rebellious spirit. In fair weather, and under propitious skies, Mormonism grew apace and planted its roots like a banyan tree, but lowering clouds and visitations of adversity struck it with disease, so that many of its once most promising branches dropped off. Recusant parties of tens and scores left Florence from time to time, determined either upon a re-establishment elsewhere in the States or a total abandonment of their religion. Many argued that if the Mormon church really represented God's will He would never have subjected its followers to such direful afflictions; that, since He parted the Red Sea to permit a safe crossing of the fugitive Israelites, His divine favor should also be extended to the Mormons languishing, freezing and dying in a bleak wilderness. This argument was so effective that nearly three-fourths of the whole number withdrew from the encampment and turned back, and only four thousand remained steadfast. These few of tenacious faith followed after Brigham the succeeding fall and settled with their pioneer brethren in Jordan Valley. Upon their arrival, however, provisions had become so scarce that during the winter (which, in that climate, is fortunately mild) subsistence was to be had only out of roots and the flesh of such wild animals as they could kill, wolves and rabbits furnishing most of the meat obtainable.

In 1849 an abundant harvest rewarded their industry, and from that time we may date Mormon prosperity in Utah. It was also during this year (November 10th) that their beautiful temple in Nauvoo, said to have cost one million dollars, was set on fire and entirely consumed except the outer walls, which were left to stand, like grim-visaged battlements, guarding still the memory of those who conceived Mormonism and dedicated a princely temple to its propagation. But less than one year later (May 27th, 1850) the elements combined for the destruction of this relic of Smith's perverted, if not diseased, conceptions; a furious wind assailed the blackened walls and tore them asunder so completely that scarcely one stone was left upon another.

CHAPTER VI.

FOUNDING OF SALT LAKE—MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE.

Thus far the history of Mormonism, embracing about twenty years, rèpresents the faith in a succession of conflicts with opposing neighbors; advances and retrogressions, but always presenting a bold, arrogant and generally aggressive front. Hereafter the Church will be found autocratic and potential, with triumph resting upon all its endeavors, despite the resistance offered by the government or threats of national legislation looking to its suppression.

Jordon Valley was little less than a desert when Brigham began his settlement there. Over in the Weber district there was a beautiful purling stream traversing

primeval fields, and a profusion of natural products, but it was only a narrow vale, a by-path, as it were, cut through beetling cordillera, affording a space too circumscribed for a large colony that needs must have regard for its defences as well as the means of support.

In view of these facts Brigham passed southward forty miles and accepted a desert plain over which the grim shadows of a perpetually snow-capped range of mountains hung in the early and later hours of every day. Nothing but sage brush was indigenous to the soil, and even this product received the wind in its rattling, crispy branches in a way that told how seldom the earth there was refreshed by seasonable rains. But up in the Wasatch mountains that circled this arid valley there was plenty of water, which kept plunging down as the snow limit was touched by melting airs, while ebullient springs fed the parched earth and made possible a successful cultivation of the soil. Brigham Young was quick to perceive that while this valley, as a whole, was dry and barren, that irrigation could be easily accomplished, and with an abundance of water he argued reasonably that the soil might be rendered fertile. He accordingly set about digging ditches until the whole district abounded with a net-work of trenches through which now ran the most delicious, cool, clear water, that speedily transformed the waste into prolific farms, out of which soon came an abundant reward. A city was also founded at the same time, in which the stakes of Zion were firmly planted, and there was joy again among the Mormons. This municipality was called Salt Lake City, because it lay near the south end of that great salt basin in Utah which has ever been a marvel to geologists.

During the settlement of Jordon Valley the country was overrun with a gold fever that intensified for several

years after, and brought the Western coast into communication with all the world. Thousands of adventurers now peopled the plains in moving caravans, and Salt Lake City being fairly upon this inter-oceanic highway, became a familiar resting-place for weary travelers. At first these stray pilgrims were treated very kindly by the Mormons, but as the town began to increase with Gentiles this considerate feeling gradually changed into persecution, the Saints, no doubt, being influenced by a spirit of retaliation for what they conceived was the oppression they had suffered in Missouri and Illinois. This prejudicial treatment developed from disdain and injustice, involving security of property, into confiscation and murder. The "Danite Band," which became much more ferocious and unmerciful under Brigham's autocracy than it had ever shown itself under Joe Smith, extended its license beyond punishing apostates, even to highway robbery and secret assassination upon Gentile parties. In order that they might not be without a defence in case accusation should be made against them, they perpetrated these crimes under the disguise of Indians. Hundreds of men journeying across the continent were intercepted by these voracious fiends and cruelly murdered without a color of justification, being impelled to such commissions solely by covetousness and religious fanaticism. These outrages became so common that to enumerate them all would require the space of a volume larger than this book, for there were thousands so killed. At the same time those Gentiles living in Salt Lake City were so intimidated that they feared to make any report of Mormon atrocities or to leave the city, for nearly every one who attempted such an escape was interrupted and killed. Several Federal officials had been murdered, and these crimes served as warning examples to those remaining in Utah,

until at length the Mormons as a body became so emboldened that they positively refused any recognition of United States authority, and a clash occurred over an attempt made by the United States marshal to summon jurors for Federal courts, in opposition to the Mormons, who insisted on the Territorial marshal executing all such summons. Their opposition to the lawful authority was excited by reason of the fact that it had been decided to put upon trial several Mormon murderers, and their friends determined to give these culprits immunity through Mormon juries. But matters were not suffered to rest in passive opposition, and pending a decision of the question thus raised a body of armed Saints entered the Federal court room and by threats of violence compelled Judge Stiles to adjourn his sitting. Thomas Williams, a Mormon lawyer, protested against this violent indignity to United States authority, which so incensed his brethren that he was shortly afterward foully murdered.

This first overt act against national authority occurred in the fall of 1856, and following it Mormon audacity increased; they stole the District Court records, and defied all attempts to put upon trial their bloody handed Danites. A few Gentiles succeeded in escaping to the States, where due report was made of the insurrectionary state of affairs in Utah, and as Congress had adjourned President Buchanan ordered a heavy detachment of regular soldiers (three thousand) to subjugate the hostile Mormons and restore government authority. Gen. W. S. Harney was given command of this force and his resolution was such that the troops were pushed forward so rapidly as to leave no room for doubt that the mission was one of positive determinate service, but he was soon after succeeded by Albert Sidney Johnson, who moved with extreme caution and indecision.

The darkest chapter of Mormonism, and the blackest, perhaps, upon the pages of American history, now follows.

Upon learning that Government troops were *en route* to attack his dominion, Brigham Young, Orson Pratt, Heber Kimball and Daniel H. Wells, began to stir up their people by prophesies, revelations and curses that made very demons out of their followers. They adopted tactics employed by Mohamet, when, to render his subjects more fearless in defence of Islam, he taught that all who died in battle, fighting for their religion, would be instantly transported to Paradise, and receive such rewards as God had reserved for his faithful soldiers. This doctrine fell upon Mormons like armors of invulnerability, and they rallied around their leaders with a fanatical fervency that made them furies. Every Mormon became a spy upon his neighbor, that the slightest defection or traitorous spirit might be quickly discovered and instantly dealt with.

A party of Danites was sent out by Brigham to infest the highway, and ordered to slay and spare not. The harvest of bitter vengeance was rife and the keen sickle of death was thrust in for a reaping. All along that overland trail through Utah an unmerciful rage strung its victims; men, women and children, unconscious of a foe, while trundling through the great cañons, picturing their fortune in the golden Occident, or admiring those wonderful exhibitions of God's marvellous architecture that lined their way, were shot down as though they were ravenous wolves, while their bodies were as invariably mutilated and left to fester on the virgin soil that blushed at such nameless crimes. Hundreds of small squads, families traveling toward California with the hope of bettering their condition, were thus annihilated, and these in-

describable outrages were all crowned by the most consummate act of ferocious villainy that has ever occurred in this God favored country. This most atrocious, foul, and appalling crime is known throughout the world as the "Mountain Meadows Massacre," which occurred on the 17th of September, 1857, and in which one hundred and thirty men, women and children were murdered under circumstances that are positively awful.

Mountain Meadows is a beautiful spot in Washington county, Utah, three hundred miles from Salt Lake City, and on the overland road leading to Los Angeles. It is about two miles long by one mile broad, and is bordered on every side—save an entrance and exit gate, the latter end terminating in a cañon—by precipitous mountains, which no one could scale except by slow and irksome exertions. Into this gorge the caravan of victims made their way half-famished, as they had prepared provisions to last them only to Utah, where they expected to replenish; but Brigham Young had issued an order forbidding all Mormons from selling Gentile pilgrims any kind of supplies under pain of a severe penalty, which they knew would be enforced. These half-starved people were therefore compelled to subsist on anything that fell in their way and to continue their journey through the great American desert. Mountain Meadows was an oasis which yielded some grass for their draught animals, and at the mouth of the cañon was a beautiful spring that invited them to stay their march and rest awhile beside its refreshing waters.

Directly after the pilgrims struck Utah their presence was reported to the Saints in Salt Lake, and John D. Lee, a diabolical instrument of Satan and Brigham, at once conceived the determination to exterminate them. He accordingly enlisted one hundred Mormons and procured

also the aid of two hundred Indians, who were promised a large supply of blankets, provisions and arms if they would assist in the intended massacre. This infamous party proceeded to intercept the pilgrims, whom they found at the Meadows, but instead of descending upon them with fire and sword, their cowardly hearts would not suffer them to measure arms with the feeble force of emigrants. John D. Lee, therefore, approached them in the guise of a friend, proffered his assistance and offered to conduct them out of the territory, but he made one proviso, viz.: that the emigrants should turn over all their arms to his men for the time being, claiming that his force was without weapons. These pretences were so specious and urged so reasonably that the unsuspecting pilgrims were overjoyed at what they esteemed such disinterested friendship. Some of the emigrants surrendered their arms, but others retained theirs, which were needed to kill game.

After thus obtaining many guns and pistols, the Mormons and Indians drew off ostensibly to examine the advance and select future camping places. But this withdrawal was made in order to hold a council among themselves concerning the proposed attack. On the following morning, however, several Indians betrayed an overweening anxiety to consummate the fell slaughter, and made an attack upon the emigrants before Lee had given orders; but this premature act was succeeded by the entire Mormon party and their allies pouring through the Meadows gates upon their almost helpless victims. But, almost astonishing to relate, the few and almost wholly unarmed party received the attack like Napoleon's guard, and with wonderful dexterity threw their wagons into a corral and prepared to defend their lives. At the first discharge seven of the pilgrims were killed and fifteen

Wounded, and the return fire dealt death to three Indians; but as all the attacking party were dressed and painted like Indians, the emigrants supposed their enemy were none but that race, and wondered why their supposed friends (Mormons) did not come to their assistance.

The first attack was repulsed, and Lee sent a courier back to Cedar City for reinforcements, while the force was stationed so as to besiege the emigrants, and particularly to prevent them from obtaining water from the spring. Every attempt to reach the spring brought a volley of Mormon bullets that killed several of the party. The situation became hourly more distressing; two whole days passed without any water, and the party were upon the point of famishing from thirst. At length two little girls, eight years of age, were sent out with buckets, the distressed emigrants thinking they would be spared; but, when stooping down to fill their pails, both the little girls fell pierced with a score of bullets. This cruel act discouraged the besieged party, and they knew not what to do; in their despairing condition three brave men offered to make an attempt at passing through the enemy's lines at night, to spread a report and obtain succor. After commending themselves to God and receiving the prayers of a Methodist clergyman, the three brave couriers started upon their perilous mission on foot; they succeeded in passing the besiegers, but their tracks were discovered, and they were pursued more than one hundred miles and captured; one was shot and instantly killed; another was tied to a stake and burned, while the remaining one suffered a horrible mutilation of his body, so that he died in frightful agonies.

The remainder of this dreadful story has been already told by one whose opportunities well qualified her to give all the facts—Mrs. Ann Eliza Young—as follows:

THE MASSACRE AT MOUNTAIN MEADOWS.

"The morning of the 17th of September dawned. The hearts of all the doomed party were sick with deferred hope. Suddenly a cry of relief broke from the corral. A wagon, filled with white men, bearing a white flag, was seen coming down the Meadows. Succor was at hand. Their terrible tortures were over. Strong men wept like children at the thought that their beloved ones, for whom they had agonized through all those dreary days and nights of siege, were safe at last.

"The deliverers were none other than John D. Lee and the officers of the Mormon militia. Immediately upon their appearance the 'Indians' ceased firing, and, in their fancied security, the besieged emigrants rushed outside the corral to meet their rescuers. How their hearts warmed toward Brigham Young and the Mormon people. All the wrongs that they had suffered at their hands dwindled into insignificance before this last crowning act of humanity. Into the sympathizing ears of their saviors they poured the terrible story of their sufferings. Lee is said to have wept while listening to the recital, and, at the end, assured them of his deep sympathy, and promised all the relief in his power.

"How much he would be able to do for them he was unable to say until he had consulted with the Indians, and he went back and pretended to hold a consultation. The people were sure he could save them, since he was Indian agent, and must necessarily have much influence over them, and their joy was unspeakable. He soon returned with the welcome news that they were free, but on condition that they would lay aside their arms. There was no thought of treachery in their hearts, and without a moment's hesitation they complied with the strange condition. They laid aside their trusty rifles, that had stood them in such good stead during all the days of the siege; they

gave up revolvers and bowie-knives, faithful companions on their dreary journey, and came forth from their intrenchments unarmed, and as defenceless as the children themselves.

"As they issued from the corral a guard of soldiers was drawn up to escort them to a place of safety. The men were separated from the women and children, and were placed in front, while the latter were in the rear. It seems almost strange that no suspicion of their deliverers entered their minds at this. But why should even curiosity be aroused? The white flag was waving over their heads, and they were under the protection of United States militia. Where that flag waved, they were safe and free.

"Notwithstanding their exhaustion and their weakness from hunger, they marched joyously along, exulting in their regained freedom, when suddenly the troops halted, and the fatal order to fire was given by Lee, and repeated down the line by all the under officers. In an instant it flashed across the helpless victims how cruelly they had been betrayed, and, with shrieks of the wildest agony, they fell bleeding to the earth. Young and old shared the same fate. Gray-haired men and beardless boys were alike cut down. The Indians, who were ambushed near by, joined the Mormons in the work of slaughter, until not one of all the men was left.

"And what of the helpless women and children? All the womanhood within revolts at the thought of their horrible fate, and my woman's soul cries out in agony at the recital of the sufferings of these helpless ones. Some of them were killed by their husbands, fathers, or brothers—happy souls, who thus escaped the most cruel torture. Death was nothing, compared to the fiendish brutalities which they suffered before they were allowed

to die. Some of the women were too ill to walk. They were taken outside the corral, driven up to the scene of the massacre, stripped of their clothing, shot, and their mutilated bodies thrown down in a pile with the rest.

"To the honor of many of the men be it said—the younger ones, especially—they refused to join in this horrible work, and some of them made efforts to protect these helpless women from their fiend-like tormentors. I used often, while living in Payson, to see a man named Jim Pearce, whose face was deeply scarred by a bullet wound, made by his own father, while the brave young fellow was trying to assist a poor girl who had appealed to him for succor. Another girl threw herself on her knees before Lee's son, and clinging to him, begged for mercy. His heart was touched, and he promised to spare her, but his father shot her while she knelt. Lee also shot another girl, who had drawn a dagger to defend herself from him.

"Even the children were not spared. They shared the horrible fate of their parents. In vain they begged for mercy. The bloodthirsty brutes to whom they knelt had no feeling of pity or compassion. They laughed at their entreaties, and mocked their terrified cries. Their little throats were cut, and their bodies thrown carelessly in a heap. Only seventeen of those supposed to be too young to remember any of the occurrences of this fearful day were saved; and of these seventeen, two were disposed of after reaching Salt Lake City, for making some remarks concerning the massacre which showed an intelligence beyond their years. It is said—on how good authority I do not know—that Daniel H. Wells, mayor of Salt Lake City, one of the First Presidency, Second Counsellor to Brigham, Lieutenant-General of the Nauvoo Legion, killed one of these babes with his own official

hand. As I said before, I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this rumor, but those who know the man best are the most ready to believe it. He is certainly capable of an act like this.

"The whole affair lasted but about half an hour, when the assassins rode away, carrying all the clothing and baggage of the emigrants, leaving the bodies to the wolves and ravens. But they were past hurt now, and wolves' fangs or ravens' beaks were powerless to harm, although they might lacerate the already mutilated bodies until they should be past all recognition. A person who visited the field of slaughter eight days after the massacre gave the following account of it: He said men, women and children were strewn over the ground, or were thrown into piles. Some were shot, others stabbed, and others had their throats cut. They were entirely stripped of clothing, and their bodies were mutilated by the wolves. There were one hundred and twenty-seven bodies in all. These, with the three men who were killed while undertaking to bring assistance, another who was shot outside the corral, but whose body could never be found, and the two children who were murdered at Salt Lake City, made one hundred and thirty-three victims of this fearful and unparalleled assassination.

"The spoils were carried to Cedar City, and placed in the tithing office there, after the Indians had received their share. It is told by a man, who then was a mere boy, that the night that the spoils were brought into town he and two companions slept in the tithing office. The cellars were filled with everything that had been taken from the emigrants, and the bloody garments, stripped from the dead bodies, were thrown down on the floor. One of the men connected with the massacre came in, and threw himself down to sleep, without perceiving the

boys. Scarcely had the place become quiet with the peculiar, painful silence which night brings, when suddenly the room they were in, and the cellar beneath it, where all the plunder was stored, resounded with cries, groans, sobs, and the most piercing, agonized shrieks. The guilty man jumped from his couch and fled out into the night, locking the doors after him. In vain the terrified boys tried to force the lock. It remained fast and firm, and still the wails and cries pierced the air. They were almost dead with terror, and clambering up to the roof, managed to escape from the haunted spot. Nothing can induce this man to believe that his imagination played him a trick. 'I know,' he says, 'that the spirits of these foully murdered men and women were in the tithing house that night.' It is not the first time, by any means, nor the last, that a Mormon public building has been haunted.

"The property of the emigrants was sold at public auction, in Cedar City, by Bishop John M. Higbee, and they were readily bought by the eager Saints. To this day jewelry is worn in Salt Lake City, and teams are seen in the streets, that are known to have belonged to the fated emigrant train. A lady in Salt Lake City was one day showing a silk dress and some jewelry to some friends, in the presence of one of the children who had been saved from the massacre. The little one, on catching sight of the dress, burst out into a frantic fit of weeping, and between the sobs cried out, 'O, my dear mamma! That is her dress; she used to wear it. Where is my mamma? Why doesn't she come for me?' It is said that other children identified clothing and trinkets which they had seen worn by members of the party. Indeed, these children remember more than their captors fancy; else they would not have been allowed to leave

the Territory, as many of them have done, having for the most part been returned to their friends in the States.

"My valued friend and traveling companion, Mrs. Cooke, had two of them under her charge for some time, and she has told me that they recognized John D. Lee, and one of them said one day, very quietly, but very de-

terminedly, 'When I get to be a man I will go to the President and ask him for a regiment of soldiers, and I will bring them here to kill the men who murdered my father and mother and brother, but I will kill Lee myself. I saw him shoot my sister, and I shall not die happy unless I kill him.' Mrs. Cooke says they used often, in their childish prattle, to tell events of the massacre,

which showed that they knew perfectly what part Lee and his confederates had in the affair.

"On their return from the scene of the massacre, the leaders determined to conceal the crime, but although they kept quiet a year, after that they were unable to refrain from speaking. Lee himself was the first to disclose the fate of the party. Like the Ancient Mariner, he went up and down compelling every person whom he met to listen to his story of an emigrant train that had been murdered by the Indians. By and by it was faintly rumored that the Indians were not alone in their work of destruction, but that they were assisted by the white men. Then the rumors grew louder, and some of the participants, overcome with remorse, confessed their complicity in the crime.

"A short time since a man died in Sevier Valley, who was at the Mountain Meadows. He always imagined that he was followed by spectres, and he grew haggard and worn from constant terror. 'Brigham Young,' he used to say, 'will answer for the murder of one hundred and twenty innocent souls sent to their graves at his command.' On his death-bed he besought those watching by him to protect him from the spirits that were hovering near him, waiting to avenge themselves, and he died in the fearful ravings of a horrible terror. Another man, much younger than the one referred to above, was also literally haunted to death. 'Would to God,' he would cry in the bitterest agony, 'that I could roll back the scroll of time, and wipe from it the damning record; the terrible scenes at Mountain Meadows haunt me night and day. I cannot drive them away.' He has been known to drive out for a load of hay, and return quickly in terror, leaving his team in the field. He used to say that the cold, calm faces of the dead women and children were never out of his sight.

"And what of the mangled bodies, and 'the cold, calm faces' that were left upturned to the September sky? They were the prey of wolves and vultures; but the bones were collected by an old Mormon, who had no sympathy with the deed of blood, and buried in the hollow they had dug inside the corral. It was a literal labor of love. Alone he performed the last act of kindness, a task which was disagreeable enough, and one that of necessity was done hurriedly. The wild beasts again dug up the bones, and they were strewn all over the plain; there they remained until 1858, when the government sent General Carlton to bury the bones decently. A large cairn of stones was built by the soldiers to mark the resting-place of the remains, and General Carlton erected a cross of red cedar, on which was inscribed the words, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' At the other end of the mound was a stone, with the inscription, 'Here one hundred and twenty men, women and children were massacred in cold blood, early in September, 1857. They were from Arkansas.' The cross was destroyed by the order of Brigham Young, after a visit to the spot. It was the first promise of payment that he ever rejected; and this, in spite of his destruction of it, will yet be forced upon him."

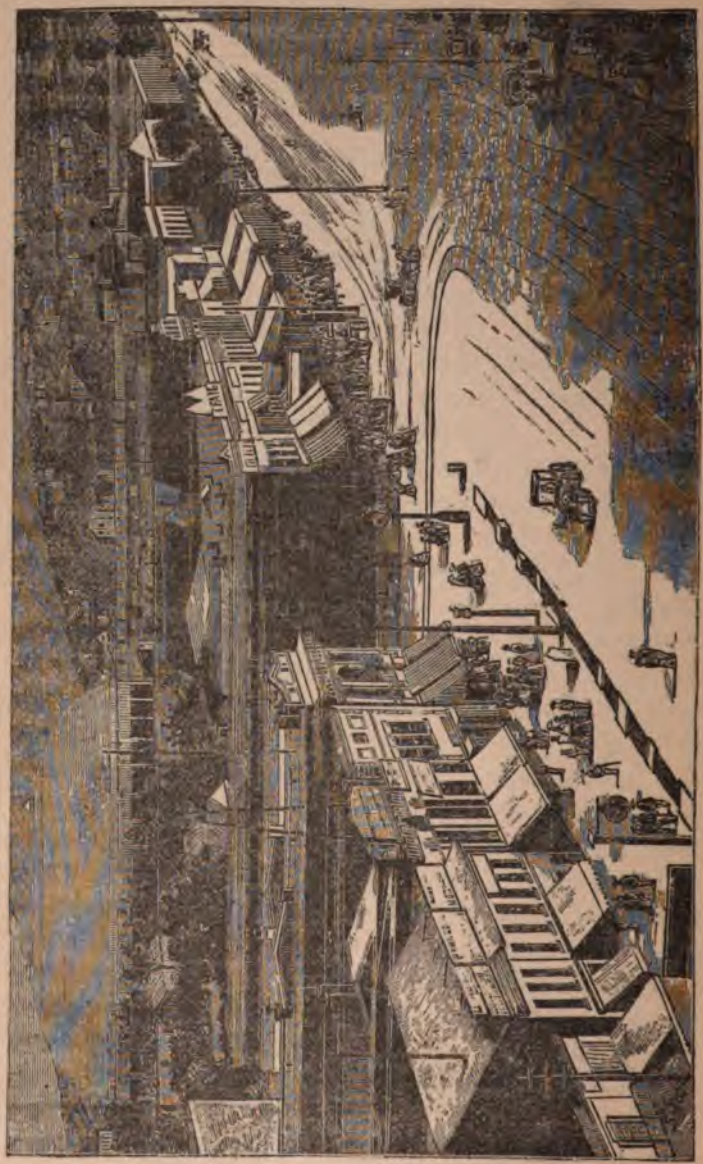
CHAPTER VII.

MORMON INDUSTRY AND THE NEW REVELATION.

THE record of indefensible murders belonging to the archives of Mormonism is so long that to give only the names of such victims would require a volume of itself. The Mormon war was started upon a principle of retribution, but beyond Harney's first strokes, it degenerated into less than a military review, while the Mormons continued their audacious terrorizing and assassination. But one thing remains to be said in favor of either side, viz.: John D. Lee, the arch murderer, was finally, after two trials, convicted and, on the 23d of March, 1877, shot for his diabolical action at Mountain Meadows. His first trial, however, was a farce, because Brigham Young upheld him; but after Lee made a confession implicating Brigham, in fact declaring that the massacre was perpetrated in compliance with Brigham's orders, then the case assumed a new feature. Lee knew too much, and he was accordingly led to death through Mormon influence, becoming at once a sacrifice to his own guilty conscience and also to the Church.

I will proceed no further with the bloody record which properly belongs to Mormon history from 1856 until 1865; it is too terrible to write, and every repetition of these unspeakable outrages only serves to show the culpability of Congress in not perfecting some legislation at the proper time that would have brought down upon the perverse, blood-atoning sect the vengeance of a just law.

In the succeeding chapters I will briefly notice the



MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY.

civil government and customs of Mormonism, which have quite enough of sacrifice in them to give effective contrast to their public rites. There is one thing peculiar to Latter-day Saints that must be acknowledged in their favor; they are the most industrious and persistent sect on God's footstool; in this their history is very remarkable. Upon leaving Jackson county, Missouri, they were compelled to part with nearly all of their possessions, which were considerable; at Nauvoo they built the finest temple in America and acquired property estimated to be worth $5,000,000, the product of less than ten years labor, and yet nearly all of this was surrendered by the precipitancy of their enforced flight from Illinois. Upon reaching Utah they were without money, and had but few teams; besides, their new location was only a waste of sterile, treeless soil. Yet in the face of these obstacles they waxed rich rapidly and continued to increase their membership. One of their first acts after founding Salt Lake City was the erection of a tabernacle, which stands to this day as one of the wonderful buildings of the world, enclosing the largest hall, unsupported by pillars, on either continent, while its accoustic properties are such that a whisper may be distinctly heard across its greatest length. All the materials used in its construction, lumber and nails, were freighted overland from Omaha, by ox teams; if there were no other features appertaining to this building than this one fact it is quite enough to make it famous. But in addition to the tabernacle, and the vast system of irrigation they perfected, there are other displays of Mormon industry almost equally wonderful. Being in a country infested with Indians, and no doubt anticipating trouble from encroachments like those they suffered in Missouri and Illinois, the Mormons enclosed their principal institutions with walls, exhibiting rare

skill in both conception and execution. These walls are made of cement and small boulders brought from Weber Cañon; they are about twelve feet high and four feet thick, while at short intervals they are strengthened by heavy buttresses that may serve also as barbacans to signal approaches. These walls surround the Bee Hive mansion, and all the executive auxiliaries, which com-

MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE.

prise more than a score of houses; they are also built around the two tabernacles, temple and Endowment House.

The greatest work of Mormonism, though not yet completed, is the stone temple, a structure that it was designed should require twelve years—though it was really begun in 1853—and an army of workmen to complete, and when finished will cost $8,000,000. The main structure will be one hundred feet high, and the whole is of massive stone, making it impervious to fire or the at-

tacks of mobs; it will enclose an Endowment House, which is laid out in the basement, and also a secret chamber where blood-atonement may be practiced without fear of the despairing cries of victims reaching beyond the dreadful walls.

Directly after the firm establishment of Mormonism in Salt Lake, Brigham Young revised the church creed and made many changes to conform to his own interests. As before said, Joseph Smith did not practice polygamy, though he permitted a more demoralizing custom—concubinage—and gave no law respecting a plurality of wives, doubtless because it did not occur to him as being so gratifying to his lusts as the "sealing" process. But Brigham had different views after his succession, and his libidinous greed suggested polygamy; there was but one way to introduce the new law so as to give it the nature of a divine ordinance, and this was by revelation; accordingly Brigham declared to his people that Smith had left a written law, given directly to him by God in 1843, in which the ordinance of polygamy was commanded to be established in 1852. Brigham announced that this revelation had been found in a cupboard in the Prophet's house, and had been ever since carefully guarded and concealed until now the time had come to declare it.

This revelation is quite lengthy, and discusses several questions pertinent not only to polygamy, but also giving priests of the church authority to regulate such marriage, and prescribing penalties for wives who refuse to recognize the right of their husbands to take other spouses. It opens with a verse claiming to be God's words, and proceeds by sections, which may be summarized as follows:

"Verily, thus sayeth the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired at my hand

to know wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as also Moses, David and Solomon, my servants, touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines; behold, and lo! I am the Lord, and will answer thee as touching this matter," etc.

It will not escape notice, that as here stated Joseph had asked the Lord about the matter. We cannot but wonder whether it would have been revealed at all, without this preliminary questioning. Many good Mormons think it would not, and Mormon ladies frequently express a pious regret that the Prophet ever asked about it! The section concludes by pronouncing damnation upon all who reject the new gospel.

2. This section states that, "All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connections, associations or expectations that are not made and entered into, and sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise of him who is anointed," are void in eternity, and only good for this world.

It sets forth also with great verbosity of language, that "God's house is a house of order."

3. The same principle is applied to the marriage covenant, stating that all who are not married "and sealed according to the new and everlasting covenant," are married for this world only, and shall not be entitled to their respective partners in eternity, but shall continue "angels only, and not gods, kept as ministers to those who are worthy of a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

4. Description of the future glory of those who keep the new covenant: "Then shall they be gods, because they have no end; there they shall be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be

above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject *unto them*."

5. To such are forgiven all manner of crimes, except murder, "wherein they shed innocent blood," and blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. Apostasy, be it noted, is the worst form of the latter sin.

6. This section explains the cases of Abraham and other ancient polygamists at great length, concluding by citing David as an example of how men lose their "exaltation" by abusing their privileges: "In none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife, and, therefore, he hath fallen from his exaltation and received his position; and he shall not inherit them out of the world, for I gave them unto another, sayeth the Lord."

7. Great power is conferred upon Joseph Smith to regulate all such celestial marriages, punish for adultery, and take away the wives of the guilty and give them to good men.

8. This section gives very full and explicit instructions to Emma Smith, wife of Joseph, how to conduct herself under the new dispensation; that she "receive all those that *have been given* unto my servant Joseph, who are virtuous and pure before me," and threatening her with destruction if she do not.

9. The revelation changes abruptly and gives Joseph Smith full directions how to manage his property; particularly "let not my servant Joseph *put his property out of his hands*, lest an enemy come and destroy him," and threatening severely all who injure him.

The reader familiar with the old Revised Statutes of Illinois would be surprised to find the Lord talking so much like a justice of the peace.

10. The revelation comes, at last, to the gist of the matter, and grants plurality of wives, in these words:

"And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood: If any man espouse a virgin and desire to espouse an other, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him and to none else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him and are given unto him; therefore is he justified. They are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth according to my commandment, and to fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world; and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men; for herein is the work of my Father continued, that He may be glorified."

11. Heavy punishment is threatened to all women who refuse, without good cause, to give their husbands second wives, concluding as follows: "And now, as pertaining unto this law, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter; therefore, let this suffice for the present. Behold, I am Alpha and Omega. Amen."

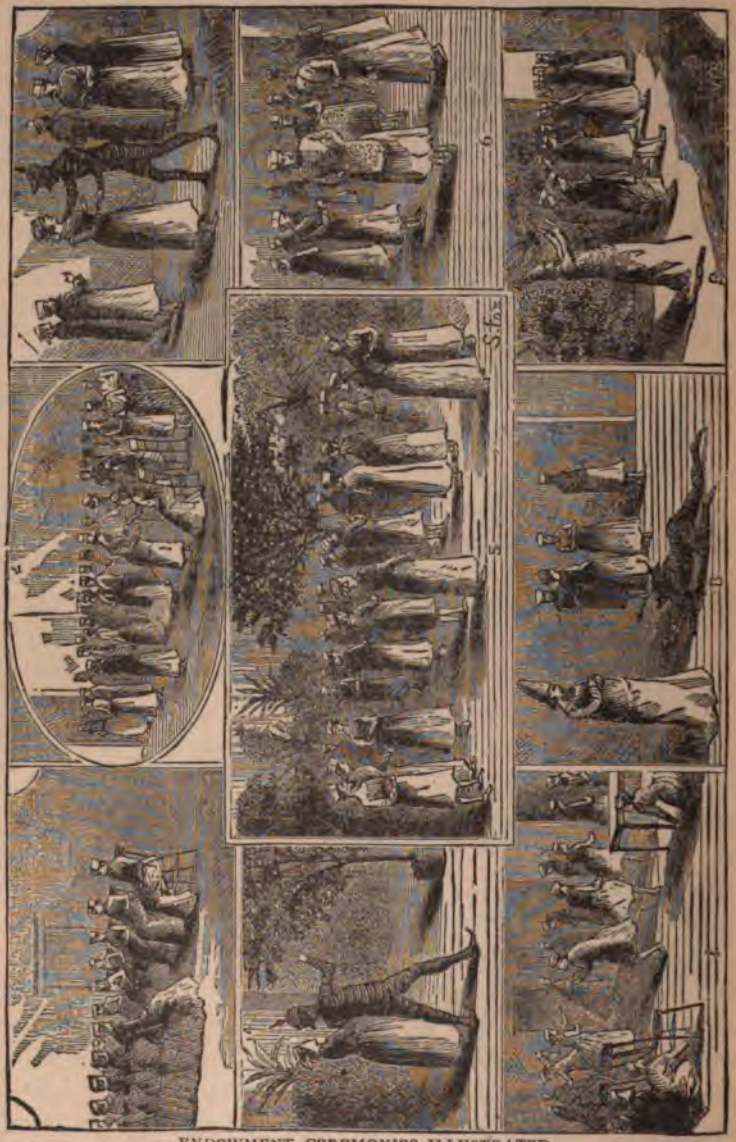
Such, in brief, is the pretended revelation, but those who had previously practiced an indiscriminate "sealing," were too fully in sympathy with the new law to question its authenticity. They embraced it like a thing of perennial pleasure, and directly thereafter the Endowment House was prepared for the celebration of these plural marriages. Brigham, however, divested the Endowment ceremonies of those loathsome features which

distinguished them while the Church was in Illinois, as already described, and substituted a scant covering for both men and women, but still leaving many disgusting phases which make the ritual one full of lewd suggestions and imbecile cant.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE CEREMONIES.

A COMPLETE and thorough description of the Endowment House and ceremonies practiced therein, is full of marvelous interest; many revelations have been made concerning the strange rites performed upon new proselytes in sealing them to the Mormon church, but they all lacked thoroughness, and in many instances were pure inventions. It was reserved for a young girl, an English importation, to tell the whole story and describe minutely all the initiatory services in Mormonism, and to explain also the ceremonies through which candidates for marriage are required to pass. This lady, whose name is Miles, prefaces her exposure of the Endowment rites with an absorbingly interesting story of how she became a convert to Latter-day Saintship. She relates that her home was in the south of England, where she lived with her parents, who had a numerous family, to support which they were sorely pressed. When she was a small child a young lad by the name of Miles was employed by her father in cultivating a farm, but upon reaching eighteen years of age, or thereabouts, he emigrated to



ENDOWMENT CEREMONIES ILLUSTRATED.

1. Listening to the Discourse between Elohim and Jehovah. 2. Selecting Eve. 3. Satan Tempting Eve. 4. Tasting the Forbidden Fruit. 5. In the Garden of Eden. 6. Adjusting the Fig Leaf. 7. Hiding from Elohim. 8. Satan before Elohim. 9. Driven from the Garden of Eden.

America, and became converted to Mormonism in New York. After this he went to Salt Lake, where he remained several years, and having acquired some property he returned to England and to her father's house. It was during this visit to his native place that he won the affections of this young girl, and by picturing Utah as a land richer than Canaan and the Mormons as God's chosen people, able to work all manner of miracles, he succeeded in inducing her to think favorably of their religion, and at his request she promised to be his wife. He explained to her that Mormon marriages could only be consummated by bishops of the Church, and that salvation could be obtained by none save those who passed through the Endowment House. She told him her objections to leaving home for a country so far distant as Utah, and that the Mormon doctrine had been represented to her as embracing polygamy. This he strenuously denied, and urged her, by employing specious promises of devotion, to go to America with him and become his wife through Mormon ceremonies.

Her first impressions of Salt Lake City and its people were very favorable, and when the time came for celebrating her marriage with Miles she was unspeakably happy. She, therefore, went through the Endowment House, received her robes, and in the afternoon of the same day approached the marriage altar with joyful heart. During this ceremony, however, she was confused by a question asked one of the ladies officiating as her bridesmaid: "Do you give your consent to the marriage of this woman and man?" She could not understand why such an inquiry should be made, but after the ceremony was completed and she had returned home with her husband, the startling fact was disclosed that Miles had married two sisters on the morning of the same day that

her nuptials with him were performed. She was almost crazed with grief and mortification, but notwithstanding the difficulties and influences which surrounded her, she arose above them all in a transport of rage and demanded redress for her wounded honor. Miles replied with a laugh, and said:

"What are you going to do about it? You are now a Mormon and subject to our laws, so discretion advises submission."

But Mrs. Miles would not suffer such a betrayal without at least an effort to have her wrongs adjusted, for she could not believe such a marriage binding.

On the night succeeding the nuptials she slept in a house occupied by her husband and his other two wives, because she had no other place to go; but, determined that their relation should never be more than a wife and husband *a mensa et thora*, she repaired to separate apartments and bolted her door. At a late hour Miles left the bed of his two sister-wives, and demanded admission to the third, but being refused, he burst in the door and seized his recalcitrant English bride in such a manner as left no doubt concerning his purpose. A bitter struggle ensued, in which Mrs. Miles did everything in her power to resist a further desecration of her honor, but she was powerless before so strong an antagonist, who, by superior force, compelled a submission to his infamous lust.

On the day following her violation she appealed to the Federal courts for redress; she applied to the attorney-general of Utah, and not only instituted suit to set aside the marriage, but became a prosecuting witness against Miles before the grand jury, and on her testimony he was indicted for bigamy, and afterward convicted. Miles, however, took an appeal to the United States Supreme

Court, which, in February of the present year (1882), confirmed the inferior court judgment that had sentenced him to a term of two years in the penitentiary, where he now is. This is the second case in all Mormon history where a polygamist of that church has suffered a conviction for the crime.

Mrs. Miles is now a clerk in one of the departments at Washington, and recently made public a complete exposure of the endowment ceremonies, which is copied in this connection entire, as follows:

"The Mormon Endowment House is a plain adobe building, two stories high, built like a small dwelling house, so as not to attract attention. There are blinds to all the windows, which are nearly always kept down. It is situated in the northwest corner of the Temple block (which includes the Tabernacle, New Temple, etc.,) and the whole block is surrounded by a very high wall.

"On a certain day, not necessary to mention, I went to the Endowment House at 8 o'clock in the morning, taking with me my endowment clothes (consisting of garment, robe, cap, apron and moccasins). I believe people used to take their own oil, but that is now discontinued, as fees are charged. I went into a small room attached to the main building (designated in the plan by the name of Reception Room), which was crowded with men and women, having their bundles of clothing. The entrance door is on the east side, and in the southwest corner there is another, next to which the desk stood, where the clerk recorded the names, etc. Around the north and west sides were benches for the people to sit upon.

"On going up to the desk I presented my recommendation from the bishop in whose ward I was staying, and George Reynolds, who was then acting as clerk, asked

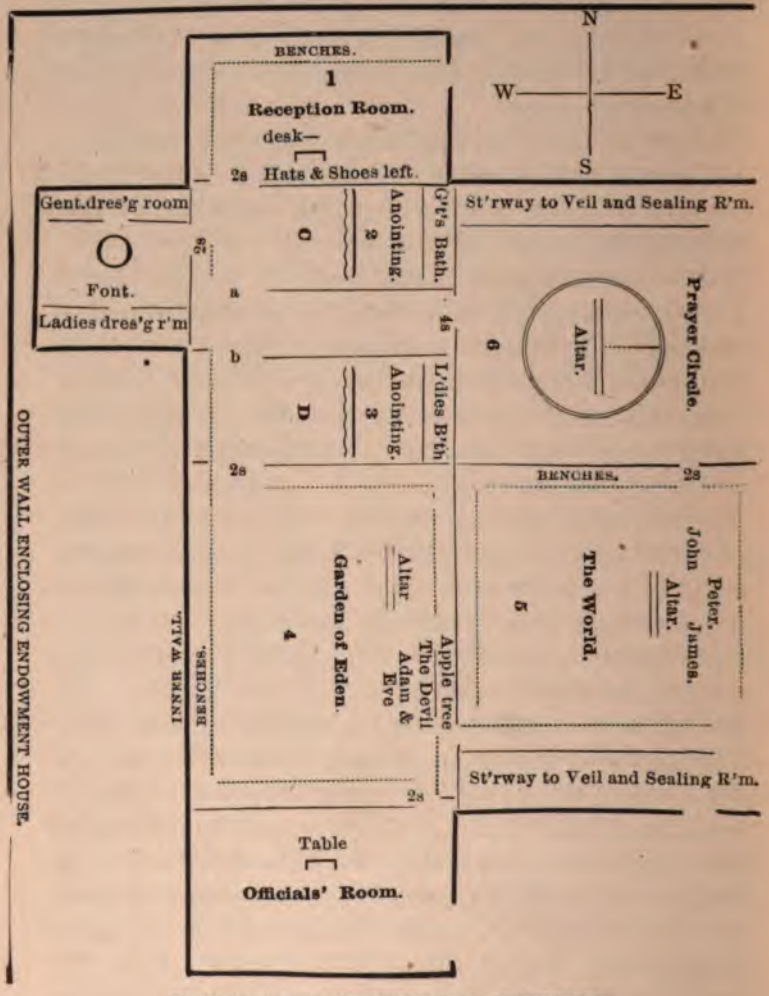


DIAGRAM OF ENDOWMENT HOUSE—FIRST FLOOR.

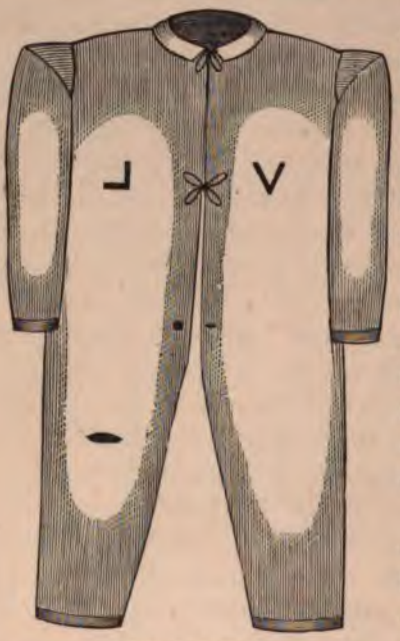
me my name, those of my parents, when and where I was born, and when I was baptized into the Mormon church.

"That over, he told me to leave my hat, cloak and shoes in that room; and taking up my bundle, I went into the room marked 3 on the plan, where I sat waiting till it came my turn to be washed.

"One of the women, an officiating high priestess, told me to come behind the curtain (which I have indicated by a waving line), where I could hear a great deal of splashing and subdued conversation. I went, and after I was undressed, I had to step into a long bath, about half full of water, when another woman proceeded to wash me. I objected strongly to this part of the business, but she told me to show a more humble spirit. However, when she got down to my feet, she let me go, and I was turned over to the woman who had spoken to me first, and whose name was Bathsheba Smith (one of the widows of Apostle George A. Smith). She wore a large shiny apron, and her sleeves were tucked up above her elbows. She looked thoroughly like business.

"Another woman was standing beside her with a large wooden spoon and a cow's horn filled with green olive oil. This woman poured the oil out of the spoon into Bathsheba's hand, who immediately put it on my head, ears, eyes, mouth, and every part of my person, and as she greased me, she muttered a kind of prayer over each member of my body: My head, that I might have a knowledge of the truths of God; my eyes, that I might see the glories of the kingdom; my mouth, that I might at all times speak the truth; my arms, that they might be strong in the defense of the gospel; my bosom—and here I must ask my readers not to think I want to tell this part of

the story, but I do want people to know the truth, and how disgusting and indelicate this thing is. Mormon people deny many of these things, and civilized and decent people can scarcely realize that this institution is as infamous as it really is, but I solemnly assert that these things do exist. To continue: My bosom, that I might nourish the children whom I might raise by my husband, (I was not then married, but expected to be), and another part of my body, that I might raise up a goodly seed, that they might be pillars of strength to the upbuilding and strengthening of God's kingdom upon the earth. And so she got down to my feet, when she hoped they might be swift in the paths of righteousness and truth.



THE GARMENT.

"She then turned me over to the woman who had washed me, and who whispered my new and celestial name in my ear. I believe I am to be called up in the morning of the resurrection by it. It was 'Sarah.' I felt disappointed. I thought I should have received a more distinguished name. She told me that the new name must never be spoken, but often thought of to keep away evil spirits. I should be required to speak it once that day, but she would tell me in what part of the ceremony, and that I should never again have to speak it.

"She then told me to put on my garment. This is made in one piece. On the right breast is a square, on the left a compass, in the centre a small hole, and on the knee a large hole, which is called the 'Stone.' We were told that as long as we kept this garment on no harm could befall us, and that when we changed it we were not to take it all off at once, but slip out a limb at a time and immediately dive into a clean one. The neck was never to be cut low, or the sleeves short, as that would be patterning after the fashion of the Gentiles.

"After this I put on my clothes, and in my stocking feet waited with those who were washed and anointed until she had finished the remaining two or three. This done, the little calico curtains (marked A and B) were drawn aside and the men and women stood revealed to each other. The men looked very uncomfortable and not at all picturesque. They only had their garments and shirts on, and they really did seem as though they were ashamed of themselves, as well they might be.

"Joseph F. Smith then came to where we were all waiting, and told us that if we wanted to back out, now was our time, because we should not be able to do so afterward, and that we were bound to go right through. All those who wanted to go through were to hold up their hands, which of course every one did, believing that all the good and holy things that were to be seen and heard in the 'House of the Lord' were yet to come. He then told us that if ever any of us attempted to reveal what we saw and heard in the 'House' our memories would be blighted, and we should be everlastingly damned, for they were things too holy to be spoken of between each other after we had once left the Endowment House. We were then told to be very quiet and listen. Joseph F. Smith then went away.

"In a few moments we heard voices talking loudly so that the people could hear them in the adjoining room. (I afterward found out in passing through that it was the prayer circle room). It was supposed to be a conversation between Elohim (Head God) and Jehovah. The conversation was as follows:

"Elohim to Jehovah: 'Well, Jehovah, I think we will create an earth; let Michael go down and collect all the elements together and found one.'

"Answer: 'Very well, O Lord God, it shall be done.'

"Then calling to another man, we could hear him say: 'Michael, go down and collect all the elements together and form an earth, and then report to us what you have done.'

"Answer: 'Very well, O Lord God.'

"The man they called Michael then left the prayer circle room and came through the room they called the World, into the Garden of Eden, the door of which was shut that faced the places C and D, where we were standing listening and waiting. He remained there a second or two, and everything was quiet. At the end of that time we heard him going back the same way, to where Elohim and Jehovah were waiting. When he got back he said: 'I have collected all the elements together and founded an earth; what would'st thou have me do next?' Using the same formula every time they sent him down to the world, they then told him to separate the land from the water, light from darkness, etc., and so they went regularly through the creation, but they always told Michael to come up and report what he had done.

"When the creation was supposed to be finished, Michael went back and told them it was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Elohim then said to Jehovah

that they had better go down and have a look at it, which they did, and agreed with Michael that it was a beautiful place; that it seemed a pity it should be of no particular use, but thought it would be a good idea to create man to live in it and cultivate the things it might produce.

"They then passed out of the Garden of Eden, which was supposed to have been newly finished, and, shutting the door after them, came to where we were standing. We were then told to shut our eyes, and Jehovah said to Michael: 'Give me a handful of dust, and I will create man.' We were then told to open our eyes, and we saw a man that he had taken from the crowd, standing beside Jehovah, and to whom Jehovah said: 'I will call thee Adam, for thou shalt be the father of all mankind.' Jehovah then said it was not good for man to be alone, so he would create a woman and a helpmeet for him. We were again told to close our eyes, and Adam was requested to go to sleep, which he obligingly did. Jehovah was then supposed to take a rib from Adam's side and form Eve. We were then told to open our eyes and look upon the handiwork of the Lord. When we did, we saw a woman taken from among the crowd who was standing by Adam's side. Jehovah said he would call the woman Eve, because she would be the mother of all mankind. The door of the Garden of Eden was then opened, and we all marched in with our bundles (the men going first, as they always take precedence), and we ranged ourselves round the room on benches. The four sides of this room are painted in imitation of trees, flowers, birds, wild beasts, etc. (The artist who painted the room was evidently more acquainted with whitewashing than painting). The ceiling was painted blue, dotted over with golden stars; in the centre of it was the sun, a little farther along the moon, and all around were the stars.

In each corner was a Masonic emblem. In one corner was a compass, in another the square; in the remaining two were the level and the plumb. On the east side of the room, next the door, was a painted apple tree, and in the northeast part of the room was a small wooden altar.

"After we had seated ourselves, Jehovah told Adam and Eve that they could eat of every tree in the garden except of this particular apple tree, for on the day that they ate of that they should surely die.

DEVIL'S APRON.

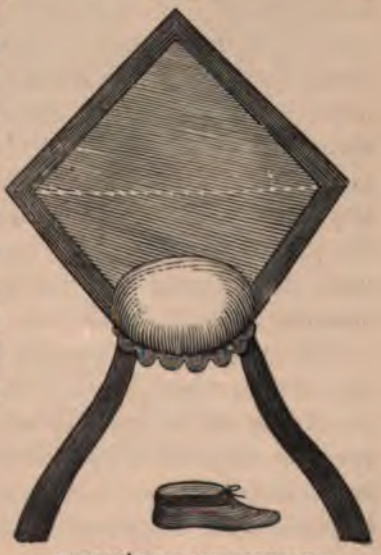
"He then took his departure, and immediately after in came a very lively gentleman, dressed in a plain black morning suit, with a little apron on, a most fiendish expression on his face and joyfully rubbing his hands. This gentleman was supposed to be 'the Devil.' Certainly his appearance made the supposition quite easy (by the by, I have since seen that same gentleman administering the sacrament in the Tabernacle on Sundays). He went up to Eve and remarked that it was a very beautiful place, and that the fruit was so nice, would she like to taste one of those apples? She demurred a little, and said she was told not to, and therefore must not. But he pretended to pluck one of the painted apples and give it to her, and she pretended to eat it. He then told her to ask Adam to have some, and she did. Adam objected strongly to tasting, knowing the penalty, but Eve eventually overcame his scruples, saying: 'Oh, my dear, they're so nice, you haven't any idea; and that nice old

gentleman here (pointing to the Devil) says that he can recommened them, and you need not be afraid of what Jehovah says.'

MEN AND WOMEN'S APRON.

"Adam consented, and immediately after he said, 'Oh, what have I done, and how foolish I was to listen to you.' He then declared that he could see himself, and that they had no clothes on, and they must sew some fig leaves together. Every one then made a dive for his apron out of the little bundles. This apron is a square half-yard of green silk with nine fig leaves worked on it in brown sewing-silk. A voice was then heard calling for Adam, who pretended to hide, when in came Jehovah. He gave Adam a good scolding, but finally told him that he would give him certain instructions, whereby he would have a chance to regain the presence of his Father and God after he was driven out into the world. These instructions consisted of grips, etc., and the garments he wore

MAN'S CAP.



WOMAN'S CAP AND MOCCASIN.

would protect him from all evil. (Mormons say of these garments that the pattern was revealed direct from heaven to Joseph Smith, and are the same as were originally worn by Adam.)

"They then put on their caps and moccasins, the women's cap being made of Swiss muslin; it is one yard square, rounded at one corner to fit the head, and there are strings on it which tie under the chin. The moccasins are made of linen or calico. The men's caps are made exactly like those of pastry cooks, with a bow on the right side. I should here mention, before I go further, that Bathsheba Smith and one of the priests enacted the parts of Adam and Eve, and so stood sponsors for the rest of us, who were individually supposed to be Adams and Eves.

"They then proceeded to give us the first grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood, which consists in putting the thumb on the knuckle of the index finger and clasping the hands round. We were then made to swear 'To obey the laws of the Mormon Church and all they enjoin, in preference to those of the United States.' The penalty for revealing this grip and oath, is that you will have your throat cut from ear to ear, your tongue torn from your mouth and your body dismembered; the sign of the penalty is drawing the hand, with the thumb pointing toward the throat, sharply across and bringing the arm to the level of the square and with the hand upraised to heaven, swearing to abide by the same.

"We were then driven out of this into the room called the World, where there were three men standing at a small altar on the east side of the room, who were supposed to represent Peter, James and John, Peter standing in the centre. He was supposed to have the keys of heaven. Men representing (or trying to) the different

religious sects then came in and presented their views, and said they wanted to try and save these fallen children. In doing this they could not refrain from exaggerating and coarsely satirizing the different sects they represented. The Quaker advocated his non-resistance doctrine. The Methodist gave a graphic but not very re-

THE CEREMONY OF BLOOD ATONEMENT.

fined description of the future torments of those who did not take his road to heaven. The Presbyterian gave his belief in foreordination and election in the very terse lines,—

> "'You can if you can't;
> If you will you won't;
> You'll be damned if you do;
> You'll be damned if you don't.'

The Baptist expatiated upon the virtues of immersion and close communion, and insisted upon predestination

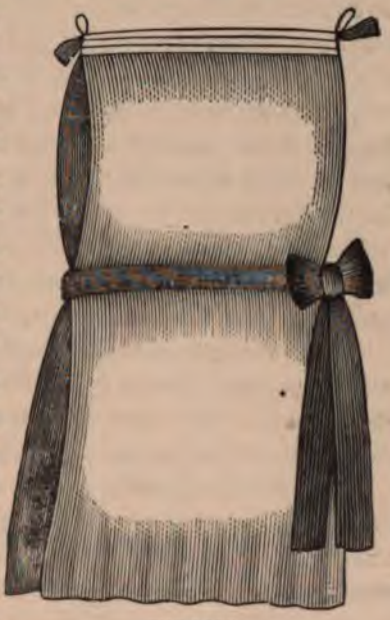
as the principal basis of religion; the Catholic called for observances of fasts and prayers to the Virgin Mary. Each grew more clamorous in recommending his special creed, and the discussion waxed fast and furious, even the peaceful Quaker shouting his 'good will to men' with a red face, an angry voice, and excited manner, when Satan entered, filled with delight at the disturbance, and urging them on to renewed contention.

"Then the apostles began to visit the earth, and comfort its afflicted tenants with plans of the true, revealed religion that was to be their salvation. They put the devil to flight, and the representatives of the 'false religions' cowered and shrank away before the truth which they brought.

"Previous to their coming in, however, Peter had presented to us the gospel of Christ—at least he told us that Christ had come to die for the original sin, but that we had to work out our own salvation, and that in the last days a prophet should be raised up to save all those that would believe in his divine mission; consequently these different representatives were told that their doctrines did not suit the people, that there was something wanting in their faith, and they could go. Then the Devil came in and tried to allure the people, and bustling up to the altar, Peter said to him: 'Hallo, Mr. Devil, how do you do to-day! It's a very fine day isn't it? What have you come after?' The Devil replied that he didn't seem to take to any of these so-called Christian religions, why didn't they quit bothering after anything of that kind, and live a life of pleasure, etc. He was told to go and that quickly.

"Peter then gave the second grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood, which consists of putting the thumb between the knuckles of the index and second fingers and

clasping the hand around. The penalty for revealing this is to be sawn asunder, and our members cast into the sea. The sign of the penalty was drawing the hand sharply across the middle of the body. To receive that grip we had to put on our robes, which consisted of a long straight piece of cloth reaching to our feet, doubled over and gathered very full on the shoulder and around the waist. There was also a long narrow piece of cloth tied around the waist called 'the sash.' It was placed on the right shoulder to receive the grip. The people wear their aprons over it. The men then took the oath of chastity and the women the same; they do not consider polygamy at all unchaste, but say that it was a heaven ordained law, and that a man to be exalted in the world to come *must* have more than one wife. The women then took the oath of obedience to their husbands, having to look up to them as their gods. It is not possible for a woman to go to Christ, except through her husband.



THE ROBE.

"Then a man came in and said that the Gospel (which during those few minutes' intervals had lain dormant for 1,800 years) had been again restored to earth, and that an angel had revealed it to a young boy named Joseph Smith, and that all the gifts, blessings and prophecies of

old had been restored with it, and this last revelation was to be called the Latter-day Dispensation. The priests pretended joyfully to accept this, and said it was the very thing they were in search of, nothing else having had the power to satisfy them.

"They then proceeded to give us the first grip of the Melchizedek or Higher Priesthood, which is said to be the same that Christ held. The thumb is placed on the knuckle of the index finger and straight along the palm of the hand, while the lower part of the hand is clasped with the remaining fingers. The robe for this grip was changed from the right to the left shoulder. We were then made to swear to avenge the death of Joseph Smith, the martyr, together with that of his brother, Hyrum, on this American nation, and that we would teach our children and children's children to do so. The penalty for this grip and oath was disembowelment.

"We were then marched into the northeast room (the men, of course, always going first) designated the prayer circle room. We were here made to take an oath of obedience to the Mormon priesthood.

"And now the highest or grand grip of the Melchizedek Priesthood was given. We clasped each other round the hand with the point of the index finger resting on the wrist and the little fingers firmly linked together. The place on the wrist where the index finger points is supposed to be the place where Christ was nailed to the cross, but they tore out and He had to be nailed again, and so you place your second finger beside the index on the wrist; it is called the sure sign of the nail, and if the grip is properly given, it is very hard to pull apart. The robe was changed from the left to the right shoulder to receive this grip.

"The men then formed a circle around the altar,

linking their arms straight across and placing their hands on one another's shoulders. The priest knelt at the altar and took hold of one of the men's hands and prayed. He told us that the electric current of prayer passed through the circle, and that was the most efficacious kind of prayer. The women stood outside the circle with their veils covering their faces, the only time throughout the ceremony that they did so.

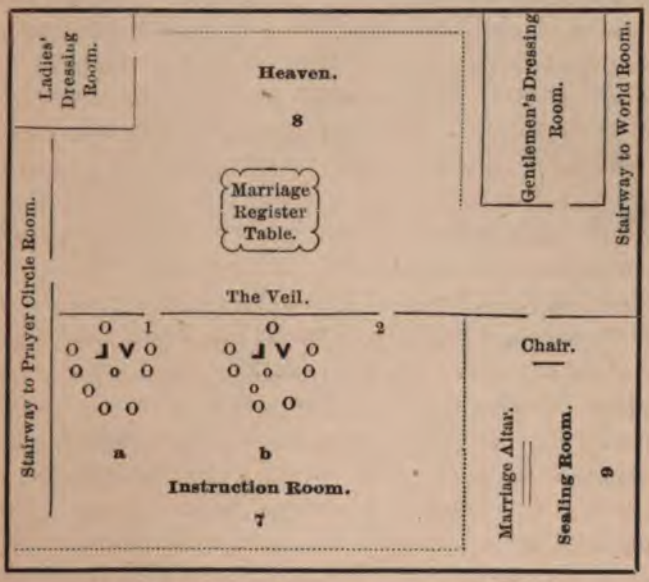


DIAGRAM OF ENDOWMENT HOUSE—SECOND FLOOR.

"The prayer over, they all trooped up the staircase on the north side of the house, into the room called the Instruction Room, where the people sat down on benches on the west side of the room. Facing them about midway between floor and ceiling was a wooden beam, that went across the room from north to south, and from which was suspended a dirty-looking piece of what was once white calico. This was called 'the veil,' and is

supposed to be in imitation of the one in Solomon's Temple. On this veil are marks like those on the garment, together with extra holes for putting the arms through, and a hole at the top to speak through. But before approaching the veil we received a general outline of the instructions that had been given us down stairs. This over, the priest took a man to the veil to one of the openings (marked 1), where he knocked with a small wooden mallet that hung on the wooden support. A voice on the other side of the veil (it was supposed to be Peter's) asked who was there, when the priest answering for the man said: 'Adam, having been faithful, desires to enter.' The priest then led the man up to the west side of the veil, where he had to put his hands through and clasp the man, or Peter (to whom he whispered his new name, and the only one he ever tells, for they must never tell their celestial names to their wives, although the wives must tell theirs to their husbands), through the holes in the veil. He was then allowed to go through to the other side, which was supposed to be heaven, and this is where a strong imagination might be of some use, for anything more unlike heaven I cannot conceive. The man having got through, he went to the opening (No. 2) and told the gatekeeper to call for the woman he was about to marry, telling him her name. She then stepped up to the veil where the marks 'B' are. They were unable to see each other, but put their hands through the openings, one of their hands on each other's shoulder and the other around the waist. (The marks on the plan at the sides are for the arms, and all the marks in the plan on the veil are exactly as they are in the Endowment House; the top round mark is the place where they spoke through, and the square, compass and stone correspond with the marks on the garment; the two bottom marks

were where the feet are put through). With the arms so fixed, the knees were placed within each other, the feet of course being the same, the woman's given name was then whispered through the veil, then her new and celestial name, then the priestess who stood by to instruct the women told them to repeat after her a most disgusting formula or oath. I cannot remember it all thoroughly, but it had direct reference to the belly and the thighs, after which the secrets of the Melchizedek Priesthood were given through the veil.

"They then released their hold of each other, and the priestess, taking the women to opening No. 2, knocked the same as they did at the men's entrance, and the gatekeeper having asked 'Who is there?' the priestess replied, 'Eve, having been faithful in all things, desires to enter.' Eve was accordingly ushered into heaven.

"Before I go farther, I must tell how they believe the entrance into heaven is to be gained on the morning of the resurrection. Peter will call up the men and women, (for it is not possible for a woman to be resurrected, exalted or made a queen in heaven, unless some man takes pity on her and raises her.) If the marks on the garment are found to correspond with those on the veil (the dead are buried in the whole paraphernalia), and if you can give the grips, tokens, and your new name, and are dressed properly in your robes, then you have a sure permit to heaven, and will pass by the angels (whom they suppose to be only ministering servants) to a more exalted glory; the more wives they have, they think, the higher their glory will be.

"To resume: After we got through, we saw Joseph F. Smith sitting at a table recording the names of those who were candidates for marriage. He wrote the names in a book (the existence of which marriage register this

truthful apostle has since denied, so that a polygamous marriage might not be found out), and then he wrote the two names on a slip of paper, to be taken into the sealing room to the officiating priest, so that he might know whom he was marrying. After having given this slip of paper to the priest (Daniel H. Wells), we knelt at a little wooden altar (they are all alike in the Endowment House). He then asks the man if he is willing to take the woman to wife, and the woman if she is willing to take him for a husband. They both having answered, yes, he tells the man that he must look to God, but the woman must look to her husband as her god, for if he lives in his religion, the spirit of God will be in him, and she must therefore yield him unquestioning obedience, for he is as a god unto her, and then concludes by saying that he having authority from on high, to bind and loose here upon earth, and whatsoever he binds here shall be bound in heaven, seals the man and woman for time and all eternity.

"He then tells the man and woman to kiss each other across the altar, the man kneeling on the north side and the woman on the south, and so it is finished. Sometimes they have witnesses, sometimes not; if they think any trouble may arise from a marriage, or that the woman is inclined to be a little perverse, they have no witnesses, neither do they give marriage certificates, and if occasion requires it, and it is to shield any of their polygamous brethren from being found out, they will positively swear that they did not perform any marriage ceremony at all, so that the women in this Church have but a poor outlook for being considered honorable wives.

"When the marriage ceremony was over we came out of the 'sealing room' and I crossed 'Heaven' into the ladies' dressing room, where, after having dressed and my

husband paid the fees, we took our departure, together with the 'Holy Spirit.'

"It was half-past three, P. M., when we left, I having gone there at eight o'clock in the morning. You can probably imagine how fatigued one feels, after listening patiently all the time to their incessant talking. Certainly at the end of the time one feels more like taking nourishment than listening to the promptings of the 'Holy Spirit.' I should, perhaps, have remarked before, that the priests, when going through the House, wear their ordinary clothing, and come straight into the 'House of the Lord' with their dirty top-boots on, as though they had just come off a farm, while we poor sinners were obliged to walk in our stocking feet lest the floor should be defiled.

"The little addition attached to the main building on the west side and in which is the font, is used for re-baptizing people before they can be allowed to go through the House, and is quite a separate affair from the washing and anointing; people are generally baptized a day or two before they go through the House. I was baptized the night before. On this same evening I was told that as I was going through the 'House of the Lord' on the following day, I must pay the very strictest attention to everything I should see and hear, as it would be for my benefit hereafter. I was obedient in that respect, for I remember everything that happened as vividly as though it were yesterday, and if it has not been for my benefit, I hope that this article may prove of some use in warning and enlightening people, as to that most horrid blasphemy, jargon and mummery that goes on in that most sacred 'House of the Lord.'

"MRS. G. S. R——."

The name under which this lady is now recognized is

not given, for very obvious reasons. She succeeded thoroughly in not only vindicating her honor, but also in exposing the secret rites and abominations of Mormonism. Upon her statements, which have been repeatedly verified by others who have passed through the Endowment House, Congress has relied for information that would lead to the adoption of some national measure for the suppression of polygamy and protection of those threatened with Mormon vengeance.

CHAPTER IX.

PROMISCUOUS POLYGAMY — HORRIBLE SENSUALITY AND BLOOD ATONEMENT.

BRIGHAM YOUNG began to increase his domestic household directly after planting himself firmly in Utah, and did not cease these uxorious aspirations until he had a stock of wives on hand capable of satiating his carnal gluttony. Of course there were constant, interminable bickerings among his nineteen spouses, and it became necessary for him to portion them off in a number of separate dwellings. But as he had set an example of plethoric marriages, the male members of his flock, strong in their loins, were quick to do likewise. This wholesale plurality of wives was followed by evils which, in diabolical depravity, causes every heart to grow sick in contemplating them.

By the oaths administered in the Endowment House, wives held their very existence through the sufferance of their husbands, and were, of course, subjected not only

to indignities but punished with death whenever their enraged lords became tempered for the act. It must never be considered that women countenance polygamy with a spirit of pleasurable resignation; they accept it in the same manner that an Indian mother casts her offspring into the Ganges, because they are led to believe that it is an ordinance direct from God. Many sincerely believe that in proportion to their sufferings on this earth will their pleasures be in Paradise. Others, more sensible, are coerced into bearing the ills of polygamy, while yet others, unsubmissive, are "blood-atoned"—atrociously murdered for their "stiff-neckedness," as it is pronounced. In a discourse delivered by Orson Pratt in Salt Lake City, October 7, 1869, he made use of the following language, which shows at least one of the means used to make women accept polygamy as a divine ordinance.

I am talking, to-day, to Latter-day Saints; I am not reasoning with unbelievers. If I were I should appeal more fully to the Old Testament Scriptures to bring in arguments and testimonies to prove the divine authenticity of polygamic marriages. Perhaps I may touch upon this point for a few moments, for the benefit of strangers, should there be any in our midst. Let me say, then, that God's people, under every dispensation since the creation of the world, have, generally, been polygamists. I say this for the benefit of strangers. According to the good old book, called the Bible, when God saw proper to call out Abraham from all the heathen nations, and made him a great man in the world, He saw proper, also, to make him a polygamist, and approbated him in taking unto himself more wives than one. Was it wrong in Abraham to do this thing? If it were, when did God reprove him for so doing? When did He ever reproach Jacob for doing the same thing? Who can find the record in the lids of the Bible of God reproving Abraham, as being a sinner, and having committed a crime in taking to himself two living wives? No such thing is recorded. He was just as much blessed after doing this thing as before, and more so, for God promised blessings upon the issue of Abraham by his second wife the same as that of the first wife, providing he was equally faithful. This was a proviso in every case.

When we come down to Jacob, the Lord permitted him to take four wives. They are so called in Holy Writ. They are not denominated prostitutes, neither are they called concubines, but they are called wives, legal wives; and to show that God approved of the course of Jacob in taking these wives, he blessed them abundantly, and hearkened to the prayer of the second wife just the same as to the first. Rachel was the second wife of Jacob, and our great mother, for you know that many of the Latter-day Saints by revelation know themselves to be the descendants of Joseph, and he was the son of Rachel, the second wife of Jacob. God in a peculiar manner blessed the posterity of this second wife. Instead of condemning the old patriarch, he ordained that Joseph, the first-born of this second wife, should be considered the first-born of all the twelve tribes, and into his hands was given the double birthright, according to the laws of the ancients. And yet he was the offspring of plurality—of the second wife of Jacob. Of course, if Reuben, who was indeed the first-born unto Jacob, had conducted himself properly, he might have retained the birthright and the great inheritance; but he lost that through his transgression, and it was given to a polygamic child, who had the privilege of inheriting the blessing to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills; the great continent of North and South America was conferred upon him. Another proof that God did not disapprove of a man having more wives than one is to be found in the fact that Rachel, after she had been a long time barren, prayed to the Lord to give her seed. The Lord hearkened to her cry and granted her prayer; and when she received seed from the Lord by her polygamic husband, she exclaimed: "The Lord hath hearkened unto me and hath answered my prayer." Now, do you think the Lord would have done this if He had considered polygamy a crime? Would He have hearkened to the prayer of this woman if Jacob had been living with her in adultery? And he certainly was doing so if the ideas of this generation are correct.

Again, what says the Lord, in the days of Moses, under another dispensation? We have seen that in the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, he approved of polygamy and blessed his servants who practiced it, and also their wives and children. Now, let us come down to the days of Moses. We read that, on a certain occasion, the sister of Moses, Miriam, and certain others in the great congregation of Israel, got very jealous. What were they jealous about? About the Ethiopian woman that Moses had taken to wife, in addition to the daughter of Jethro, whom he had taken before in the land of Midian. How dare the great lawgiver, after having committed, according to the ideas of the pres-

ent generation, a great crime, show his face on Mount Sinai when it was clothed with the glory of the God of Israel? But what did the Lord do in the case of Miriam, for finding fault with her brother Moses? Instead of saying, "You are right, Miriam, he has committed a great crime, and no matter how much you speak against him," he smote her with a leprosy the very moment she began to complain, and she was considered unclean for a certain number of days. Here the Lord manifested, by the display of a signal judgment, that he disapproved of any one speaking against his servants for taking more wives than one, because it may not happen to suit their notion of things.

I make these remarks and wish to apply them to fault-finders against plural marriages in our day. Are there any Miriams in our congregation to-day, any of those who, professing to belong to the Israel of the latter-days, sometimes find fault with the man of God standing at their head, because he not only believes in but practices this divine institution of the ancients? If there be such in our midst, I say, remember Miriam, the very next time you begin to talk with your neighboring women, or anybody else against this holy principle. Remember the awful curse and judgment that fell on the sister of Moses when she did the same thing, and then fear and tremble before God, lest he, in his wrath, may swear that you shall not enjoy the blessings ordained for those who inherit the highest degree of glory.

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There are some Latter-day Saints who, perhaps, have not searched these things as they ought, hence we occasionally find some who will say that God suffered these things to be. I will go further, and say that he commanded them, and he pronounced a curse, to which all the people had to say amen, if they did not fulfil the commandment.

* * * * * * *

It is no matter, according to the Constitution, whether we believe in the patriarchal parts of the Bible, in the Mosaic, or in the Christian part; whether we believe in one-half, two-thirds, or in the whole of it, that is nobody's business. The Constitution never granted power to Congress to prescribe what part of the Bible any people should believe in or reject; it never intended any such thing.

We now come to a consideration of this most impious phase of Mormonism.

Joe Smith planted the seed and reaped the first harvest of outraged chastity, for he was the first to teach and practice a subordination of female virtue to the lusts of

himself and constituent priesthood. At his death the mantle of defilement fell upon Brigham Young, who was a worthy successor to propagate the lustful infamies which have ever been the chief corner-stone of Mormonism. Not alone did he give a new law, laid to the creation of God and Joe Smith, establishing polygamy, but he also had the audacity to enjoin such a demoralizing, beastly ordinance; and, to make the iniquity yet more impious, he threatened to excommunicate all wives who objected to their husbands going into polygamy. Brigham Young had been playing the part of husband to a plurality of women before leaving Nauvoo, but they were called spiritual wives who had other husbands; it is stated that no less than fifty-three women were spiritually sealed to him in Illinois.

When the first proclamation of Joseph Smith's pretended revelation was made, prescribing polygamy, many of the sect apostatized, and a body of these recusants re-established their religion under the title of Josephites, rejecting the revelation as a creation of Brigham's, and claiming heirship with Joe Smith by succession. This sect has a strong following in Utah, and in December, 1881, dedicated a fine church in Salt Lake to their worship, which is Mormonism, but anti-polygamy.

Notwithstanding the schism created by Brigham's plural wife canon, his followers increased even more rapidly than before, for reasons which appear patent to all who can comprehend a preponderance of human nature. Year after year the practice became more general and flagitious until, in 1856, polygamy degenerated into incestuous marriage. Hundreds of little girls, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen years, were espoused by libidinous monsters and subjected to purposes so base that humanity recoils at the bare mention of them; daughters were

traded openly to Mormon reprobates, and hundreds of instances occurred where men took the whole female portion of a family to wife, including mothers and daughters alike; and not alone this, for there are many instances where fathers had their own daughters sealed to them, and brothers espoused their own sisters; this most damnable incest was defended by citing sacred history as their example, where Abraham took his half-sister, Sarah, to wife, and Lot raised up a family by his own daughters.

To add still more to the crimes of these Mormon pal-

TOO NUMEROUS FOR COMFORT.

liards, a divorce law was made operative by which wives could be put away upon the simplest pretexts, which amounted to no more than an expressed desire to sever the marital relation; thus women were kept with no more regard for domesticity than is recognized among beasts, each female playing her part to scores of lustful males.

But as all excess produces satiation and disgust, so this monstrous promiscuity at length became partly abated, though the principles which called it into exercise have never been disavowed by those who embraced it. The

teachings and defences, enjoining a plurality of wives, briefly stated, may be expressed as follows:

Polygamy is not, as recusant Mormons assert, a mere addition by Brigham Young to the original faith; it is a necessary and logical outgrowth of the system. If Mormonism be true, then polygamy is right; for "pre-existence of the soul," "progression of the gods," and all other peculiarities of the system, depend by a thousand combinations and inter-relations upon the plurality system. A man's or woman's glory in eternity is to depend upon the size of the family; for a woman to remain childless is a sin and a calamity, and she cannot secure "exaltation" as the wife of a Gentile or an apostate; her husband's rank in eternity must greatly depend upon the number of his wives, and she will share in that glory whatever it is. All this points unerringly to polygamy. Hence, also, the last feature of this complex and unnatural relationship, known as "spiritual wives," which is to be understood as follows: Any woman, having an earthly husband of whose final exaltation she is in doubt, may be "sealed for eternity" to some prominent Mormon, who will raise her and make her part of his final kingdom. In theory this gives the spiritual husband no marital rights, but, as stated by Elder John Hyde, the noted apostate, "it may well be doubted whether the woman who can prefer another man for her pseudo-eternal husband, has not fallen low enough to sin in *deed*, as well as thought, against her earthly husband."

By "marriage for the dead," living women are sealed to dead men, and *vice versa*, some one "standing proxy" for the deceased. Thus, a widow and widower may each prefer their first partners "for eternity," but like each other well enough "for time;" in which case they are

first sealed to each other "for time," then each, by proxy, for the departed "for eternity," thus requiring three separate ceremonies to settle the temporal and eternal relations of all parties, who may in turn be divorced from either by the President of the Church and the probate courts. So a man may have a wife "for time," who belongs to some man already dead "for eternity," in which case all the children will belong to the latter in eternity, the living man merely "raising up seed unto his dead brother." To such lengths of vain imaginings may a credulous people be led by artful impostors.

Again I repeat: It must not be understood that women upheld or do uphold the infamies of polygamy, except through the blindness of their faith and the yet more potential influence of threatened death for disobedience. As women are more emotional and fanatical, so are they more devoted and faithful than men. Women are naturally attached to home, and with more affection and dependency in their disposition they are more quickly excited by jealousy than men; their nature is to resent any invasion of domestic ties, and this attribute, so commendable, could only be restrained through laws damnably atrocious in persecuting application. Hence the Mormon Church made its female subjects chattels of their husbands, and at the same time held out, as an allectative inducement to those without the Church, a universal suffrage, which, upon its face, is made to appear as a corrective means and provision against abuse, while in reality it operates as another gyve to fetter women more securely. This suffrage law gives the right of ballot to all married women without regard to their age or naturalization; thus, a girl in her teens may be brought from Europe to-day, and espoused to a Mormon to-morrow, when she becomes at once invested by Mormon laws

with the full right to vote at any election held in Utah. But instead of this popular franchise being a palladium to the women, it is made to perform a purpose which accrues to the benefit of husbands only, for as all Mormon wives are held under the subjection of their husbands, these female ballots can only be cast as proxies. Every ballot is numbered when deposited, so that the exact way each voter elects may be afterward ascertained. A wife is, therefore, nothing more than a machine, that makes her husband's vote count as two instead of one.

The full enormity of this vassalage system will be better understood when the further fact is given that there are no laws in Utah against rape, incest or oppression; nor was there any law against bigamy until 1862, when a bill making it a felony and defining the penalty, passed Congress, but the law has remained a dead-letter upon the statute books, and notwithstanding the fact that more than ten thousand men are now living in polygamy in the territories, there have never been but two convictions for the crime of bigamy since the bill became a law. Furthermore—and it is one of the most important considerations in estimating the crimes of Mormonism—there are no coroners in Utah. In case of sudden or suspicious death there is no official inquiry concerning the cause. This state of affairs has given free license to murderers, especially to polygamists who grow tired of a wife and desire to be rid of her; hundreds, yes, thousands, of women have been murdered in Salt Lake City for no other crime than apostasy or rebellion against a husband's tyranny.

Blood-atonement—which means unprovoked murder—has been practiced since the Mormon Church was established, and is even at this day more general than the outside world can imagine. This doctrine—for blood-

atonement is a well-defined canon of the Church—teaches that when persons are found in sin, or in apostasy to the Church, it is better to spill their blood than suffer them to die with all their sins upon their heads. In other words, when a husband dislikes his wife, he can charge her with being an apostate, and murder her; the Church justifies such an act by saying that the wife is subject to her husband; that if she be full of sin his duty is to blood-atone her, to the end that she thus dying may secure her soul's salvation.

CHAPTER X.

BLOOD ATONEMENT—TWO HORRIBLE INSTANCES.

Brigham Young is directly responsible for the social defilement of his people through church ordinances, of which he was the creator. Only a man of such indomitiable resolution, energy, magnetism and fearlessness as Brigham, could have controlled so large a following impregnated with crime and fanaticism; but from a formative state he established Mormonism firmly upon a base of depravity, which is more the wonder that it has not gone to pieces of sheer rottenness long ago.

One of the first—if not the very first—executions that occurred in Salt Lake City under Brigham's hierarchy, for a violation of the Endowment House oaths, was that of a woman who had lived in polygamy with three husbands, but was discarded by each like the hull of a nut after the kernel has been extracted. This woman after-

ward formed an attachment for a Gentile reprobate, to whom, in a moment of supreme confidence, and hatred for Mormonism, she told all the Endowment House secrets, besides relating the particulars of several crimes that had been committed by orders of the priesthood. This Gentile afterward repeated what he had thus learned, and upon this information the unfortunate woman was apprehended and brought to trial before Brigham Young and his priestly satellites, all of whom I could name and a majority of whom are yet living.

A trial for heresy and violation of endowment oaths in Salt Lake was nothing more than a form of condemnation; she was found guilty, of course, and according to the penalties prescribed for such violations, she was sentenced to undergo a mutilation of body that is sickening to think of. She was thereupon consigned to a cell under Brigham Young's house until the following day at three o'clock, P. M., when she was gagged to insensibility, placed in a box and taken to the city hall, accompanied only by several elders and two witnesses. Here she was removed from the box, the gag taken from her mouth, and in its place a V shaped piece of double wire was thrust between her teeth, after which she was stretched and bound to a table. The horrible, sickening work of mutilation now began by first using a pair of long-jawed pincers to grasp her tougue, by which means that organ was drawn out from the mouth and cut off. The poor woman's throat was then cut from ear to ear, her body was ripped open and the entrails taken out, after which her limbs were dismembered. When this piece of devilish, cannibalistic ceremony of blood-atonement was completed, her remains were then thrown into the box in which she was conveyed to the place of execution, and taken — I know not where.

This story was told me by one whose identity must not be exposed, for the reason that the party is still a resident of Salt Lake, and would become a victim to Mormon vengeance should their identity be established, but I will vouch for the truth of the story. This mode of punishment is well known to have been practiced, and the justification of such infamous penalties has been publicly made in the tabernacle hundreds of times.

But another story, even more horrible than the first, was also told the author during his visit to Salt Lake City in December, 1881, which can be proved, in every detail, by living witnesses, who would be glad to testify to the facts if protection of life could be guaranteed them. It runs as follows: A Mrs. Maxwell, represented as being a very pious and excellent woman, came to Salt Lake City in 1869, with her husband and two children, both boys. They had been converted to Mormonism by an apostle in England, who represented that polygamy was not sanctioned or practiced by Latter-day Saints, and that Utah was literally a land overflowing with milk and honey. Upon their arrival at Salt Lake, in company with about three hundred other proselytes, they were met by a body of Mormons, not a few of whom were lecherous old hypocrites searching for new wives among the eligible young lasses who composed a portion of all the fresh arrivals.

Mrs. Maxwell was a woman who had learned just enough of Mormon practices to make her suspicious, and she was not slow in detecting the purposes of several polygamous elders and bishops. Like a devoted and loving wife, she could not help speaking to her husband concerning her fears that they had been deceived into coming among a people not wholly guiltless of what had been charged against them. He, too, at first repented of

BRINGING HOME A NEW WIFE.

having left England, but there was no lack of influences to persuade him to fortify his wavering resolution, and as his religious faith was quite strong, it was easy to convince him that plural marriage was a divine institution made by revelation for the multiplying and upbuilding of Zion. His efforts were thenceforth directed toward convincing his wife that Mormonism was the product of inspiration, and all its practices were ordinances of God; that polygamy was an injunction, but not so binding as to coerce all true Saints into its practical acceptance; he declared his determination never to take another wife, and plead his single devotion to her in such a persuasive manner that she was prevailed upon to go through the Endowment House and take all the terrible oaths prescribed in its ceremonies.

It was only a few months after her full acceptance into the Church when all the horrors of accursed polygamy confronted her, for Mr. Maxwell, like nearly all others under the ban of that demoralizing Church, found a young and sleek girl who readily accepted his offer of marriage, and thus became installed as wife No. 2, together with all the preferences and indulgences which, in polygamous intercourse, the last wife always enjoys. Following the espousal of this girl, Mr. Maxwell some months afterward wedded two other women, and then his first true, devoted wife, and mother of his children, became a mere drudge for those who had succeeded to her husband's affection, like an old shoe cast aside in some dark closet to gather mould and reckoned no more for usefulness. Heaven alone may know the lacerations of that trusting heart, the bitter agony that burned into her brain like a brand of fire—burning, without consuming. There were none to counsel with, for she knew that all Mormon women were subjects of but little more consider-

ation than horses and cattle, their very lives being held through a husband's permission.

Mr. Maxwell being now thoroughly brutalized, sought to persuade his sons to enter the Church as though it really promised salvation, but against this influence Mrs. Maxwell interposed, begging her two boys, who were now aged fourteen and sixteen years respectively, not to join the Church because they were too young to appreciate what would be required of them, but she carefully refrained from reminding them of her own dreadful experience until all other resources she had to deter them were exhausted. Maxwell continued to urge his sons, and finally they decided to go through the Endowment House, and fixed upon a day to pass the ceremonies.

Mrs. Maxwell, upon learning the determination of her boys, called them to her, and in a room where no others were present, she burst into tears and told them of the terrible sufferings she was undergoing, and that nothing protected her from the taking of her own life but the love she bore them ; this love, so self-sacrificing, prompted her to reveal all the terrible oaths that they would be compelled to take in the Endowment House, and otherwise so impressed them with the terrors of Mormonism that they promised to forego their determination.

By most unfortunate chance it happened that during this painful interview between his loving wife and her children, Mr. Maxwell was in an adjoining room, and hearing voices, which led him to suspect that his wife was persuading the boys to disobey him, he applied his ear to the key-hole of a connecting door and overheard all of her revelations. The demon now possessed him, for, really hating the first noble companion of his life, he had trampled her heart beneath his feet, and was glad of the opportunity which this act of hers afforded to use it for her destruction.

Maxwell lost no time in repairing to Brigham Young's council chamber, where he made full report of his wife's revealment of the Endowment oaths, which he was sure would result in her execution according to the penalties provided for such violations. After delivering himself as his own wife's accuser, in obedience to Brigham he sought three elders, who, having been found, were ordered to arrest Mrs. Maxwell and bring her to trial. These instructions were hastily complied with, and the poor, inexpressibly unfortunate woman was led like a dumb lamb to the slaughter, down through a trap opening under Brigham Young's council house into a dark, damp, horrible pit that had been specially provided for blood-atonement ceremonies.

Some talk had been indulged in after the city hall execution already described, and it was esteemed safer by Brigham to inflict subsequent death penalties in some private place, where neither the screams of a suffering victim might penetrate beyond the place of immurement, nor suspicion be excited by any act involved in the fatal infliction; hence, a special apartment was constructed under the council house, a deep cellar dug so far underground, and so protected above that neither light nor sound could penetrate its sombre isolation. Into this dark, dreadful pit, Mrs. Maxwell was conveyed, and being accused by her husband she was convicted and sentenced to death. Since her boys had declared their determination never to become Mormons, and were possessed of the Endowment House secrets, they were both taken with their unhappy mother to the secret chamber, and made acquainted with the fate that awaited her.

On the day following Mrs. Maxwell's conviction—having been confined over night with her boys in the dark pit—four Mormon elders, together with the demon hus-

A MORMON EXECUTION BY BLOOD-ATONEMENT.

band, descended to the terrible charnel house to perform an execution so damnable and inhuman that but for the incontrovertible proofs at hand it would be quite impossible to believe mankind could be guilty of. They found her crouched in a corner of this abode of murder praying, in which devout attitude the boys were joined. As the light from a torch penetrated the stygian chamber its flickering flame threw dancing shadows on the damp walls that resembled a carnival of devils making merry over the approaching sacrifice of motherly love. Now had the time for a sin offering, as it was called, arrived, and ruthless hands quickly seized Mrs. Maxwell, by which she was divested of all clothing save the endowment robe, and she was then forced prone upon a sacrifice table ready for the fatal knife that was destined to mutilate her, according to the provisions created and ordained by Brigham Young. Being now firmly pinioned to the table, her mouth was pried open and into it was thrust the V shaped double wire; an elder then produced his long-jawed pincers with which her tongue was forcibly drawn out until it could be cut off at the base. My God! the agonizing screams of that poor woman seem to pierce my ears and appeal to me to revenge her foul murder; my heart is deathly sick as I write and contemplate the horrible and fiendish atrocity on one whose noble nature, motherly love and self-sacrificing disposition prompted her to a righteous violation of the damnable oaths wrung from her by a system of infamous and delusive influences.

Her tongue being severed, the executioner next thrust a long knife into her breast, just below the sternum, and cut through the entire length of the abdomen, literally disembowling her, while still living, her screams of agony seeming to whet the elder's atrocious appetite, until he appeared like an imp of hell gloating over the misery of

the damned. There was little more for this pitiable victim to endure, for kind unconsciousness eased her of all pain, but yet the fiend cut her throat and then dismembered her body as the Endowment law directed. In the city hall execution previously noted, the victim was more mercifully treated, as after extirpating her tongue the executioner next cut her throat, which produced a speedy death, instead of ripping her up while living, as in Mrs. Maxwell's case.

Scarcely less revolting than the manner of execution was the fact that both of Mrs. Maxwell's sons were compelled to witness the fatal mutilation of their mother, while the unnatural husband and father stood by a willing spectator to every phase in the dreadful scene, showing no more concern than that which might have been excited by a fear that the murdered wife would return to him in her bloody atonement robes and rack his brain with torment for the part he played. I hope she did!

After the execution was accomplished the boys were released from that terrible charnal pit and bidden to leave the territory within twenty-four hours, and also reminded that any revelations concerning the deed just perpetrated would subject them to a similar penalty. It was late in the evening when they took their departure, and being wholly without food to sustain them upon such an enforced journey, they stopped at the house of a widow lady friend to obtain some provisions. Their appearance indicated violent mental agitation, which led the lady to inquire why they were so disturbed and in such great haste. Having implicit confidence in her friendship, and also to relieve their embarrassment, the boys told her the story of their mother's conviction and execution just as I have here repeated it.

No doubt many who will read this description of an

unparalleled atrocity will mentally ask, Where are the proofs? For the satisfaction of such persons I will say that if the government, or a body of responsible citizens, will undertake to protect the witness, the widow lady referred to—and I will add that no woman stands higher in Salt Lake City—she will make oath in the Federal courts that what I have here described is the exact story as told to her by the boys whose mother suffered such a revolting death; and furthermore, she will give the Elders' names who officiated at the execution. It may also be added that the boys were never heard of after they left Salt Lake, and the natural inference is that the Danite Band overtook them, in pursuance of an order issued by Brigham Young. From what I learned through the course of my investigations while at Salt Lake City, in 1881, concerning Mrs. Maxwell's execution, I think I could name the villain who used the knife.

Truly, there is an all-seeing eye from which no crime can be hidden!

As additional circumstantial evidence in support of the charge that Brigham Young commanded such executions to be made, the following extracts from public sermons he preached from time to time in Salt Lake City are here given, advising and defending blood-atonement:

I could refer you to plenty of instances where men have been righteously slain in order to atone for their sins.

But now I say, in the name of the Lord, that if this people will sin no more, but faithfully live their religion, their sins will be forgiven them without taking life.

Now, when you hear my brethren telling about cutting people off from the earth, you consider it strong doctrine; but it is to save them, not to destroy them.

All mankind love themselves; and let these principles be known by an individual, and he would be glad to have his blood shed. That would be loving themselves even unto an eternal exaltation.

This is loving our neighbor as ourselves; if he needs help,

help him; if he wishes salvation, and it is necessary to spill his blood upon the ground in order that he be saved, spill it.

Any of you who understand the principles of eternity, if you have sinned a sin requiring the shedding of blood, except the sin unto death, would not be satisfied or rest until your blood should be spilled, that you might gain the salvation you desire. This is the way to love mankind.

It is true, the blood of the Son of God was shed for sins through the fall, and those committed by men, yet ye men can commit sins which it can never remit. As it was in the ancient days so it is in our day; and though the principles are taught publicly from this stand, still the people do not understand them; yet the law is precisely the same.

I have known a great many men who have left this Church for whom there is no chance whatever of exaltation; but if their blood had been spilled it would have been better for them. The wickedness and ignorance of the nations forbid this principle being in full force, but the time will come when the laws of God will be in full force.

Will you love your brothers and sisters likewise when they have committed a sin that cannot be atoned for without the shedding of blood? Will you love that man or woman well enough to shed their blood? That is what Jesus Christ meant. He never told a man or woman to love their enemies in their wickedness. He never intended any such thing.

I have known scores and hundreds of people for whom there would have been a chance in the last resurrection, if their lives had been taken and their blood spilled upon the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the devil, until our elder brother, Jesus Christ, raises them up, conquers death, hell and the grave.

There are sins that can be atoned for by an offering upon an altar as in ancient days, and there are sins that the blood of a lamb, of a calf, or of turtle doves cannot remit, but they must be atoned for by the blood of the man. This is the reason why men talk to you as they do from this stand; they understand the doctrine and throw out a few words about it. You have been taught that doctrine, but you do not understand it.

CHAPTER XI.

WHY WOMEN BECOME MORMONS—PITIABLE STORIES OF THOSE IN POLYGAMY.

It may well be asked why women unite with such an abominable sect as the Mormons; the answer can only be given through a consideration of the psychological peculiarities wherein women are so directly opposite to men in nearly all the attributes of their nature. It is a statistically proved fact that three-fourths of the total church membership, including all denominations that exist on the globe, are females; and this same fact appears also in the aggregate of Mormon strength as a church. We can readily perceive that as women are more emotional, they are consequently more religious, and this feeling extends among them to fanaticism; they are easily persuaded to a belief in the supernatural, and the establishment of such a belief, when defined by creed or covenant, can rarely be supplanted by appealing to their reason. They are essentially like the dog that licks the hand that smites it. Since the days of Adam women have been regarded with little consideration by the church, except in some of the Caucasian countries, where Christ's new dispensation has accorded them some inherent rights and communicant privileges; but generally speaking, taking the church militant of the earth, women are little less than slaves to men's caprices and passions. Thousands of women are violently opposed to female suffrage; they believe their opposition to be based upon an intangible and indefinable principle, which they designate as modesty, unsexing themselves, out of their spheres, etc., but the real reason

is because they have been eternally subjected, in a state of vassalage, as it were, which magnifies and distorts the principles of universal suffrage. We find this same subordinated condition in the woman who voluntarily retires from the world to become a nun, relinquishing and sacrificing every attribute God has bestowed upon her as a provision for her enjoyment; we behold it again in the woman who sacrifices her child to a crocodile, under the delusion that it is a peace offering to her Creator; and even more strikingly do we find it in the woman who voluntarily throws herself upon the funeral pyre of her dead husband and is consumed with it.

We never have any illustrations like these of man's religious fanaticism, and in this marked difference between the sexes we find the true reason why women become Mormons and suffer such cruel and degrading indignities. It is different from other denominations in the civilized world only in inverse progress. Mormonism, instead of advancing by liberal footsteps, has gone back into the ancient ages and become like the church of Moses, Abraham and the old patriarchs who lived under revelations just as the Mormon Church does to-day. They have literally accepted the Old Testament as their code of ethics and live under it, by which we may see an existent society identical with that described in the Pentateuch.

During the latter part of last year (1881) I made a careful study of the several phases of Mormonism, through elaborate interviews with members, both male and female, including heads of the Church, as also with both men and women in apostasy. Many strange stories were told to me in these conversations, but in one thing they all agreed, viz.: that their conversion to the faith was, in every instance, directly due to the

operation of some miracle. In this connection I will give the story of one woman with whom I conversed on Mormonism one entire afternoon. This lady, Mrs. Margaret Hunt, possesses much natural talent and intelligence, and as her experience was told in the most impressive manner, so that I cannot doubt a single statement it contains, I here give the most important parts of it. I have to acknowledge obligations to Mrs. Mary E. Paddock, a well known authoress of Salt Lake City, for an introduction to Mrs. Hunt, who gave me her experience in Mormonism and polygamy substantially as follows:

"I was born and reared in New York City. When seventeen years of age a severe attack of lung fever struck me down, so that my life was despaired of. Day after day I was expected to die, and, indeed, I had resigned myself to that momentarily expected blow. While lying in this condition, a young man, who formerly worked for my father, but two years before my attack had gone to Utah, suddenly returned to New York, and, finding me sick unto death's door, advised me to send for a Mormon elder, who, he declared, could cure me by the laying on of hands. My parents were Methodists and considered the advice as an insult, but in my weak and despairing frame of mind I told the young man to bring the Mormon elder, which he did the following day. When the elder came he approached my bed and laid his two hands on my forehead. Immediately I felt three rigors pass from my head to my feet, and five minutes afterward I felt entirely recovered. Despite my father and mother's protest I arose from the bed, dressed and praised God for the gift of His mercy. Firmly impressed that a miracle had been worked on me, I felt that the elder was a man of God, and I embraced Mormonism, being baptized one week after in the river at the foot of Canal

street. I continued in the Church for several months, but at length apostatized on account of things I saw practiced by the Mormons, but particularly because of the persistent suit of an elder who sought to make me his wife. A vision told me to beware of him, and this led me to quit the Church. But it was not long until I was the subject of another miracle (the story is too long to give it in its entirety), and again I went into the Church. A few months after this I was married to William Hunt, and together we were baptized again and settled down in New York. We lived very happily together; he was always doing something to please me, and both of us being of an affectionate disposition it seemed that our lives were cast in the eternal sunshine of paradise. In the spring of 1862 the Church elders wanted us to remove to the land of Zion. I talked with Mr. Hunt about it; told him I had heard that men there practiced polygamy, and I thought we had better not go. He coincided with me, but the heads of the Church said it was our duty to go, and my husband and I soon consented. On the day of our departure from New York, however, I had a strange presentiment that we were going into a land of trouble. I spoke to Mr. Hunt, whom I worshiped above my God, and asked him if he could ever become a polygamist. Never can I forget his answer. (At this point Mrs. Hunt burst into tears and almost fainted.) He pulled me down upon his knee, and, putting his arms lovingly about my neck, kissed me many times, and then said: 'You are all the woman on earth to me; none can ever be so dear, so beautiful in my eyes; none can ever come into our eden of love with us; trust me, that only when the sky gives birth to two suns will I ever do a single act that causes you regret.' Well, loving him as I did before, I loved

him, if possible, more still when he told me this, so we came overland to Salt Lake City. We went through the Endowment House here and began life in this place. Day after day I was as happy as the bird that sings its first song after mating day. Children were born to us until we had seven, and they were our delight. Only one was taken from us, and that an infant. We prospered in everything that increased our boundless wealth of happiness. But one day (had I only died then) there came a change. William (that is what I called my husband) came home and said that Brigham had ordered him to take another wife. I almost fainted when he told me this, and, like a wife and mother, heaped abuse on that church minister's head. William then declared to me that he would not go into polygamy. Then I blessed him, and felt as though he must never leave me again, not even to go into the city. But I had misgivings, and these harassed me by day and night. I had a servant girl living with me, who came West with us, and as she was so good to the children I thought a great deal of her. She was young and I had almost a mother's feeling for her.

"William again came to me one day and said that he was endangering his hope for salvation by refusing to go into polygamy. (The Church teaches that no man can reach the highest happiness hereafter unless he shall have a plurality of wives.) Well, I begged him as only a loving wife about to lose her idol can, on my knees I implored him to leave Utah; to think of our children, of our love and the many days of our undisturbed happiness. But he argued with me by saying he should obey the ordinances of God; that if he took another wife it would not change his old love; that I would always be first in his heart.

"It was thus that weary days and nights passed; darkness had dispelled the sunlight of married life; my God! how I did pray to be delivered from that approaching curse, but I was helpless, and there were none to sympathize with me.

"Up to this time I did not suspect whom William was expecting to marry, but at length, when he told me he was about to be sealed to Jane, my servant girl, my

PRAYING FOR DELIVERANCE.

wretchedness increased. I went to her and pleaded with all my heart for her to give up the idea. She seemed to feel sad, but still declared her love for him. I thought then of going to Brigham, but my husband said it would be a foolish act and only result in my humiliation. So I did not know what to do. I felt murder in my heart, and could have killed both my husband and Jane, but still I loved him with the wildest infatuation.

"At length the day came for the wedding, and I was asked if I desired to witness the marriage ceremony. I said 'yes,' and went to the Endowment House with my

brain on fire and so overcome that I fainted three times in the building before the marriage ceremony was completed. Just before sealing the two, Brigham Young turned to me and asked:

"'Sister Hunt, do you consent to the marriage of your husband to this woman?'

"I replied: 'Yes, and No.'

"'This is a very singular answer. What do you mean, sister?'

"'I mean that if this is the only way my husband can see God and attain a blessed life everlasting, then yes; but speaking from my heart, and with a wife's world of love, I reply no, no, a thousand times; for his life eternal I can say yes, but if it is my life that depends upon this issue, I say no; I would rather abide in hell than have him marry another woman.'

"This answer disconcerted Brigham somewhat, but it was regarded as a consent, and my husband received a second wife, while my heart perished forever when they were pronounced one.

"But the loss of my husband in this manner was but the beginning of a system of persecution, to which I was a victim for two years. Mr. Hunt had no sooner taken his new and young wife home than he began to despise me. The girl, too, a wife jointly with me, turned against me. One week after the marriage, as we were walking together, I asked Jane why she treated me so coldly. She replied: 'It is because I hate you, and I hate you because you are the wife of Mr. Hunt.'

"This new wife of William's adopted a new life; instead of working, as before marriage, she assumed the mistresship, and I had to perform all the labor that was not done by my children. Daily I was the enforced witness of their love-making—the new wife on the knee and

in the embraces of my husband. I was not allowed any privileges, and my children were thrust aside by their father and Jane. We had frequent brawls, and many times my husband has struck me down with his fist. At length my burden of trouble had become so great that I resolved to commit suicide. In pursuance of this resolve I went to a drug-store and purchased laudanum enough to do the work. The druggist seemed to suspect my motives, for he asked me what I wanted the drug for. I replied that it was for a sore throat. He insisted on mixing some tincture of myrrh with it, and then taking the bottle, I went into a sunflower patch, and drank the contents. When I realized my deed, I knelt down and poured my soul out in prayer for forgiveness. I then went home, and as I reached the door, my youngest little girl came running toward me crying, and said: 'Oh, mamma, I'se so dlad you tome; papa won't dive me any dinne, and I'se so hungy.'

"I saw Mr. Hunt and his wife sitting at the table eating by themselves, while my children were driven into the garden. My God! said I, what have I done! What a coward I have been to kill myself and leave these children without one to love them.

"I had not been in the house more than five minutes when I began to feel the effects of the laudanum. I asked Jane if she would be a mother to my children if I died.

"'No, never; I will have nothing to do with your brats,' she replied.

"I then more fully realized the enormity of my crime, and I prayed that my life might be spared for my children's sake. But the deadly drug began to do its work; my head was bursting, my eyes were turning inward, while my ears were assailed with the most deafening

noises; cannons firing, drums beating, fiends shouting, water roaring, and a confusion of noises which tore my brain as with red-hot pincers. Still I was conscious. I could still hear Jane crying, 'Oh, she is dying! go for

MY CHILDREN BEGGING FOR BREAD.

the elder!' But my husband only cursed me, and said, 'I hope she will die.' He demanded of me to know what I had taken, but I refused to tell him. When I became unconscious at last, they found the empty bottle in my pocket, where I had inadvertently placed it after drinking the contents, and then I was put to bed by Jane

(my husband cursing me all the time). I drank two teacupsful of soap grease, which proved an emetic that saved my life.

"After I recovered, my husband continually upbraided me on my unsuccessful attempt at suicide, saying he wished I would complete the job, and so exasperated me that at length I again resolved to do the deed; but when about to perform the act a voice sounded in my ear, saying: 'Write.'

"I did not understand the warning, but, taking pen and ink I wrote the following, in the composition of which my own intelligence had no part:

"LAMENT OF A BROKEN HEART.

"'Tis past, alas, my joys are o'er,
No hope inspires my breast,
My aching head beats more and more,
My breaking heart can't rest.

"The one I loved has turned away,
Another holds his heart,
And I must live in sad dismay
To do a mother's part.

"Hush, breaking heart, if heaven's decreed
Thou must be still and bear,—
I give consent — God knows the deed
Was sacrifice and prayer.

"Come, Holy Spirit, lend thy aid;
Let pity bring Thee near
To soothe and calm my aching head,
And drive away my fear.

"Forgive me, oh! my Father dear,
Thou know'st my weakly frame;
Thou knowest I love Thee not through fear,
But love to praise Thy name.

"Prepare me, O! for what's to come;
Forgive me for the past;
Provide my little ones a home
And save them at the last.

"And when Thou think'st that I have done
With earth and all its cares,
Wilt Thou, O Father, take me home
From earth and all its snares?"

"That poem," said Mrs. Hunt, "saved me from a suicide's grave. It gave me strength to live for my children, and I have borne it all. Two years ago my husband rented a house for himself and Jane, and I have never lived with them since. Jane, three weeks after giving birth to a child, left him, and he is now a drunkard on the streets of Salt Lake City, an object of pity. I have no other feeling for him, for God has made him suffer, and time makes all things even. Twice have attempts been made on my life by the Danites for revealing the secrets of polygamy, but a higher power has sustained me. No human being ever suffered more than I; may God give me recompense."

This story I have necessarily summarized, but it is bad enough, and yet it is a history that will describe the life of nearly every polygamist's wife.

Miss Eliza Snow, one of the active female apostles, who, though never legally married, was for several years one of Brigham Young's spiritual wives, has also declared her hatred for the Church and its practices, which she admits are abominable, yet she uses all her means to induce young girls to unite with the polygamous sect.

It is asserted by Mormons that before a man already married can espouse a second wife, the consent of his first must be obtained; but this is a mere technicality that is available only as an argument to sustain the poly-

gamous institution. As noted already, a wife dare not interpose against her husband's wishes, and her consent in all cases is at the autocratic dictation of her master, whom she dare not oppose.

But there are instances where wives are strong-minded enough to defy their husbands, and others who have a persuasive influence which bears fruits of compassionate indulgence; but, as a rule, women have no recourse to right the wrongs done them in Utah.

Not long since, in fact I was told the circumstance last December, an instance occurred in Salt Lake City illustrative of the deceptions practiced on unsuspecting wives by husbands anxious to enter the plural condition. A man named Carpenter, well-to-do, had a lovely wife who fairly worshiped the earth he trod upon; a woman universally beloved by her neighbors and who had the respect of her husband—he was incapable of love. This admirable lady was always unhappy because of the depressing anxiety which continually preyed upon her, the fear that her husband would take another wife, though he assured her every day that such a thing was quite impossible for him to do, loving her so well. But Mrs. Carpenter could not be satisfied, as she had already heard many such protestations from monogamic husbands who afterward took to themselves other wives. At length this noble and true woman came to a period of motherhood, and during her sickness she suffered intensely while for several weeks she lay at the threshold of death. In her extreme helplessness and confinement the iniquitous husband found his opportunity to hearken unto Taylor's instructions and secure another wife, which he did, and then, as though possessed of a savage cruelty, he took his new spouse home and installed her as mistress of the household: as a successor to his poor, emaciated, suffer-

ing wife, who at such a cost had given him an offering of her love. The thought of suicide occurred to her the moment she learned of her husband's treachery and infamy, but the little, innocent babe at her breast, by its natural instincts, reminded her that she was a mother, and noble motherhood is always ready to sacrifice every feeling, endure all punishments, for her child. It was fate that she should recover, so was it her destiny never more to feel the tender embrace of a husband she had loved so devotedly; another had superceded her in his affections and thenceforth there were no blossoms of beauty in this life, nor sweet songs of a satisfied heart, to remind her of the goodness of man or the mercy of God.

CHAPTER XII.

SUMPTUOUS CHURCH OFFICERS AND POVERTY-STRICKEN MEMBERS.

The Mormon Church is sustained by a vast missionary and commercial system. Joe Smith, untutored and inexperienced as he was, had the intuitive genius to found a sect upon principles that insured success: by making a creed liberal enough to attract the baser nature of mankind, yet so stringent and dominant in the hands of the rulers as to make it cohesive; but above all he incorporated a prime ordinance by which the Church has been enriched; this law compels every Mormon to make an annual contribution to the Church of one-tenth of all his profits, whether in money or products. By the levy of such a tribute an immense income was assured,

that has been partly used in building temples and tabernacles, but principally in multiplying the comforts of chief rulers, as will be shortly shown.

Apostles were selected to preach Mormonism to all people, and in the manner their services are rendered we find the strongest adherency and patriotism that is exhibited in any church in Christendom. These apostles are called to act as missionaries by revelation—so declared—given to the President, who instructs them in their duties, but makes no provision for their remuneration, which is not considered. The Mormons hold to a literal interpretation of Christ's instructions to His disciples, whom He ordered to go forth and preach the gospel, but to take with them neither money nor garments, nor abide two nights in any man's house. Preaching for money, they claim, is an unpardonable sin, and it is true that these apostles are paid nothing for their services, neither are their families provided for by the Church; a missionary service is therefore a labor of love, to engage in which, by command, many Mormons sell the last thing they have to obtain the means necessary for their journeying, for they are compelled to pay even all their traveling expenses.

But what is saved or collected through the operations of a tithing law and generosity of apostles goes, in large part, to the upbuilding—not so much of Zion as the private fortunes of Church dignitaries. Brigham Young, upon his death, which occurred August 29th, 1877, left an estate valued at $3,000,000. His children, forty-eight in number, each received $20,000 in cash, while his fifteen living wives were liberally provided for. Some of the property has not yet been apportioned in partition, including interests in mines and railroads. John Taylor, Young's successor, is the fee simple owner of an estate

almost as large as that left by Brigham, but it is chiefly in notes and bonds. Brigham Young was a notoriously bad financier, and was made the victim of a thousand visionary schemes; had he prudently guarded his wealth there is no reason why at his death he should not have left a fortune ten times greater than he did.

Salt Lake City, with a population of only twenty-five thousand souls, has living within her limits twelve millionaires, every one of whom is an officer in the Mormon Church, excepting one, Mr. Walker, who made most of his money while a Church bishop, but is now, and has been for several years an apostate. The Mount Zion Mercantile and Co-operative Institution is a commercial emporium conducted something like a Grange store, the profits of which are supposed, by ignorant Mormons, to go to the Church, but in reality they are divided among the ruling officers.

Brigham Young, some years before his death, built a magnificent residence, which has ever since been known as Amelia's Palace, as it was intended as a private mansion for his favorite wife, Amelia Young, *nee* Folsom; but this woman did not long occupy it, owing to her implacable disposition, which Brigham punished by removing her to less pretentious quarters and making the palace the President's mansion. It is now the residence of President Taylor, who moved into it the latter part of 1881. The Salt Lake *Tribune*, of December, contained a notice of Taylor's preparation for removal to the mansion, as follows:

"For the past week new invoices of costly furniture for the Amelia Palace have been arriving daily. Yesterday six loads of magnificent chairs and sofas were dumped down in the back yard. Every hour in the day the hard-working, bronze-fisted tithe-payers stop in front of the

GENERAL VIEW OF SALT LAKE CITY.

(The large building in the centre is "Amelia's Palace," now occupied by President Taylor.)

palace and gaze upon these costly baubles, and make mental inventories of how much they have delved and dug and sweated to pay for John Taylor's extravagance. There are sofas in the outfit which cost $150 apiece, easy chairs which cost $75, and carpets which cost $500 for each room. The style in which Taylor proposes to live is in marked contrast with his humble circumstances in the years when he played second fiddle to the big boss Brigham. At that time he had hard work to get along, and when elevated to the position of seer and revelator George Cannon offered him one of his houses to live in, because his house was too poor an abode for a prophet of the Lord. Since Taylor has been able to grasp the reins of power, he has made his hay at a lively rate, but his grasping energies are not to the strengthening of the stakes of Zion, but to the vulgar accumulation of riches. The poor dupes of his doctrines wear shabby clothes and live in wretched adobe huts, that they may pay tithes and enable the sleek fraud who rules the Church and handles the cash-box to lounge amidst luxuries which cannot be furnished in Utah, but must of necessity be procured in New York. It is estimated that the furniture cost $50,000, but those who have inspected it say that the palace cannot be furnished in the style Taylor contemplates for less than $75,000 to $100,000.

"The question which the Saints are beginning to ask themselves is, 'where does John Taylor get all this money, unless he appropriates it bodily from the tithing fund?' This money, the Mormons think, should go to beautify the temples of the Lord instead of being squandered on Taylor, who hasn't revealed anything of any account since he went into office. Taylor's excuse for this course is that he is not fitting up the palace for himself, but for the princes and potentates of Europe, and

Senators and Congressmen who may happen to emigrate this way. The cellar is to be stocked with the best champagne—for visitors to be entertained with; but when John Taylor thinks a bottle is liable to spoil, he feels at liberty to slip down stairs and save the wine. The Saints say that it is no wonder ghosts will not let the palace alone."

Since the death of Brigham Young there has been a great change in the Church government. During his life everything appertaining to the sect was tributary to him, especially the revenue. Now, however, the financial government is entrusted to four elders of the Church, viz.: Hooper, Eldridge, Jennings and Little. The two former were once residents of St. Louis, Captain Hooper having been a well-known steamboat captain on the Mississippi river. All these gentlemen are millionaires and share the good opinion of every one in Utah, whether Mormon or Gentile. John Taylor, President of the Church, and successor to Brigham Young, has accomplished a reorganization, and now confines the duties of president to theological management, leaving the commerce to business men. Taylor is a very clever old man, nearly eighty years of age, and always makes a good impression on those who visit him. In December, 1881, he took another wife in the person of a widow named Barrett. This lady is a native of England, and became a convert several years ago. She came to Utah with five hundred other proselytes, and brought with her seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which she realized from the sale of her estates in England. This large sum of money was a morsel after which Brigham thirsted mightily, and he courted the widow by day and night, inside and outside the temple, but she would not wed him because there came to her ears many stories concerning the ill-treatment of women

in the President's harem. Taylor, however, conducted a more successful siege, for after battering the widow's ramparts for one year, she capitulated and the twain are now nine—the President having had seven wives before he took Mrs. Barrett. Inasmuch as by the Church obligations all wives are the servants of their husbands, holding their lives even by their lordly permission, President Taylor has thus made a princely acquisition to his fortune, besides getting a wife who has some indications of being both buxom and good-looking.

In painful contrast to the sumptuousness displayed by Taylor and all his council of Church bishops, are the working members who contribute their possessions so bounteously that the official drones may appear in lavish elegance. Nine-tenths of the communicants are wretchedly poor; in fact, their surroundings are little less than squalid; especially is this true of the farming class, nearly all of whom live in adobe huts, and subsist on a porridge of the meat rinds, as it were, left them after their tithings are paid.

It is in the country about Salt Lake that the evils of polygamy are most conspicuous, for there we find families living together like hogs. A man may have five or six wives and a score of children, yet they all frequently live together in a single room, and practice such undisguised sensuality that the children are raised up utterly destitute of the smallest spark of modesty or virtue. Is it strange that in such an indecent state of society every delicate and honorable sense of feeling is suppressed? Not only can licentiousness be charged to such people, but also incest, which becomes a natural product of this libidinous association. Here are two examples, from the thousands that might be cited, illustrative of polygamic marriages and indecent domestic associations:

In 1859, a family consisting of a mother and two young children arrived at Salt Lake City from Wales, the father remaining at home. The woman became the fourth wife of George Welles, a cousin of ex-Bishop Welles, and their daughters grew up to be handsome, proud ladies, refusing all polygamic offers. Some time during 1881 a young man went to Salt Lake City with a batch of converts from Shoreditch, in England, and being of a superior education, and a dashing sketch artist, he was

A RURAL POLYGAMOUS FAMILY.

received with open arms by the *elite* of Mormon circles, and became acquainted with Miss Rebecca Welles. They loved and were married shortly after, and it is now positively proved that they are brother and sister. They have a child, a bright, pretty girl. It appears that the father, after the wife deserted him to join Brigham Young and his flock, became the object of remark in his native town in Wales, and he migrated to Shoreditch, and there, assuming another name, married—and this young man is

his son by his second wife. The marriage of his mother to Welles changed her identity, and although, as has since become known, he knew of his step-sister being in the United States, he never knew of his step-mother's existence; and hence this horrible blunder, an offshoot of polygamy. Since this affair has become public there is proof that, living near Ogden, the old junction of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads, is a man named Joseph Saunders, who has not only married his own sister and had children by her, but has also married his mother's younger sister. This last matter came near being the subject of a public investigation four years ago, but Mr. Cannon, then a member of Congress, in some way suppressed it.

For some reason there is a prevalent opinion that Mormonism is disintegrating, and will soon become extinct through the cankering influence of its own fatal vices. This opinion obtains, doubtless, because it is the assertion of the Mormons themselves; they would fain create such a delusive impression in order to produce an apathy among their opponents. Many persons, strong in their opposition, are now saying, "Let the Mormons alone; their religion will become extinct in a very short time, without the enforcement of any law contemplating the suppression of polygamy."

Nothing is more fallacious than such a belief; indeed, it may be doubted if the Mormon Church was ever before so strong or flourishing as it is now, as will be seen by the facts I will here adduce:

During the past year, ending January 1, 1882, 4,903 emigrant converts arrived at Salt Lake City, from Europe, of which number 3,000 were women, and only 280 men who could read and write, fifteen being educated; 2,010 were from England, Scotland and Wales,

and the rest from Prussia. Missionaries are now at work in Sweden and Norway, and in April (1882) three apostles start for Russia.

The proportions in which foreign countries have contributed to Mormonism are shown in the following figures, which are compiled from the censuses of 1870 and 1880:

	1870.	1880.
Born in England	16,073	19,654
Born in Scotland	2,391	3,201
Born in Wales	1,783	2,390
Born in Ireland	502	1,321
Born in Denmark	4,967	7,791
Born in Sweden	1,790	3,750
Born in Norway	613	1,214
Born in Switzerland	509	1,040
Born in Germany	358	885

England, it will be seen, makes the chief contribution to Mormonism, and next to England come those Scandinavian countries to whose people the Anglo-Saxon stock is closely akin. The infrequency of Irish or German Mormons is very remarkable, and the Latin races of Europe never have been hospitable to Mormon missionaries.

This tabulated statement shows an increase of about thirty-four per cent. in the aggregate of foreign converts, while proselyting has been carried on in America with marvellous success. Reports shows that during last January more than three hundred converts were made by one Mormon missionary in Texas, while almost equal success has attended the apostles' labors in Georgia and Tennessee. In December last (1881) twelve more missionaries were sent out from Salt Lake to preach Mormon gospel in the States, and on the day of their departure, while attending services in the new tabernacle at Salt Lake, I heard reports from four missionaries just returned from abroad, in which it was declared by each, that at no period in the history of the Church was it so successful in adding new members as now.

On the following day, Monday, I had a lengthy interview with Joseph F. Smith, son of Hyrum, the prophet, and second counsellor to President Taylor, during which he admitted that the Church was in a flourishing condition, with a tithing collection of one million dollars annually, and an increase of about twenty-five hundred new members for the same time, in addition to the natural increase within the Church, which may be estimated by considering the following facts:

There are now one hundred and twenty thousand Mormons in Utah alone, and one-third of all the heads of Mormon families are practical polygamists. It is a common sight to see as many as forty children acknowledging one father, so that their propagating functions and condition make them, in one respect, the most populous people on the earth. This natural increase, by birth, is quite sufficient to prosper the Church, while it must be conceded that their missionaries, considering the number engaged, make more converts than the ministers of any other denomination. But the stakes of Zion are not alone planted in Utah, there being large and rapidly growing colonies of Mormons in Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Montana and Arizona; besides, there is scarcely a large city in the United States that does not contain a Mormon Church, which important fact, however, is not generally known. The total membership in the United States is now estimated to be about three hundred thousand.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORMON CLAIMS TO CHASTITY CONSIDERED.

THERE is a claim that might be set to music and played constantly in all Mormon tabernacles out of consideration for a needed change to make it less tiresome; at every service it is repeated, and in every discussion, when the argument begins to uncomfortably oppress a Mormon, he is sure to "bob up serenely" with the same stale, threadbare, a-million-times-repeated statement, that "Mormon women are more chaste than the females of any other denomination, and we are the purest minded people on earth."

George Q. Cannon, that great apostle of the Saints, who, in addition to having five wives, and a million of wealth, possesses a seat in the United States Congress, (or did until his disqualification was proved in March 1882,) delivered a discourse on "celestial marriage" in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake, October 9, 1869, in which, among many other equally false statements, he said:

"Another good effect of the institution here is that you may travel throughout our entire territory, and virtue prevails. Our young live virtuously until they marry. But how is it under the monogamic system? Temptations are numerous on every hand, and young men fall a prey to vice. An eminent medical professor in New York recently declared, while delivering a lecture to his class in one of the colleges there, that if he wanted a man twenty-five years of age, free from a certain disease, he would not know where to find him. What a terrible statement to make! In this community no such thing

exists. Our boys grow up in purity, honoring and respecting virtue; our girls do the same, and the great mass of them are pure. There may be impurities. We are human, and it would not be consistent with our knowledge of human nature to say that we are entirely pure, but we are the most pure of any people within the confines of the Republic. We have fewer unvirtuous boys and girls in our midst than any other community within the range of my knowledge. Both sexes grow up in vigor, health and purity."

If such a statement (which is repeated by every Mormon old enough to aspire to courtship) were suffered to go without denial, it might create some outside sympathy for the practice of polygamy. In the debate between Rev. J. P. Newman, formerly Chaplain of the United States Senate, now a New York minister, and Orson Pratt, on the "Bible and Polygamy," which occurred in Salt Lake City, August 12, 13 and 14, 1870, Dr. Newman was vanquished horse, foot and dragoons; not because Pratt was so much more learned, but because Dr. Newman did not consider polygamy and its effects in Utah, but expended all his ammunition in trying to prove that the Bible never sanctioned polygamy. Had he trained his batteries directly upon the crying abuse, the lecherous bishops, and the utter absence of virtue among Mormons, especially as thousands of examples were obtruding themselves upon him, he might have saved Christianity a signal defeat, and also avoided giving the Mormons an opportunity (through the distribution of printed tracts containing the debate) to illustrate how divinely ordained were all their institutions.

In contradistinction to the statement made by Mr. Cannon, I affirm that no people on earth are so lacking in virtue as the Mormons. It has also been stated a thou-

sand times that Salt Lake City contained no drinking saloons, poor houses or brothels. So far from this being true the place has at least fifty saloons and about twenty houses of ill-fame. There are no poor-houses in Salt Lake City supported by the Church, for the reason that when Mormons become unable to support themselves and contribute tithings, they are declared apostates and without the pale of ecclesiastical influence, so that poor-houses are not needed.

During my visit to the Saints' capital in Utah I was assured by many of the most prominent citizens of the place—Gentiles of course—that prostitution was more prevalent among Mormon than among Gentile girls, and that in proportion to population Salt Lake City had more private bawds than any other city in America. This statement I have no means of verifying, but in the course of my peregrinations after night in the place, chaperoned by a distinguished advocate, in estimating the number of prostitutes we met I found myself like the Indian who undertook to number all the white people of America by cutting a notch in a stick for each person he saw. All of these women were not Mormons, but nine-tenths of them had been, and were now in apostasy. I am assured that it is not regarded a crime for a Mormon woman to sacrifice her virtue to one in the Church, but should her illicit companion prove to be a Gentile the circumstances are so altered that she is excommunicated and perhaps given over to a horrible fate, unless she should have friends interested in her existence.

It would seem wholly superfluous to deny that the Mormons are specially virtuous in the face of a general admission of their polygamous practices. Can it be possible that the promiscuous indulgences of a father with a harem of women, all in the same room and before his

children, will not create immodesty and lead surely to a violation of virtue? All Mormons, it is true, are not so beastly in their polygamous relations, for there are some rich enough to maintain separate residences for their several wives; but there is still the example of jealousy between these women, and a betrayal of their realization that they are nothing more than concubines; in addition to all this, the literature which Mormon children are compelled to read, inculcating religious sentiments, cannot fail to suggest sensuality which youth is quick to comprehend. In fact, there is everything in polygamy to excite the passions of children as well as of men, and if these several influences do not induce promiscuity it is because nature is something different among Mormons to what it is among every other sect and race.

In conversation with an old man named Joseph L. Barfoot, curator of the Salt Lake Museum, I asked him if he were a polygamist, and if so, what were his conclusions concerning the propriety of plural marriages in general. I had already talked with him some time before propounding this question, and must confess that, although a Mormon, he is certainly a learned and profound man, for whose intelligence and frankness I will ever entertain a very high regard. He is evidently about seventy or more years of age, and badly afflicted with asthma, which two facts, operating in conjunction, might have influenced him to make such a candid answer to my inquiry, though I would not thus accuse him. Said he:

"I am living in polygamy, having two wives, but by neither of whom have I any children. A man at my age and station in life ought to be competent to answer your question fully, and I will do so in sincerity. I came to Utah from England, and have lived here since 1850; my first wife I married in the old country, and we lived very

happily together, so that I know what true domestic happiness consists of. After I became a Latter-day Saint, or Mormon—I don't care which you call it—a course of reasoning, not revelation, convinced me that polygamy was a law of nature. I did not stop and form my conclusion after first perceiving that all animals and fowls follow the law that gives one male to several females, for this reflection only suggested to me a consideration of the fact that the procreative functions of all males are greater than those of females, which I soon convinced myself was a wise provision, in that it permitted of a more rapid propagation of every species. I was next reminded of the physiological peculiarities of woman, the period of lactation after child-birth, and her seasons of physical disturbance, to which man is not subjected, but, on the contrary, remains always prepared by nature to fulfil the highest law. Beyond all this, which was fully satisfying to me as a justification for polygamy, I had the Church ordinance before me, which I regard as a holy injunction that concern for my salvation forbids me to disobey. These reasons led me to espouse another wife seventeen years ago, with whom I am still living, and during this time I have had an experience like nearly all other men living in a polygamic state. It must be admitted that plural wives engender more or less domestic discord, for women are naturally jealous, and generally of the nervous temperament, which induces rashness and many inconsiderate acts. My two wives have lived together in a degree of reconciliation, but yet I am astute enough to see that their condition has not been an entirely happy one; they have, however, always regarded the holy ordinance of polygamy as essential to their spiritual welfare, and have given me no occasion to feel discontented, for they have been both dutiful and devoted in all their relations

with me. But I must say this, and I am influenced to such a confession purely by the full understanding of female idiosyncrasies in their marital concerns, that if I had all my life before me, with the experience which is now mine, I would not marry more than one wife, for I am convinced that polygamy causes much unhappiness, and also prevents a proper discipline of children reared in such a mixture of families, where jealousy and bickering are a natural consequence."

I was somewhat astonished at the frank and comprehensive manner in which Mr. Barfoot answered my question, for it could hardly be expected that Mormons would so logically condemn their dearest institution. But I concluded to continue a similar investigation in higher circles of the Church, for either a confirmation or denial of the assertions which my learned friend had just made. I therefore proceeded directly to President Taylor's office, where my reception was very courteous by the private secretary of that exalted official. President Taylor was not in, having just returned from St. George, in Southern Utah, where he had the day previously celebrated his nuptials with the auriferous Widow Barrett; the baked meats or new relation had proved too much for him, and he was prostrated with some indisposition, the full nature of which I deemed it useless to inquire into. But the President's place was supplied by Joseph F. Smith, his chief representative, and a missionary named Barnes, who had lately brought a large party of new converts to Zion. With these I began a conversation, prefaced by Mr. Barfoot's confession, the name, however, not being disclosed. I was also careful to extol the commendable sincerity which induced so generously frank an answer to my inquiry, and, in a glowing panegyric on Mr. Barfoot, I anticipated any aggravated denial which Mr. Smith or Mr.

Barnes might have otherwise been disposed to make. A very short conversation with Joseph Smith, Jr., convinced me that he was anxious to avoid committing himself to

PRESIDENT TAYLOR, SUCCESSOR TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

any decided opinion, though he made no denial of Mr. Barfoot's correct interpretation of polygamy; pleading urgent business elsewhere, Mr. Smith left the room, and I then pressed an answer from Mr. Barnes. This gentle-

man is a resident of Idaho, and fills the position of husband to four hearty, good-looking women, so he said. He related a preliminary story similar to that already told me, but his conclusions were radically different. Said he:

"I went into polygamy, not because my sensual nature suggested it as a means for the gratification of the lowest desires, but because it is an institution of saving grace, just like the ordinance of baptism is to certain denominations the fulfilment of a divine law. I know it is popularly believed among our opponents that polygamists are actuated by the unholiest of passions, and that our religion is based upon subordinated virtue; it is this error that we have to contend with continually, and to it we have to acknowledge all the unfounded prejudice that so unreasonably prevails against us. We take more than one wife because all nature has set the example; because God ordained it by revelation to Joe Smith; because it is an ordinance established for the glorifying of mankind, and because by its practice women are raised up at the judgment day justified for fulfiling the law of multiplying and replenishing the earth, and having a desire unto their husbands. We have no disposition to conceal any of the operations of our divine laws, hence I do not hesitate to confirm what has already been told you concerning the discord which frequently obtains in polygamous families. But, because this is true, I do not consider it as an argument against polygamy any more than the fact that there are unhappy monogamic families argues against the marriage relation generally. Interference with the institution of marriage involves a subversion of the holiest relations and a disorganization of society; you may be united to a woman because there is a reciprocal endearment, but in consummating this relation you do not regard it as a re-

ligious duty; but with us marriages cannot be celebrated by justices of the peace or bishops, because we recognize in the union of man and woman a divine essence operating, hence our marriages are performed only by an established ecclesiastical ordinance and tribunal that impresses, as it were, with God's seal, the holy bonds.

"Suppose that Congress should enact some law—a bill of attainder it would necessarily be—dissolving by force all the polygamous relations now existing in our Church. Can you comprehend the result? Why, it would legislate into illegitimacy thousands of children now being supported by recognized parents, beside bringing dishonor upon other thousands of God-fearing and upright women. It would be as a brand of infamy upon the brow of our women and children, who are as guiltless of wrong as the converts to baptism are who undergo immersion. I cannot believe that a great nation like ours will ever conceive and exact such an iniquitous measure."

In these two conversations I have given the essence of the defence that Mormons put forward in their arguments to sustain polygamy. In the case of Mr. Barfoot, we have an acknowledgment that the fundamental principles of bigamous marriage are wrong, for he admits that with his present experience he would not again take more than one wife. Mr. Barnes, however, who is less than forty years of age, and therefore with the fires of his animal nature undiminished, declared that with his experience he would again go into the polygamous state, because he regards it as a religious condition. Here is a conflict of conclusions, which may readily be accounted for by considering the disparity of age between the two, and we are almost forced to accept this as a reason, because it so well accords with human nature. The manner in which Mormon wives are universally treated is sufficient of itself

to refute the idea that the Church established plural marriage as an ordinance necessary to salvation, for it has operated only to accomplish the subserviency and degradation of women, and excite a beastly lust among the men; more than this, polygamy does not appeal to the intelligence of women, who, indeed, reject it at heart, so that in spirit they are rebellious, and therefore cannot be justified for practicing it; in this, then, polygamy is not a virtue among women, even by the Mormons' own argument; for, doing a thing outwardly that the heart and conscience revolt at can never be regarded as a virtue, but rather a grievous sin.

Now, in answer to the affected abhorrence with which Mormons so piously declaim against any effort looking to the suppression of polygamy, on the ground that it would make Mormon wives mistresses of their husbands, and all offspring of such illegitimate children, let this fact be considered: There is a statutory law in this country against treason, which prescribes severe penalties for its commission; there are also laws in every State against bigamy, making it a felonious crime, and in its punishment the results, appertaining to mistresses or offspring, are never considered; so, also, a man who commits murder may be hung; in which case neither law nor society regards the stigma he may leave upon his family. If a religious sect should be established in this country that rendered up human sacrifices, in pursuance of their ordinances, the law would very properly apprehend those who officiated at such rites, and try them for murder, even though the victims had voluntarily, through religious fanaticism, proffered themselves subjects for the sacrifice. There is also another general law, viz.: against undue influence; a woman may be alienated from her husband through the influence of some relative or lover;

the law regards this as a misdemeanor, upon which a civil action for damages will lie; so, also, is there a like prohibition against every act that tends to the injury of society, whether the injury be perpetrated maliciously or in pursuance of some supposed revelation. We do not live in an age of revelations or miracles, and every Church, like every tub, must stand on its own bottom; it must also be judged like individuals, by its works, rather than its theories, for the roads to salvation appear so complex and variable in these latter days, that the Nation cannot afford to make discriminations in favor of any particular route.

Another fact which the Mormons construe favorable to their communistic licenses, is that they withdrew from the States and founded their institutions in a far distant territory, where they reasonably hoped molestation would not reach them. It is true that they made Utah blossom into fruitfulness, and have given many evidences of a satisfied and prosperous colony; for this, in the abstract, they deserve much credit, which I am far from withholding; but there is another fact in this connection which Mormons affect never to have discovered, yet it is one that the Nation must regard. While they isolated themselves so that their immediate examples were not obtruded upon civilization in the States, yet they have ever been ambitious for an extension of power, and to this end they have sent out missionaries who constantly scatter the seeds of abomination over the whole country. This Church, therefore, may be likened unto a man who withdraws from civilization and establishes himself in some remote nook of our great domain, and there prepares obscene literature which he manages to distribute through the mails. His position is isolated, but does that affect his influence for evil, so long as he employs

available means for utilizing his iniquitous occupation?

In the year 1851 the Mormons sought to make a State out of a part of Utah, to which they gave the name "Deseret," and then applied for admission into the Union. This application was rejected by Congress because of the practices which were well known to prevail among Mormons. Had the territory of Deseret been admitted as a State then the Saints would have declared their right to commonwealth sovereignty, and established themselves under State rights to inalienable privileges. They could have chosen their own legislatures and judiciary, so that no power of the Nation could have reached them; they might have murdered every Gentile that set foot in the territory, taken captive every female that trenched upon their soil, or, in short, committed any depredation not in conflict with the United States statutes, and yet escaped punishment; having their own courts and enacting their own laws, with no outside power of veto, they would have occupied a position so independent that who can estimate their influence for working evil in the Republic

By the refusal of Congress to admit Deseret as a State, which territory certainly had the required number of inhabitants, the Nation assumed to control absolutely the Territory of Utah, and hence Congress is directly chargeable with every demoralizing act committed by Mormons that is in conflict with the United States statutes. In 1862 there was a law passed by Congress making polygamy a felony, but for twenty years it has lain dormant through criminal negligence. In the National legislature there are now a score of bills contemplating the suppression of polygamy, because it is claimed that the Poland law of 1862 is not sufficiently comprehensive. But I undertake to say that Utah can be purged thoroughly by an

effective application of the law now in force. It is a universal cry that the great difficulty in the way of convicting these polygamists is in obtaining evidence to establish the proof of plural marriages. I am aware that no man can be forced to criminate himself, and that it is next to impossible to secure witnesses within polygamous households, through the incompetency of a wife's testimony, etc., but I also know that confession is competent evidence, and by a very little liberality of the courts, in admitting witnesses to testify to confessions made to them by polygamists, nearly every bigamist in Utah can readily be convicted.

So little regard have the Mormons for the law of 1862 that they publicly acknowledge their polygamous intercourse, and Geo. Q. Cannon has had the audacity to declare in Washington City that he has five wives. So it is with every official in the Church, every one of whom is a polygamist; they proclaim and are proud to admit their guilt. Are these confessions competent testimony? Most assuredly. Then why are there no convictions? Let the Government authorities make answer.

I am frank to admit that there might be some new remedies applied by Congress to cure the country of this polygamous cancer, without laying the Nation liable to a charge of oppression on account of religious belief. The Gentiles of Utah largely favor a government of the territory by a board of commissioners, to supersede the territorial legislature, with like powers as those that govern the District of Columbia. Such a remedy might be effective in eradicating polygamy from Utah, but a more universal panacea is required—one that will operate with the same effect in all the territories, for Mormonism is by no means confined to Utah.

Since the anti-polygamy agitation has assumed national

importance, there has been inaugurated in Salt Lake City a counter expression of sentiment that is stirring the Church with terrific force. Throughout the months of February and March (1882) daily meetings were held in the Tabernacle to denounce the prejudices of Gentiles, and apostles were sent out through all the territories with petitions asking Congress to leave the question of polygamy with the territorial legislatures; many Gentiles were influenced to sign this petition through threats of commercial ostracism should they refuse. But the active pillars of the Church did not rely wholly upon petitionary counteraction, for, understanding some of the more potent influences that act so specifically and effectually in Washington City, they commissioned four of the handsomest and most seductive women in the territory to proceed, under escort of several bishops having with them heavy money bags of the Church, to the National Capital and give Congress the benefit of their several persuasive means. These women are endowed by nature with an abundance of excellent attributes which well qualify them for lobbyists, while the bishops are authorized to buy all the poor Congressmen they may find for sale. Public indignation is so great against all Mormons, however, that even legislative knaves will be forced by it to do something to relieve our nation of the barbarous polygamous blot that now stains its escutcheon.

On the 14th of March (1882), what is known as the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy Bill passed both houses of Congress, a synopsis of which may be thus briefly stated: It is prospective as to plural marriages, and provides that any person who, in a territory, shall hereafter marry more than one wife, or husband, shall be deemed guilty of bigamy, and punished with a fine of $500 or imprisonment for five years; but it provides also that if any male person in a territory hereafter cohabits with more than one woman, he shall be guilty of misdemeanor and subjected to a fine of $300, or imprisonment for not less than six months. In prosecutions for bigamy, or unlawful cohabitation, it debars polygamists or persons living in unlawful cohabitation, from being jurymen; and it debars also persons who believe these practices right. It prohibits polygamists from voting and from holding office. It legitimates all children born of polygamous marriages prior to January 1, 1883.

The constitutionality of this law will undoubtedly be contested. There are other bills of like character still pending.

VIEW OF NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS.

NEGRO LIFE AND SUPERSTITIONS.

CHAPTER I.

COLORED LIFE IN ITS HAPPIEST PHASES.

THERE is a charm connected with the traditions of slavery days that rings in every Southerner's ears like a symphonius cadence, sighing with æolian swells, bringing up dreamy will-'o-the-wisps of other times, and sometimes starting tears of a sad remembrance. "Aunt Chloe" and "Uncle Joe" are personalities that seem now to be an incarnation of humble submission, patient devotion, sympathetic hearts, and all the good traits of human nature. Born and reared in the North, yet I have had enough of Southern association to comprehend all the peculiarities of that section; to me the colored race was always a delightful study; their freedom from mannerisms, joyous natures, religious fanaticism, and untutored ways, have always acted upon my senses like a beautiful picture that strikes the eye after it has wandered over a thousand dull pages of philosophical composition. Everything is estimated by comparison; a rose is beautiful beside a thistle, but it loses its loveliness when compared with the cereus; so, also, are rubies pretty, until their lustre fades before the diamond; human nature has its

comparisons no less striking, and more variable. A handsome face attracts our admiration, but an honest heart draws us like a magnet close in its embrace. It is with this conception of life in all its phases that I am drawn back, to revive in memory an attachment once cherished for Southern slaves, and to write of that race that has so much kinship with the primeval sons of man.

Every cotton-field and canebrake in that belt of semi-tropic States is like a romance of song and story; the very soil seems rich with melody, and moonlight nights were apparently made to remind us of the olden-time 'possum hunts, log house revivals, and grand frolics, which were a part of slave life as much as if the colored race had a patent right upon such amusements.

New Orleans has always been reckoned the negro Mecca, for those who have never visited that city are hoping to do so before they die. And this wish is quite a natural one, for where can be found so many things pleasing to the colored man's tastes and ambitions; rich planters, liveried servants, fine people, high stakes and everybody a gambler, steamboats lining the landing, with negroes covering the levee, while fun and frolic invite them at every corner; where the sun perpetually kisses an atmosphere of sensuous delight, and where all nature has formed a combination with industry to make a darkey paradise. "Where there are rich masters, negroes get second choice," *i. e.*, they are pretty sure to have a harvest of second-hand clothes; so, also, "a lucky gambler never forgets the servants." Everything, therefore, about New Orleans conspires to make the colored folks happy; for, with "dressed over" clothes, and plenty of company, little remains to complete their aspirations.

The place to study negro character under amusing circumstances is not in the cotton or sugar-cane field, or the

IN THE SUGAR-CANE FIELD.

usual pursuits followed in city or country, but at their revival meetings, which serve to bring out all latent nature as well as to illustrate their dominant passions, fervency, emotion, superstition and ambition. No other race of people can be so thoroughly agitated by religious enthusiasm, and yet the slaves rarely desecrated their worship by infamous sacrifices, such as their progenitors and original natives have always been guilty of. This advance to a merciful sentiment is, of course, due to an acceptance of the Christian doctrine, which has divorced all people from barbarity, though traces of primitive teachings and practices appear in all sects.

A religious revival among "colored folks," as they are pleased to call themselves, is generally a semi-annual occurrence and usually becomes a literal feast of both soul and body. I have attended hundreds of these enthusiastic meetings, and many times have been spiritually moved by the earnest, impassioned, soul-stirring eloquence of the colored preachers, who appear to speak through an inspiration that pervades their entire audience.

I call to mind a service of this character held in a large tabernacle that stood some years ago—and perhaps still stands—in the western suburbs of New Orleans. I chanced to be in the city at the time, and attended through a curiosity which I have always exhibited for the ways and superstitions of the black people. It was evening service, and knowing there would be a large attendance I went early so as to obtain an eligible position for hearing the sermon and also watching the audience. White folk are always heartily welcomed by negroes, and I was given such courteous attention that my sense of obligation became burdensome. After taking a seat to the right of the pulpit, I watched the stream of people as they filed in, which presented such grotesque features

that but for the sacred occasion, and profuse kindness I had received, nothing could have restrained a demonstration of my amusement. A majority of the congregation appeared to be women of monstrous proportions, decked out in a fluttering apparel of red bandanna handkerchiefs for millinery, and vallance curtain goods for dresses. Their ambling gait, too, added to a *tout ensemble* that was at once highly colored, rose-watered and weirdly ludicrous; many of these rolling, well fatted females carried children in their arms, and if there is anything in nature more whimsically grotesque than a negro baby it has never fallen under my observation. The large room soon filled with a gathering of colored people of all ages and descriptions, when quiet having succeeded, a blessed old soul of about seventy winters, with bald crest, green eye-goggles, and high pointed collar, arose with great dignity and said:

"Bredren and sistern: I will read fo' yo' enlightenment dis ebening, from Isayah, chaptah XVIII, consarnin' yo' anshant country, Ethiopia, as follows:

"'1. Woe to de lan' wid wings, which is beyond de ribbers ob Ethiopia:

"'2. Dat sendeth ambassadors by de sea, eben in vessels ob bullrushes upon de waters, sayin', Go, ye swift messenjahs, to a nation scattered and *peeled*, to a people terribel frum dar beginnin' hiderto; a nation meted out an' trodden down, whose lan' de ribbers hab sp'iled.

"'3. All ye inhabitants ob de world, an' dwellers on de yearth, see ye, when he lifteth up an ensign on de mountains; an' when he bloweth a trumpet, hear ye.

"'4. Fo' de Lawd said unto me, I will take my rest, an' I will considah my dwellin' place like a clar heat upon yarbs, an' like a cloud ob dew in de heat ob harvest.

"'6. Fo' afore de harvest, when de bud is parfeck, an'

de sour grape is ripenin' in de flowah, he shall cut off de sprigs wid prunin' hooks, an' take away an' cut down de branches.

"'6. Dey shall be left togeddah unto de fowls ob de mountains, an' to de beasts ob de yearth: an' de fowls shall summer on dem; an' all de beasts ob de yearth shall winter on dem.

"'7. In dat time shall de present be brought to de Lawd ob hosts ob a people scattered an' *peeled*, an' from a people terribel from dar beginnin' hiderto; a nation meted out an' trodden under foot, whose lan' de ribbers hab sp'iled, to de place ob de name ob de Lawd ob hosts, de mount ob Zion.'"

Having concluded reading the chapter, the minister bowed his head reverently, saying, "Let us all unite in a talk wid God," whereupon he delivered himself of the following practical prayer:

"Oh, Lawd, dese ar awful times among de people, 'case dey has bin a wrastlin' wid sin jis' like two niggers what is a tryin' to trow one anudder; and dey has got so well acquainted wid de debbil dat dey treat him to water-millions all week days and feed him on roast turkey ebery Sunday. Oh, Lawd, come down in dy obsarwations, right inter de middle of dis congregation, for de debbil is here a leanin' ob his head on de breastes ob de women and a pickin' juber in de years ob de men. Come down, oh, Lawd, and cotch dis debbil by his crotch and fling him outen dis house, and show dis people dat you got a muscle in yo' arm stronger dan de back-spring ob a mule's hine legs. Help yo' sarvint to open de eyes ob dese niggers and show 'em de plains ob Abraham, for dey can't see no fudder dan a blin' man leadin' ob a dog in day-time, but make dar way straight to de hen-roosts at night. Pour out dy oil, oh Lawd, on dar heads, and

grease 'em well, for de way dey is a goin' on now dey will find de gate ob hebben so small dat dey got 'o be mighty slick to squeeze froo; frow dy lasso about dar necks an' yank 'em into de fold ob Jesus, for dey is like a flock ob sheep what has lost dar bell-wedder, an' ar a jumpin' about like a lot ob grasshoppers skared up by a ginny hen. Bress dy sarvint, and make all dose what hears him git down on dar morry bones in prawer, an' keep 'em dar until dey let go ob de debbil. Show 'em de fire ob hell-fire, an' den turn dar eyes up to dem golden gates what stan's wide open to de chariot road dat leads straight froo de orchawd to dy big house, an' to dee we ar a gwine to gib all de gelory. AMEN."

During prayer the congregation were all on their knees, and at frequent intervals gave expression to their spiritual agitation by groans of "Amen!" "gelory!" "bress de Lawd!" "dat's so!" etc. There was considerable flutter occasioned by arising from their devotions, so the minister waited some while for quiet to be restored, after which he gave out a familiar hymn by lines, which was sung with much feeling and melody. He then proceeded with his discourse by again referring to the Bible chapter he had read, which he took as a text, and proceeded to preach upon it as follows:

"Fo' de 'struction ob dis audience I will say, dat Ethiopia is de nation dat once belonged to de colored people; it is de place whar all yo' gran'fadders youst to lib, fo' you recommembah whar de good book says dat de Ethiopian cayn't change he skin. Ob course he cayn't, kase nigger was made by de Lawd in de dark ob de moon, befoah dah war any sun, or stars in de hebbens; but de white man, he war made awfter de sun got up above de trees on he fust roun', so dat he complexshun war mighty different; but you all know whar de good book

says ag'in dat de fus' shall be las', and de las' shall be fus', so dis is why niggers is now behin' de white folks; but it sha'n't make no difference wid dis people awfter Gabriel turns de corner ob hebben blowin' ob his horn to wake all de dead; goin' under de groun' bleaches nigger like whitewash, so dat in de las' day ob de resurrection nobody can tell nigger from white man, kase dey is all alike.

"Yo' will obsarve by a readin' ob de tex' dat de Lawd promises woe to dem niggers what goes out to sea in dog-boats, skiffs an' canoes made outen bullrushes, bekase nobody but de debbil would temp' any body to de foolishness ob tryin' sich a little boat 'mong de big waves ob de ocean. But what de Lawd means in dis obsarwation is, dat when nigger er white man tries to do mor'n dar eddication has provided fer, den dey is shore to git swamped, and de debbil will ketch 'em as dey sink.

"Now yo' know dat all Ethiopia war trodden down under de foot ob mankynd, 'kase we is a standin' right squar' on de fac', but I tell you dar haint many what knows how de ole folks, yo' gran'fadders ob posterity, suffered in dem olden times when Abr'am war totin' watah an' a feedin' calfs fo' Laban. In dem days de niggers got so wicked, jist about like yo' all is now, dat he bro't de Isra'lites down on 'em. An' what did dey do? W'y, dey jist kotched dem bad colored people an' hung 'em up by de jaw on long hooks; den dey strung 'em on a ridge-pole like hogs, an', de great Lawd, how de Isra'lites did *peel* dem niggers! Ouch! it makes de skin crawl all 'roun' on my back now, an' I can feel de knife a rippin' down my body, an' de pinchers a pullin' at de strips jes' like skinnin' a catfish. But law, w'y dat haint nuffin to what de Lawd hab consaberated fo' yo' folks dat ar still in de back-yard wid de debbil. Yaas, yo' t'ink de

debbil am a mighty good fellah now, 'kase he haint showed yo' his toastin' fork nor his gridir'n yet, but a-hin' yo' back he is a smackin' ob his lips an' a sayin':

"'Good, good! yah, yah! dar's lots ob grease in dem niggers, an' dey'll make fine soap to wash up de blood on hell's floah.'

"Afore nex' harvest how many ob you stiff-necked sinners will dar be left wid a chance fo' fo'gib'ness? How many will dar be still a eatin' sour grapes on de outside ob hebben, an' refusin' to walk into God's orchawd whar you don't need no long pole nor step-ladder to gedder de sweet fruit?

"Dem what rejects de gospel, an' spits in de Lawd's face, like you uns am a doin', will be left like de good book says, to fatten de fowls ob de mountains, an' de beasts ob de yearth; you'll be *peeled* by de hand ob God Almighty, an' yo' bones froun down to de debbil, who will burn yo' soul wid dem. Den, when de trumpet blows, you'll raise up on yo' elbow in hell an' say: 'Hyar, Lawd, sen' down a laddah, fo' my finger-nails ar all wown off a scratchin', an' I cayn't git out.'

"But de Lawd will answer, wid a frown on his face like a alligator's in cold wedder: 'Lay down dar, you black niggers, in dem coals ob fiah; dey haint no hawp up hyar fo' you to blow on, an' 'sides, only decent folks is allowed in de kingdom. Gib 'em some moah hot lead to drink, Mr. Debbil, 'case I specks dey is a gittin' pooty dry.'

"Now, I wants to know what you all comes hyar fo'; did you fellahs over dar in de lef' wing jist come 'long to help de gals fin' dar way to meetin'? and did you ole folks, what ought to hab one foot in de grave and de udder in hebben, come 'long jist to see how de young folks do dar coatin'? Ef you did, look out fo' de blasts

ob hell, fo' de debbil is a fixin' a mighty big 'splosion under yo' feet an' he's gwine to touch it off some day when de Lawd haint a lookin'. When de blow out do come it am a gwine to send you up jist high 'nough to see hebben and de angels, den you gwine to fall so hard dat you break clar froo to de debbil's stampin' groun', whar you'll light into de center ob a mighty furnace what's so hot dat it'll sco'ch a fedder a mile off.

"But ef you is a comin' hyar to fin' de Lawd, den look out fo' de golden chariot; it's jist comin' roun' de corner like a steamboat race on de Massassippi, wid one niggah sittin' on de safety-valve an' all de roustabouts firin' up wid bacon an' rosum. Look out! I can hyar de wheels a rattlin' an' Jesus is hollerin' to de lead hosses; now is de time, bress de Lawd, de day ob salvation hab come, an' de hawp of Zion is playin' Dixie fo' de colored people. Sing, bredren, sing, an' let Jesus know dat dar is a car-load ob sinners hyar a emptyin' ob dar guilt into de bilin' kettle ob repentance. Don't let de chariot go by widout hailin' ob it; open de doah and de windahs dat de angels can get in to dis temple. I heah de trumpet blowin'; good Lawd, come in, 'case you is welcome an' we is all a waitin' fo' a seat in de chariot dat rolls 'long by all de meetin' houses; don't forgit us 'case we's niggers, fo' our hearts is washed in de blood ob de lam'."

During this exhortation the congregation went into hysterics, singing:

"Oh, de Lawd has cotch me under de arm;
Gelory, hallelugerum;
Oh, he gwine to take me off'n dis farm;
Gelory, bress de Lam';
No more cotton pickin' or hoein' in de cane;
Gelory, hallelugerum:

I'se gwine up to hebben an' I'll nebber come down agin,
Gelory, bress de Lam'.

"Oh, I hear de golden chariot, hits a comin' arter me;
Gelory. hallelugerum;
De Lawd is mighty good, kase he gwine to set me free;
Gelory, bress de Lam';
Oh, dis niggah is so happy, a climbin' Zion's hill;
Gelory, hallelugerum;
Dat his body keep a swayin' and his feet he cayn't keep still;
Gelory, bress de Lam'.

"Good bye, good bye, I'll meet you in de mawnin';
Jesus am a callin', I cannot stay away;
I feel de wings a sproutin' an' my feet dey cannot stay;
So I'se gwine to de kingdom, I'se gwine to de kingdom, I'se gwine to de kingdom in de chariot to-day."

This song, which, in some of the lines, appeared impromptu, filled the tabernacle with a weird and vociferous melody that brought every one of the congregation into a state of paroxysmal exaltation. While some were carrying the air with real musical concord, others became hysterical and shouted with a gusto almost deafening. The minister, after exhorting his people for half an hour, sank back on an old chair in the pulpit apparently exhausted. His place, however, was immediately supplied by two ancient women, who mounted the dais and exhibited such overwhelming zeal that a new spiritual afflatus seized the audience; men and women threw themselves recklessly into the arms of each other without regard for age or sex, while others dropped upon their knees and set up the wildest harangues for divine mercy, screaming out such exclamations as: "I see de Lawd;" "Oh, had I de wings ob a June bug to fly away to hebben;" "Hebben hab opened de doors to me;" "Hear de angels sing;" "Dar's joy in de kingdom to-day;" "Look out fo' me, Lawd, 'case I'se a coming," etc.

"GLORY HALLELUJAH!"

Such confusion I never before saw, and for a time there was some doubt in my mind concerning the propriety of longer remaining and taking the chances of being smothered in the embrace of one or more female corporations, or drowned in the profuseness of perspiration that streamed from excited bodies. But my curiosity suppressed these fleeting anxieties, and I remained until the service and agitation were concluded. After an hour or more of this religious frenzy, the old preacher admonished his audience to subside for a while, as he wished for those who really felt a change of heart, and desired religion, to come forward, when he would record their names for baptism. I was astonished to see less than a dozen candidates respond to this call, for, judging them entirely by the signs they gave of a violent mental condition, I expected to see the entire congregation go piling over each other in a scramble for first place. Order was restored out of chaos so quickly that it appeared like a transformation scene on a moving canvas making sunshine succeed a storm.

After the congregation was dismissed my surprise greatly increased as I noticed a general levity seize upon young and old alike; tears, groans, prayers, and frenzy gave place to the merriest laughs, plantation melodies, and even profane allusions to some of the scenes just enacted. Yet I can have no doubt that every one of those confessed sinners were sincere in all their protestations of repentance; but the chariot did not stop, and upon dismissal their ebullient feelings had entirely worked off, leaving life as practical and austere as before.

CHAPTER II.

OLD MEMORIES, AND NEGRO HOE-DOWNS.

To those who visit the South in these later years, none of the old-time negro characters and surroundings will appear; this new age has obliterated many landmarks of slavery and substituted distinctive characteristics, none of which will apply to the slaves, or plantation life before the war.

Every Southerner that has been reared to manhood under the genial sunshine that embalms the atmosphere of his native clime with perennial warmth, looks upon New Orleans as the queen city, that should by right wear a crown of purest excellence and supremest sovereignty. Those who have passed the meridian of their lives under such a canopy of perpetual summer, now doze away the long days in arm-chairs, upon ample porches, where they can dream of those old times when cotton and sugar-cane were kings that enriched the South like the horn of Amalthæa; store-houses filled with provisions, plantations bursting with rich harvests, and merry slaves making the air musical with their labor songs.

Oh, those wondrous days, when wine, cards, revelry and good-fellowship made everything happy. The Mississippi River was flecked with steamers either loaded to their guards, or running light in a race for $20,000, $50,000 or $100,000.

The big balls given in New Orleans are memories that can never fade; such gorgeous wardrobes, magnificent halls, and a profusion of wealth as dazzling as ever magician called into being. Beauty lent its enchantment to

these occasions, and only such melting loveliness as the semi-tropics can create: warm, mellifluent, Parian, opalescent complexions and Hebean development that draws the fire of enthusiastic love, and makes such women sweeter than the angels; with natures, too, that feed upon the atmosphere, sensual with tropical response and giving an exhalation of aromatic sensitiveness that dips the darts of love with modesty.

Will a Southerner ever forget the grand dinners, wine-suppers, card parties, and gay companionship that once made the old St. Charles Hotel famous? How many hearts have been lost and won in that quaint hostelry no one may ever know; how many duels had their beginning at the social congregations in this rare old caravansary none can approximate. Yet grand, dear memories cluster like a tiara of diamonds about the very name worn by the old St. Charles, and it glitters through a long vista of years with that dancing shimmer that moonbeams cast on the restless sea.

Negroes, as well as rich planters, will remember how much there is in New Orleans to awaken reminiscences of the *ante-bellum* times, before war began its terrible ravages through the fairest grounds and most sacred places that once hallowed the South.

There was nothing so delightsome to the colored people in those olden times as an exhibition of their skill in dancing, picking the banjo, and singing. It is a singular fact, however, that nearly all the popular songs, those rare melodies that have kept their place in the hearts of blacks and whites alike, were the product of Northern men. "Suwanee River," "Bob Ridley," "The Slave of Tennessee," "Those Cruel, Agonizing Slavery Days," "Yellow Rose of Texas," "Old Uncle Ned," etc., are all, I believe, emanations of Northern song makers, the

OLD FRENCH MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.

greatest of all being Stephen A. Foster, of Pittsburgh, who died several years ago. These songs have served to make the negro race distinct in the South, for nowhere else do we hear them sung with such fervency and eloquent melody.

One of the old and most memorable buildings of New Orleans, that has been a resort for colored people during the past forty years or more, is the old French Market, situated near Jackson Square. It was built long before slavery was thought to be in danger of extermination, and therefore through most of its existence the Market has been essentially a meeting-place for negroes, buying for themselves and their masters. It is still an object of curiosity to strangers visiting New Orleans, for it is particularly suggestive of old times in the South.

It is said that dancing is a creation of Fetish barbarity, and that it became an amusement among civilized people through introduction by invading hosts from Europe. Of this fact there is little doubt, but from an unholy, sacrificial ceremonial, dancing has been elevated to a peerage with the most delightful amusement. It is one thing to see white people in mazy, conventional graces on a ball-room floor, which is called dancing, but quite a different association of the term is applicable in defining the genuine, old-time negro frolic; the difference may be designated by using the term "amusement" for one, and "rollicking fun" for the other. In dancing, as in all other delectable employments, the colored race is transcendentally superior, if we may form a judgment upon the amount of delicious pleasure extracted. A white man and his partner, hampered by rules of etiquette, introduce themselves in the ball-room by a querulous, mannerish obeisance, and "balance all" with a studied haughtiness that becomes strangers not anxious for acquaintance.

But negroes appreciate the bright side of life in a manner that demonstrates their determination to draw out every possible drop of sweetness the occasion may be made to produce. "Honah to yo' pardners" means a broad grin and a hearty shake that establishes an intimacy through the entire set, and at the next call, "balance all," every heel shows to "big" advantage; no sliding and posing like a lot of tobacco signs shoved around the room on rollers, for the music and the occasion throw a negro's soul into his feet which at once set up an agitation as though they were possessed of a spiritual outpouring; there is rhythm, too, in every motion, while joyous exaltation completes a picture of pleasure that no artist or conception can exaggerate.

"Listen when I call de figgers! Watch de music es you go!
Chassay forrard! (Now look at 'em! some too fas' an' some too slow!)
Step out when I gibs de order; keep up eben wid de line;
What's got in dem lazy niggers? Stop dat stringin' out behin';
All go forrard to de center! Balance roun' an' den go back!
Keep on in de proper 'rection, right straight up an' down de crack!
Moobe up sides an' mind de music; listen when you hyar me speak!
(Jes' look at dem Pea Ridge niggers, how dey's buckin' 'gin de Creek!)
Dat's de proper action, Sambo! den you done de biznis right!
Now show 'em how you knocked de splinters at de shuckin' t'udder night;
Try to do your lebbel bes', an' stomp it like you use to do!
Jes' come down on de 'Flat Creek step' an' show de Ridge a thing or two!
Now look at dat limber Jonah tryin' to ketch de fancy fling!
(Who ebber seed a yaller nigger dat could cut de pidgin-wing?)
Try dat lick ag'in, dar, Moses; tell you what dat's hard to beat!
How kin sich a little nigger handle sich a pile o' feet?)

AN OLD FASHIONED NEGRO DANCE.

Swing yo' co'nahs! Turn yo' pardners. 'Pears de motion's gittin' slow.
What's de matter wid de music? Put some rosum on dat bow!
Moobe up, Tom—don't be so sleepy! Let 'em see what yo' kin do!
Light off in de 'gra'-vine-twis' an' knock de 'double-shuffle,' too!
Gosh! dat double-j'inted Steben flings a hifalutin hoof!
He kicks de dus' plum out de planks an' jars de shingles on de roof!
Steady, now, an' check de motion! Let de fiddler stop de chune!
I smell de 'possum froo de crack, an' supper's gwine to call you soon!
De white folks come it mighty handy, waltzin' roun' so nice an' fine;
But when you come to reg'lar *dancin'*, *niggers leabes 'em way behin'!*"

CHAPTER III.

NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS—VOUDOUISM.

SUPERSTITION is a shackle about the reason of every race that can never be broken; it maintains itself not alone among barbarous people, but also clings about the abode of those most enlightened. It is, therefore, least surprising that the negro race should be especial votaries to superstition, since it grows most rank among those whose intelligence has not been fostered by a training of the understanding and reasoning powers. As our remote ancestors saw God in every lightning's flash, and heard his angry voice in each thunder peal, so do those yet

lingering in the valley of superstition look to the operation of occult forces and supernatural agencies. This feeling exists among all classes in degrees, but the negroes are particularly impressionable, for the reason that cause and effect are not understood by them as corollaries of nature.

All religions are interesting in their relations to nature, and are generally pantheistical in conception, conflicting and confounding God with his works, and, as a consequence, antagonizing their own understanding. If this truth be admitted—it cannot be disproved—an intelligent people can charitably pardon the weird ceremonies, and barbarous sacrifices which distinguish religious observances among a race occupying the very back-yard of human reason and intuition.

Negro worship is as variable as climate and association, both of which have a potent influence upon character. This fact is observed by regarding the contrast which is presented between the colored people of the North and those in the South. Under conditions which support all the inherent qualities and peculiarities of the race, which are supplied by a warm climate and intensified by a preserved ignorance, the Southern negroes hold fast to those rites which first obtained in Africa. A constant immigration of colored people, kidnapped into slavery, caused a transfusion of Fetish ceremonies, to which were added, from time to time, other formularies that were embodied into all the quaint ordinances recognized by slave worship. By this amalgamation we have what is known as Voudouism, a species of religious superstition that appeals directly to occult laws and stands wholly upon a basis of supernaturalism.

It is so singular as to be unaccountable why the term "Voudou" is omitted from all dictionaries and ency-

clopedias; no book of general reference, so far as I have consulted, contains any allusion to this strange worship, notwithstanding the fact that it comprehends a subject of rare interest, and is universally recognized as an established form of belief and practice throughout the Southern States, while it also has many followers among the colored people of the North.

A disposition has been manifested by some writers who claim a Southern parentage, to discredit the prevalence of Voudouism, but whatever influence actuates such pretensions, I am prepared to prove that this religious worship is in no sense isolated; but, on the other hand, it has thousands of subjects even in this day who hold Voudou carnivals at stated intervals in every Southern State, and no well-informed person of that section will contradict the assertion.

An old gentleman, once a wealthy planter, living in Plaquimine parish, Louisiana, gave me a most realistic description of a Voudou celebration he attended near New Orleans when a boy. His narrative, besides being interesting, was so instructive that it is particularly applicable in this connection. Said he:

"I am more or less familiar with the superstitions of colored people, having spent half of a long life among them. I had many opportunities to attend Voudou ceremonies, but a feeling of dread deterred me for some time, when at last I was persuaded to subordinate dread to curiosity; this was many years ago, I think in 1825, but I distinctly remember everything that occurred on that occasion, as though it had been yesterday. I must tell you how I was induced to attend.

"My acquaintance with them '*de visu*' occurred in this wise: We had a servant from an island of the West Indies—a mulattress, and very intelligent. Phœbe was a

mystic—a soul of Huldah the Prophetess. Phœbe, too, entertained a queenly contempt for the quiet house-born and house-taught 'niggers,' and lost no opportunity of impressing them with awe and astonishment at her superiority. Our house, like many others in New Orleans at that time, had a long hall or entry running through it, and which furnished the principal mode of ingress or egress for its inmates. The door of this hall was rigidly locked at the nine-o'clock gun, and the key put in my hand, as I was the first one of the family up to open the corridor-gate, that the house-servant might get water from the early water-carrier, and the cook go to market for her daily supply of provisions.

"One evening old Phœbe came wheedling around me, and said:

"'Little master, you keep the key of the corridor. Please let me out to-night after nine o'clock. You sit up till ten at your lessons, and you can let me out, and no one will know.'

"'Why don't you ask father for a pass?' I answered.

"'Well, I couldn't tell him where I want to go, because I must stay out late, so I thought that if you would open the gate for me, and go with me, you would be the good pass, and we would come back before daylight.'

"'But where do you want to go, Phœbe?'

"'Well, little master, I can't tell you; but you come with me, and you will see. Look as much as you choose where we are going, but speak, 'No!'

"I was fifteen years old, and not a model boy by any means. The savor of forbidden fruit was delicious to my palate, and when old Phœbe addressed herself to my love of mystery and spirit of daring, she had me soul and body. So at ten o'clock, the family all retired, I put up my books and hurried to the door, where I found Phœbe

waiting, dressed in white, and we sallied forth into the lovely June night.

"It was the Eve of St. John. Two blocks from the house we met the gendarmes, who halted us; but I had my answer ready. I was going to my grandmother's, and my servant was accompanying me. We passed all the large streets, and when we reached the last from the river, Phœbe took the lead and I followed in the darkness through all kinds of alleys and undefined ways. At last, at the extreme limits of the city, we reached an empty square, inclosed in a cypress picket-fence fully ten feet high. I recognized the spot. It was an abandoned brick-yard, in which we boys had been in the habit of catching crawfish in the brick-pits.

"The house of the owner of the brick-yard, much dilapidated, was still standing, and there were six or seven cabins around it. When we reached the middle of the fence, I found that the large gate through which the brick-carts had once passed had been boarded up, but next to it was a small gate, behind which, on entrance, I discovered a hut. On a peculiar knock of Phœbe's, the small gate opened and a very old negro confronted her.

"She whispered a few words to him, and he spread back the door.

"When he saw me, however, held by the hand by Phœbe, he pushed the door forward, saying:

"'Qui ci ca?' (Who is that?).

"'Qui ca fe toi?' answered Phœbe, in the negro-French *patois*. 'To ici pou garde la porte' (What is that to thee? Thou art here to watch the gate alone).

"The man stood irresolute.

"'I tell thee I have no account to render to thee, thou knowest well!'—Phœbe was getting furious.—'Let me pass on with my little master!'

"He drew back, and we stumbled on to a spot from which I could discern a very dim light struggling its feeble way through a double row of oleanders and altheas. We reached a cottage, and, by the same mysterious knock, the door was opened, and we were received by an aged negress, whose face was familiar to me as that of the 'cala-woman,' from whom I had often bought that dainty. She was known by the name of Sanite Dede. Her first salutation to Phœbe was—

"'To oini ben tard a soir. To t'e bien connain nous gagne pou fè quat voudous a soir.' (Thou hast come late to-night, yet thou knowest well we have four *voudous* to make).

"'Non,' said Phœbe, 'mo t'e pas capable gagnen ein passe, mo maitre.' (I couldn't come earlier, because I couldn't get a pass from master).

"'E ben comment t'o vini donc?' (Well, then, how did you come?)

"'Mo menein mo tit maitre avec moi, et nous passe tou zendarme la.' (I brought little master with me, and we passed all those gendarmes).

"'Cote li ye?' (Where is he?)

"Thinking it was time to assert my own dignity, I stepped from behind Phœbe. The old woman threw up her arms.

"'What! thou here?' (I will spare you the *patois*).

"'Yes,' I answered, 'Phœbe has told you the story. I have come with her, and I don't intend leaving her a minute—mind me, Dede—until she is ready to go back with me.'

"The old hag cast a furious look at Phœbe and muttered to herself. At last she drew a three-legged stool to me and said, harshly, 'Sit down there!'

"This did not suit me. I was beginning to be fright-

ened at what I had done. How did I know but that all this was a deep-laid plot, and that Phœbe was about to run away, and had used me to get through the city guard? Wherever Phœbe went there would I follow; so I stood sturdily by the door. The two women consulted for a moment in a whisper, and then Dede said, aloud, 'Do as thou pleasest.'

"At this moment I heard a dull, weird sound rising on the stillness of the night, and creeping through the house where we stood.

"'Hearest thou?' said Dede; 'that is the call, and we must go.'

"As we went forth, I saw a long building, some forty feet in length by twenty in width, which I recognized as the great brick shed. When used for that purpose one of the four sides had been left open to admit carts. That was now closely boarded in, and, as we approached, I could see a crowd of white phantoms issuing from the cabins around, and making their way toward the shed.

"An entrance-door was opened at the call of Dede, and I witnessed a scene which, old as I am, no passage of years can ever dim. The first thing which struck me as we entered was a built-up square of bricks at the upper and lower end of the shed, on each of which was burning a fierce fire, casting a lurid light over the scene. Along the four sides of the parallelogram of the building, were sconces, with lighted dips placed at equal distances, which barely added to the darkling light of the two pyres. On the initiated who had already come in, and on those who were then thronging the shed, the combined light of fire-stack and tallow-dip falling on their white garments made an unearthly, fantastic picture, such as Dore to-day would have delighted in. I began to understand where I was, and, though no coward, I can tell you I shuddered

THE VOUDOU MEETING IN THE OLD BRICK-YARD.

when I thought of all I had heard of Voudou rites. Each man and woman had a white kerchief tied around the forehead, though the heads of the latter were covered by the traditional Madras handkerchief, with its five, nay, with its *seven* artistic points, upturned to heaven.

"In a little time the company, some sixty in all, had assembled. There were males and females, old and young, negroes and negresses—handsome mulattresses and quadroons. With them half a dozen white men and two white women.

"In one of the corners of the upper pyre Phœbe assigned me a place. Near where I stood was an oblong table about eight feet in length and four in width. On its right end stood a black cat, and on its left a white one. I thought them alive, and, having a certain fondness for cats, stretched out my hand to stroke the nearest. The touch, that most philosophical of all the senses, soon satisfied me that they were fine specimens of negro taxidermy. Admirably stuffed they were, too. In the centre of the table there was a cypress sapling, some four feet in height, planted in the centre of a firkin or keg. Immediately behind the cypress, and towering above it, was a black doll with a dress variegated by cabalistic signs and emblems, and a necklace of the vertebræ of snakes around her neck, from which depended an alligator's fang encased in silver.

"At the side of this table I recognized an old negro by the name of Zozo, well known in New Orleans as a vender of palmetto and sassafras roots; in fact, he had a whole pharmacopœia of simples and herbs, some salutary, but others said to be fatal.

"He seemed to be the corypheus of these unhallowed rites, for the signal of the beginning of the work came from him. He was astride of a cylinder made of thin

cypress staves hooped with brass and headed by a sheep-skin. With two sticks he droned away a monotonous ra-ra-ta, ra-ra-ta-ta, while on his left sat a negro on a low stool, who with two sheep shank-bones, and a negress with the leg-bones of a buzzard or turkey, beat an accompaniment on the sides of the cylinder. It was a queer second to this satanic discord. Some two feet from these arch-musicians squatted a young negro vigorously twirling a long calabash. It was made of one of our Louisiana gourds a foot and a half long, and filled with pebbles.

"At a given signal the four initiates formed a crescent before Dede, who was evidently the high priestess or Voudou queen. She made cabalistic signs over them, and sprinkled them vigorously with some liquid from a calabash in her hand, muttering under her breath.

"She raised her hand and Zozo dismounted from his cylinder, and from some hidden receptacle in or behind the large black doll, drew an immense snake, which he brandished wildly aloft. I cannot at this distance of time recall to what species the serpent belonged; I only remember its vivid colors, showing like glistening red and black lozenges in the lurid, waning light of pyre and sconce.

"This snake Zozo handled with the mastery of Psylli, those charmers of serpents on the burning sands of the African Syrtis, of whom Pliny tells us. He talked and whispered to it. At every word the reptile, with undulating body and lambent tongue, seemed to acknowledge the dominion asserted over it. In the meantime, with arms crossed and reverent eyes, the initiates had now formed a crescent around Zozo. He now compelled the snake to stand upright for about ten inches of its body, and, like the deadly Naia which figures as a head-piece to Egyptian Isis, its head was horizontally laid. In that

position Zozo passed the snake over the heads and around the necks of the initiates, repeating at each pass the words which constitute the name of this African sect, 'Voudou Magnian.'

"Hardly was this last ceremony over when a long, deep howl of exultation broke from every part of the shed. Zozo back to his tam-tam, his accompaniers right and left, and the gourd musician with his rattle. A banjo player, too, sprang up, and pandemonium was unloosed.

"In the twinkling of an eye, on little brick foundations, boards were laid for a supper-table. The very oldest and ugliest of the tribes of Congos, Minas, Gangas, and Hibous, seemed to have been delegated to prepare and attend, as at the Eleusinian mysteries—Ceres and Bacchus, meat and wine—the feast of the initiates. No benches, no seats of any kind. Some squatted on their haunches, others reclined, like the Romans, on their *trichina* when at a feast. And such a feast it was! Every thing accessible that cleaves the air, that moves in the water, and that dwells on the earth, seemed to have been impressed for the occasion. Before each guest was a wax taper or a sperm candle stuck in a round dab of clay for a candlestick. No tumblers, but before each guest a baked clay vase, much like the amphora of the ancients. A vase with capacious and rounded belly, and a small spout, out of which the revelers drank wine or *tafia* (sugar-cane rum). Whiskey had not then come from 'Kaintock' to civilize Louisiana into the higher perfections of the 'drunk.' The revelers gorged, and smiled, until, in the words of Livy, '*Vino ciboque gravati*.' They were roused from their bacchanalia by the long, fierce call of Zozo's tam-tam. The old women removed the boards, swept away the *debris* of the feast, and left the space of about forty feet open for the dance.

CASTING THE SERPENT INTO THE FIRE.

"As the guests stood on the floor (a hardened surface of brick-dust), Zozo, leaving his tam-tam, went up to the altar—I have no other name for the place of Fetish-worship—and again drew forth the snake.

"He forced it to writhe and wriggle over and around the company, uttering the two words which were repeated by sixty voices, 'Voudou, Voudou, Magnian.' He then twirled the snake around his head and dexterously cast it into the blazing pile. Such a yell as arose no words can describe. The rude instruments took up their discord, mixed with yells. The chorus of Dante's hell had entered into the mad shouts of Africa. Then came a general call for the dance, and no dance of the witches in the Hartzberg ever came up to it. Up sprang a magnificent specimen of human flesh—Ajona, a lithe, tall, black woman, with a body waving and undulating like Zozo's snake—a perfect Semiramis from the jungles of Africa. Confining herself to a spot not more than two feet in space, she began to sway on one and the other side. Gradually the undulating motion was imparted to her body from the ankles to the hips. Then she tore the white handkerchief from her forehead. This was a signal, for the whole assembly sprang forward and entered the dance.

"The beat of the drum, the thrum of the banjo, swelled louder and louder. Under the passion of the hour, the women tore off their garments, and entirely nude, went on dancing—no, not dancing, but wriggling like snakes. Above all the noise rose the voice of Zozo:

"'Houm! dance Calinda,
Voudou! Magnian,
Aie! Aie!
Dance Calinda!'

"The orgies were becoming frightful. Suddenly the

THE VOUDOU DANCE.

candles flared up and went out, leaving nothing but a faint glow from the dying pyres. I had grown sick from heat, and an indescribable horror took possession of me. With one bound I was out of the shed, and with all speed traversed the yard, found the gate open, and I was in the street and near home sooner than I can tell. If I ever have realized a sense of the real visible presence of his majesty, the devil, it was that night among his Voudou worshipers."

CHAPTER IV.

VOUDOUISM CONTINUED.

As an evidence of the efforts made by some to discredit the existence of Voudouism, I herewith append a correspondence made by a member of the New York *World's* reporterial corps, which relates some interesting facts, but evidences a lack of intelligent inquiry on the part of the writer, as will be seen in a relation of my own experience, which will follow:

"I have received your instructions to inquire into the subject of Voudouism in Louisiana, and I have done my best to carry them out, but not, I must confess, to any very satisfactory result. After all my investigations, Voudouism in Louisiana remains for me a corpse-light, a will-o'-the-wisp, which recedes further the nearer one seems to approach it. Perhaps the reason is that the real old-fashioned Voudouism of slave-days is dead, and that only its ghost survives in the form of a superstitious

fear, which some few shrewd colored people take advantage of to their own profit. I might tell you a good deal about chains of rags and wax; about curiously wrought objects made of feathers found in pillows; about the instinctive propensity of persons suffering from sleeplessness and night-mare to tear open feather beds and bolsters; about the horror that our Southern negroes have of any object, however trifling, left on their doorsteps during the night; about people who earn a living by representing themselves as able to counteract all Voudou charms with certain magical medicines and formulas; about the legend of St. John's Eve and the orgiastic dances on the bayou. But these matters are not the substance of Voudouism. They are not even local peculiarities; they may be found, more or less, in all Southern cities where a large slave element formerly existed. What I have been seeking for is tangible facts regarding Louisiana Voudouism, and I have not been well rewarded for my pains. In fact, I have seen in Northern States things more interesting as to Voudouism than I have seen here. I have met in Ohio and Kentucky negroes whose limbs have been strangely withered and shrunken, like withered branches of dead trees, and they attributed their misfortune to Voudou poisoning. They did not talk of witchcraft at all, and appeared to be more than ordinarily intelligent representatives of their race. They simply told me that they had been poisoned by Voudous. The result was certainly peculiar, for the arm of one and the leg of another looked to me like the limbs of a blasted tree, with knobby excrescences and grotesque scars here and there. In Louisiana I have seen nothing of the kind. I can only insist with confidence that Voudouism once flourished here in a very sinister shape, and that the power of the obi-men lay in a

knowledge of secret poisons, animal or vêgetable, which defied chemical analysis. What especially interested me was that the symptoms of Voudou poisoning, as pictured in some very quaint creole songs, are the same as those I had beheld with my own eyes among the negroes of the North.

"'Mo va fai' wanga pour li
Mo fai tourne fantome.'

"'I will make a wanga-charm to charm him with; I will make him a phantom, a ghost.' Such is said to be the general effect of Voudou poisoning, slow pining away until the victim becomes a living skeleton. But revenge is not the only work the Voudou or obi-man is believed capable of accomplishing. He or she, the Voudou priest or priestess, is supposed to be capable of reuniting separated lovers or charming a man with whom a girl is in love so that he can love no other.

"'Pour chambe li
Na fai' grigri.'

"'We shall make a grigri charm to hold him fast.' This is the refrain of an old creole song in which a colored mother charms a white man with whom her daughter is in love. Since I heard it sung I have also heard old Creole residents declare that a fast young man who allows himself to be bewitched by pretty mulatto girls may expect to have something very serious befall him. There are many who believe they possess certain secrets of witchcraft which leave the man enamored of them a life-long victim.

"I made the acquaintance here of several old colored women who were considered by the inhabitants of the French quarter to know more about Voudouism than they had any right to know. Speaking their own tongue and treating them with studied kindness, I was able to

induce them to sing me a number of their *patois* songs, which I copied down, unperceived, upon my shirt-cuff. I expressed much curiosity about the Voudou songs and hymns which people talk about, and without direct solicitation, persuaded one of them to sing one. Her voice was a very powerful and sonorous alto, although an old woman, and she sang to a weird but very sweet air the following:

"'Heron mande,
Heron mande,
Tigi li papa,
Heron mande,
Heron mande,
Heron mande,
Dosi dans godo!
Ah tingwaiye,
Ah tingwaiye!
Ah waiyah, ah waiyah,
Ah tingwaiye,
Tigi li papa!
Heron mande,
Ahwaya!
Ah tingwaiye,
Ahwaya!
Ah tingwaiye.'

"I asked the meaning of these strange and many-voweled words. The only explanation I received was that the song was very, very old, and had 'come from Santo Domingo;' that the exact meaning of the words had been forgotten, but that the singer had been taught to regard it as an invocation to the spirits. What spirits? They could not tell me; but the melody with its quavering sixths and eighths of tones was certainly weird enough to call spirits from the vasty deep. It is a curious fact that many songs are still sung here which have been

handed down from generation to generation, although the meaning of the words has been utterly forgotten. Here is another specimen:

"'Ole bas,
Alli bono,
A ri cha,
Alli bono,
Cho, cho, ti;
Vale mi cho,
Cho, cho, li;
Vale mi cho.'

"The popular opinion of the orgiastic rites held on such occasions, accords with the above relation. It is said that every St. John's eve the Voudous hold such a meeting somewhere 'out along the bayou,' or at some point on the lake shore, and numbers of curious people ride out to try to find them. But I have yet to meet one who succeeded.

"Somebody else told me that the old Congo dance was very similar to the Voudou dance, minus the scandalous features. I saw the Congo dance. It used to be given every Sunday in the back yard of a dilapidated property on Dumaaie street, far out toward the swamp. There were large crowds there—black, brown and yellow. A dry-goods box and an old pork barrel formed the orchestra. These were beaten with sticks or bones, used like drumsticks so as to keep up a continuous rattle, while some old men and women chanted a song that appeared to me purely African in its many-vowelled syllabification, and as monotonous as the old negro funeral dirge—

"'Tou piti cabri?
Ca Zoe, nou ye!'

"Owing to the noise I could not even attempt to catch

the words. I asked several old women to recite them for me, but they only laughed and shook their heads. In their *patois* they told me—'No use, you could never understand it. *C' est le Congo!*—it is the Congo!' The dance was certainly peculiar, and I observed that only a few old persons, who had probably all been slaves, knew how to dance it. The women did not move their feet from the ground. They only writhed their bodies and swayed in undulatory motions from ankle to waist—a great deal of what the French term *elles dehanchaient*. The men leaped and performed feats of gymnastic dancing which reminded me of some steps in the *jota Aragonesa*. Small bells were attached to their ankles. '*Vous ne comprenez pas cette danse-la?*' an old woman asked me. I did not altogether understand it, but it appeared to be more or less lascivious as I saw it. I offered the woman some money to recite me the words of the Congo song. She consulted with another and both went off shaking their heads. I could obtain no satisfaction.

"Certain personages are spoken of here as 'Queens of the Voudous,' or, as the Creole negroes term it by euphemism, '*Reines des zozos*'—queens of the birds. I have seen them and spoken with them, but could learn nothing whatever upon the subject of Voudouism. Generally it is considered more or less insulting to mention Voudouism in the presence of intelligent colored people. But what I did learn was that the skill of their women in natural medicine is extraordinary and of the highest importance. Their herb-decoctions, tisanes, vegetable teas, vegetable sudorifics and aperients, vegetable nerve medicines and vegetable cures for skin diseases are simply wonderful. I tried to induce one to give me a recipe. She refused. It was her secret, she said, which she

would impart only to her children. Is it wonderful that many of these excellent nurses are suspected of being able to use their knowledge for deadly and secret purposes?"

I cannot suppress my astonishment at the sparseness of this correspondent's information, if, in fact, he did make any particular effort to discover the mysterious rites of Voudouism, for there are hundreds of intelligent white and colored men in New Orleans who can name as many localities in southern Louisiana where Voudou ceremonies occur at least semi-annually. I therefore repeat that a belief in Voudouism is almost universal among the colored people of the South, but its stronghold is in Louisiana, and in the lower regions of Mississippi. It also thrives exceedingly in the sea islands of South Carolina, and in Georgia. Not only the ignorant negroes of the plantations, but also the otherwise intelligent and well-educated mulattoes of New Orleans—those of the aristocratic class who are wealthy and refined—are firm believers in the supernatural powers of the Voudou. There are colored men in Louisiana who have been educated abroad, and are possessed of superior intelligence and thorough scientific acquirements—some of them are very wealthy—who are as much afraid of the Voudous as the most ignorant field hands. Even learned white men of high social position are in dread of the mysterious powers of the Voudou priests, and frankly declare that there is something strange and unaccountable about the matter which they cannot fathom, and of which they stand in awe. Comparatively little is known in relation to the rites of Voudouism, but it is certain that its queens are its leading spirits and exercise a much greater influence than the males. The present Voudou queen in New Orleans is a full blooded black, and is a sister to

Harry Lott, ex-member of the Louisiana legislature from Rapides.

Among the symbols of Voudouism serpents hold a prominent position, and the Voudous are credited with wonderful powers over snakes of all kinds. A Louisiana planter of undoubted veracity relates an instance which fell under his observation. A party of field hands were engaged gathering Spanish moss, when a sudden scream attracted his attention, and presently a negro boy came running toward him with a rattlesnake hanging from his arm, the poisonous reptile having its fangs firmly imbedded in his flesh. The boy's father caught the snake by the tail and threw it on the ground, where it was despatched quickly. The case was a serious one, for the planter was two or three miles from his house, and there was no time to procure medical assistance. Just then a couple of negroes came forward and offered to cure the boy. They first plunged his arm up to the shoulder in mud, after which they took him to a hut where they passed some time in a mysterious proceeding, which no one was allowed to witness. The next morning the boy was about as usual, and though he was somewhat affected with nausea for a day or two, his cure was nevertheless complete.

Soon after the incident just related, an overseer for the same planter was bitten by a rattlesnake, and although he had the best medical attendance, he died within twelve hours after the fatal bite was received.

The 19th of July is an important occasion with the believers in Voudouism, for on that day begins a festival or series of weird ceremonies by those who are subjects of this strange, occult religion, that usually continues for four days. It is firmly believed by many white persons of the highest classes that human sacrifices are sometimes

made during these occasions. Their reason for this belief is founded upon the fact that numerous mysterious disappearances of black children are noticed about the time these celebrations occur, and it is also asserted that the bones of children have been frequently discovered in the neighborhood where the ceremonies are performed. It is popularly supposed that these religious rites are intended to celebrate the fall of man through the wiles of a serpent.

The same planter to whom reference has already been made, relates another strange story, the truth of which he vouches for with asseverations of his knowledge respecting the circumstances. Upon a certain day while his field hands were engaged clearing a small patch of ground, in turning over a log they discovered a very large rattlesnake that had been lying underneath. The reptile at once showed great anger, but as it was known that near-by, at a neighbor's house, a Congo woman lived who was supposed to be a Voudou, the snake was reserved to test the power of this enchantress, or witch, as some called her. The woman being sent for, came presently, and being requested to exhibit her influence over dangerous reptiles, she instantly complied by laying her hand on the snake's head; instead of showing anger, it exhibited great fear by boring its head into the ground as if trying to hide; she then picked the snake up and handled it with much unconcern, at once demonstrating how completely subject was the most dangerous reptile to her occult powers.

The Voudou queens are invariably of a nervous temperament and subject to cataleptic trances. A trustworthy gentleman of New Orleans relates that he saw one of these women in a state of suspended animation which lasted for forty-eight hours; during all this time she was

apparently dead, according to all the tests that could be applied. Upon returning to life, she loosed her tongue in an incoherent harangue of strange words, all of which were carefully remembered by her colored companions who regarded her utterances as instructions from the spirit world.

One of the most noted as well as best authenticated cases of Voudouism, in its application to the eradication of disease, occurred some years ago under the following circumstances. Rev. Mr. Turner, a colored clergyman of great influence and exemplary piety, who was at the time chaplain of the Louisiana legislature, became afflicted with a strange malady, a correct diagnosis of which his physicians were wholly unable to give. He acted like one with delirium tremens, though he was an abstemious man, not given even to the most temperate use of stimulants. The physicians tried in vain to relieve him, but finding their labors were aggravating, rather than curative, Mr. Turner concluded that he was the victim of a Voudou charm. He therefore sought the services of Madame Lott, the Voudou queen, who responded at once, and, upon seeing her patient, she instantly declared that his apprehensions were correct, but that she could soon relieve him. His case was now well known, and as some excitement was created, to show her powers more generally, she directed that Mr. Turner be taken to the colored church, and that several prominent persons be notified that she would in public drive out the evil spirit that possessed her patient. The church was crowded in response to this announcement, among the audience being Lieutenant-Governor Dunn, and a host of other prominent white citizens. Mr. Turner was laid upon a table in the centre of this audience, to enable Madame Lott to manipulate his hands and rub him with a myste-

rious pungent oil; a few moments spent in this ceremony sufficed to effect her object, for Mr. Turner vomited up a black mouse, that Madame Lott declared was an evil spirit put upon him by a Voudou enemy. His cure was instantaneous and thorough.

In the month of January, 1882, another instance of Voudou necromancy occurred on a plantation near Bayou Tesche, Louisiana, which, having been verified by several prominent witnesses, may be relied on as being true, without any exaggeration. The daughter of a wealthy planter fell ill of a strange disease, that at first assumed the nature of extreme nervousness, but this partly subsiding, a marasmus succeeded that created great alarm in the family. From a fleshy, plump and beautiful girl, in a few weeks she was reduced to the frailest proportions and was apparently upon the point of death. It was while she was in this condition that an old darkey, living two miles from Bayou Tesche, saw her, and he at once declared that she had been Voudoued, and that the charm had been laid upon her by an old black witch who resided within a short distance of the plantation. Upon receipt of this information it was remembered that only a short time before the young girl became afflicted she had some difficulty with the old wench mentioned, and that she was then threatened in an unintelligible lingo, a muttering of some words which were partly demonstrated by angry gestures that accompanied them.

The old darkey was considered, among blacks in that neighborhood, as having mysterious powers which he had used on many occasions to heal the sick and counteract evil influences, so it was decided by the planter to place his daughter under conditions prescribed by the old obi negro and thus test a power which he had heard so much of but never saw exercised.

VOUDOUS CURING A POSSESSED GIRL BY EXORCISM.

Accordingly, the young lady was carried from her home to a cabin that stood nearly a mile off, which at the time was not occupied, but in former years had sheltered several slave families in succession. A pallet of straw was provided and laid on a bench, upon which the girl was fixed preparatory to undergoing the ceremony of exorcism. Everything being ready, the old darkey introduced, with much ceremony, eight negro women, whom he had engaged to act as auxiliaries, and these, forthwith, began to chant a most ghostly, hollow, dread-infecting chorus, quite weird enough, it would appear, to disturb a dead body. While they were thus engaged the ancient, cotton-headed obi priest sat down beside a small fire he had started, and threw herbs into the flames, at the same time muttering many characteristic phrases in *patois*. An hour or more of time was thus spent in the ceremony of casting out a devil, which was supposed to possess the girl, but it proved quite sufficient, for, strange to relate, she recovered directly from her singular affliction and walked back to her home without assistance. These facts are all attested by the father, who is sorely perplexed at such a revelation of supernatural power on his own premises.

The influence exerted by the disciples of Voudouism over the colored people can hardly be exaggerated. Planters pay Voudou queens large sums of money for their influence in preserving peace and satisfaction among their hands. Politicians also use this occult agency to further their ends, and find it exceedingly potential. In fact, not a few colored aspirants for office owe their success entirely to the influence of Voudou priests, who do not regard their power too sacred to barter it for cash in hand.

CHAPTER V.

AFRICAN AND AMERICAN VOUDOU WORSHIP COMPARED.

If we seek for the origin of Voudouism, our investigations are sure to lead us directly to Africa, where will be found the same superstitious rites as those already described, only in Africa they are more ferocious, in that human sacrifices are so painfully numerous that we must conclude they are regarded as an essential prelude to all the important ceremonies. Human life in Ashantee and Dahomey is important, apparently, only for the amount of blood it yields, but there is still a striking analogy between their worship and our Southern Voudouism, as will be understood after a mature consideration of the subject. Let us notice the more salient points of native African worship and superstition by reference to modern instances:

Only a few months ago the King of Ashantee decided to have built a royal palace in Coomassie; one that should reflect some of the supposed splendor of his kingdom. In that country burned brick and frame buildings are quite unknown, adobe and thatch being the material used. In preparing adobe brick, a "swish" is first made, which consists of mud and water, but this Ashantee king, influenced by a monstrous superstition, refused to use water, esteeming blood more virtuous in preventing evils, of any nature, from visiting his kingdom, and occupants of the new palace particularly; he therefore ordered a sacrifice to be made of two hundred virgins, whose blood should be preserved for preparing the "swish." The dreadful mandate was duly executed, and this innocent blood is now a part of the palace walls.

A VOUDOU DANCE IN ASHANTEE.

The Ashantees, like their neighbors, the Ffons of Dahomey, revel in human blood. The king's Ochras, or buffoons, are slaughtered when the royal monarch dies, and the "king's stool," on which is sprinkled a few drops of the blood of every person executed, is always dyed with the blood of recent sacrifices. The executioners are men of high rank. The most trifling offence is punished by decapitation, and so familiar is this scene to the residents in Coomassie that when the little son of one of the German missionaries—who were freed by King Koffee on the approach of the English troops in 1881—was angry with anyone he would exclaim: "Your head will fall to-morrow!" The town resembles a charnel house. The piles of skulls and bones heaped up at intervals, testify to the long continuance of these inhuman practices, and even when the army of Sir Garnet Wolseley entered the place the putrifying bodies, still unburied, filled the air with a dreadful stench.

The stories repeated so often of atrocities perpetrated in Coomassie are a terrible example of one of those fearful "survivals" which the ethnologist is daily unearthing. If the king mixes his palace "swish" with the blood of two hundred virgins, he is only a nineteenth century representative of the twelve master masons, who, when the walls of Copenhagen sank as fast as they were built, vaulted into them an innocent girl at play, and thus allayed the wrath of the Northern "nisser." The Bridge of Arta fell again and again, until the workmen walled in their master's wife, and we are told that, in accordance with her dying curse, it trembles to this very day. There is scarce a church in Germany or Denmark to which some such legend does not attach, and in Polynesia temples are pointed out the foundations of which are imbedded in human bodies. Two years ago the na-

tive quarters of Madras were wildly excited over a rumor that the government was about to sacrifice several victims in order to insure the safety of the new harbor works, and a few years earlier the same idea prevailed in Calcutta, when the Hooghly bridge was being constructed, that for a time the people dreaded to go around after dark lest they should be kidnapped. In Galam, Africa, boys and girls are buried alive before the chief gate of the city as a fetish to make it impassable to an enemy, and in Bambarra, Great Bassam and Yarriba the same custom prevailed or still prevails. In Borneo, in Japan, in Burmah, and, in addition to many other regions, in the Punjaub, like ideas of the efficacy of human victims to insure the safety of buildings hold their ground or were universal within recent times. Into each post-hole of the gates of Tavoy a criminal was placed; human victims were burned under the gates of Mandelay, and under the fortress of Thatung a queen is said to have been drowned in a Burmese reservoir to make the dike safe, and the life of a widow's son was taken by the rajah of Sialkot with a view to insure the stability of one of the bastions of his fort.

The atrocities perpetrated in Africa and other heathen countries are all in pursuance of decrees issued from a priesthood whose acts are supposed to be influenced by the powers of darkness. Instead of recognizing a merciful spirit, which we call God, these barbarians call upon and labor with the spirit of evil—the devil. All good, as well as all evil, is attributed to this demon, consequently sacrifices are made to appease the devil's wrath, or to invite his kind offices. This demoralizing, if not damnable, belief has now a large following, by transplanting, in the Southern States, where in earlier years human sacrifices were undoubtedly rendered up with

great ceremony. The reason why they are not still continued will be found in the civilizing influence of Christianity, and particularly in the deterrent effects of a stringent law that refuses to exempt priest or laymen. It is said that when England ordered an investigation to be made into the atrocities committed at Coomassie, that the King of Ashantee, Koffee Kalkalli, exhibited great indignation and declared that he would not submit to any interference with the religion of his people. But upon hearing that a large British force had actually arrived at Sierre Leone, he stoutly denied the crime his fanatical Fetishism had just consummated, and to allay English temper he sent a gold axe to Windsor, which is now exhibited in company with his brother's umbrella and the war-club of Tha Rombau of Fiji.

About 1785, when every State, except Massachusetts, permitted the keeping of slaves, and recognized slavery by statutory enactments, Voudouism in America was quite a different thing contrasted with what it is now. At that time the importation of kidnapped Africans was a trade enormous in its proportions. These natives, of course, brought with them all their original customs and superstitions, and though they were under espionage, yet nothing prevented an observance of many rites, not a few of which are still practiced in all the Southern States.

As the immigration increased, adding to those that had been slaves long enough to become familiar with the new civilization, Fetish worship became more diversified with inherited ceremonies, and in Florida, particularly, many human sacrifices were made, but in such a concealed manner that there were few discoveries. However, when it was positively ascertained that children were killed in these orgies, no further punishment than striping was in-

flicted on the perpetrators, because execution would have involved the destruction of valuable property without any recompense. Executing negroes in slavery times was too much like killing horses at this day, to permit such punishment.

But severe discipline, together with the ameliorating influence of Christianity, which was persistently preached among all slaves, gradually eliminated ferociousness from this ignorant people, and caused a modified worship to succeed the bloody Fetish carnivals, which has ever since been known as Voudouism. From whence this name is derived I am wholly at a loss to conceive, though my belief is, that it is so called from an expression often repeated in the worship, resembling in sound a Congo word.

The analogy between native Africans and our Southern negroes, or those who practice Voudouism, is seen in the following peculiarities common to each class:

They apply spiritual essence to material things, and frequently make amulets of stone, teeth, weapons, bones and carved images; these they regard with great concern, believing them possessed of mystical power to protect the wearer and work injury upon enemies. In cases where these amulets, or fetishes, do not exert the influence they are supposed to possess (for instance, the wearer meets with some evil which he believes the amulet should have prevented), it is taken off and often stamped violently under foot as though it were sensible to pain.

Among the superstitious negroes of Africa and America there is a similar belief respecting the devil; they seriously believe that this mysterious personage prowls among the people, assuming all manner of shapes, and having a happy habit of distributing himself among many persons at the same time; that he enters one in the shape

of a mouse, another in the form of a snake, and yet others as a spirit controlling all their acts. To counteract this general association of the evil one who creates dangerous propensities, they practice exorcism and incantations, which ceremonies serve the double purpose of ejecting the devil, and also substituting a spiritual influence that speedily repairs any injury the devil may have worked.

The analogy extends still further, for the identity of American blacks and original Africans may be readily perceived in their use of herbs, in kind and preparation. At all Voudou celebrations strange roots and leaves will be found that are used by Voudou queens to work charms, cure maladies, and also to wreak vengeance, for some of them are poisonous as henbane, while others act with slow effect, yet so sure as to defy the science of professional toxicologists.

CHAPTER VI.

HOUSEHOLD GODS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

As has been previously remarked, no race of people are so given to superstition as the negroes. It appears to be a part of their nature to hold in constant dread some supernatural, variable and undefinable influence that operates, in some respects, like the melancholia of madness. There is scarcely one of the race, however intelligent, that does not possess some inherited taint of this character. Those who have been shackled by slavery and disadvantaged by circumstances tending to con-

fine them in ignorance, are scarcely less afflicted with nightmares of dreadful imagination than are those whose reason has been dethroned until frightful spectres are painted on the brain. To use a facetious expression, there is no well regulated negro community that does not possess either a haunted house or a powerful witch, and in the Southern States both these agencies of ghostly revelation are in a majority of negro households.

Many peculiarities are found in the means used by negroes to ward off evil spirits and attract good ones, and so powerful are their impressions that every passion is readily subordinated to what they esteem the supernatural. Christianity, undoubtedly, has a strong hold on this people of pre-eminently adverse circumstances, but overwhelming religious excitement instantly vanishes in the presence of a black cat. In fact, a sable feline is more potential, under certain conditions, than all the hosts of heaven. A revival meeting may be in progress, with the place of worship pandemoniumized by delirious shouts from an audience filled with religious enthusiasm; the preacher, exhorting with a power like one overflowing with spiritual afflatus, and his audience feeling conscious that the immediate presence of God is perceptible; yet, amid all this zeal and sanctified consciousness, should a black cat enter the church at this time, every religious feeling would be dissipated with such astonishing suddenness as to produce a panic; they would regard the circumstance with the same feeling of terror as though the devil had leaped into the room blowing fire from his nostrils and brandishing a three-handled, four-pronged broiling spit with which to impale every negro in the congregation. I refer, of course, to the more ignorant class of negroes, those who are still without the pale of cultivation, both by association and example, and it is of these I now write.

Shakespeare, undoubtedly, had some knowledge of Voudouism, for the witches' carnival in Macbeth is a portraiture of negro superstitions that is too truthful for it to be a coinage of his fertile brain; and, besides, it is well known that alchemy, as practiced in the sixteenth century, was an importation from Africa.

Black cats having no white hairs except in the tips of their tails, are very highly prized by the negroes, not a few of whom would willingly part with nearly all their accumulations to possess such a prize, for these cats are supposed to embody the spirit of some dead person sent back to earth to dispel evil and bring good luck; they are also believed to be particularly interested in their masters, so that such cats are better than amulets—in fact, are little short of genii, with power to exalt anyone to the highest position of wealth and happiness.

Snakes are next in importance to cats, particularly those most venomous. The fangs of a rattle-snake are very valuable as charms, and the poison extracted from these reptiles is used in all Fetish ceremonies; negro witches also employ this poison sometimes dangerously, but more frequently as an antidote. The manner in which deadly snakes are handled by Voudou celebrants induces the belief that some strange psychologizing influence is used which no white man understands; they do not employ music to charm, or any essence to stupefy the snakes, so that a reliance for supremacy is placed entirely upon the Voudous' mysterious power to render submissive naturally deadly reptiles. This influence, so strange, has never been explained to any white person, and will, doubtless, always remain as secret as the philosopher's stone.

The negroes have a very singular superstition concerning the efficacy of amulets made from a dead man's

bones. In earlier years grave-yards were frequently desecrated by negro resurrectionists whose sole impulse was to obtain parts of the corpse from which to make charms. It is even now common for negroes to carry about on their persons the hand of a dead man or woman, with all the putrifying flesh attached. Bodies of murdered men are most sought for, as these are regarded as possessing greater mystic virtue than the bones of one that has come to a natural death. It may be asserted, with positive assurance, that nearly one-half of the river negroes—steamboat roustabouts—and those working on plantations in the South, carry either in their pockets or attached to strings about their necks, finger-bones of a human hand. The thumb is more generally used as an amulet, but every finger-bone is regarded as being very efficacious in bringing good luck.

The superstition which now prevails throughout the world respecting the virtue possessed by a piece of rope with which a man has been hanged, had its origin among certain tribes of Africa. These profoundly ignorant natives have, since history began to record their characteristics, believed that every instrument causing death is endowed with a supernatural power which may be utilized by any one who possesses the ghostly trophy; these relics of death, as it were, are still greedily secured and kept as fetishes by the negroes of Africa and America alike. We have now the horrifying spectacle of a greedy scramble among white men and women every time an official execution takes place, to obtain pieces of the rope with which the hanging was accomplished, and sometimes parts of the scaffold are also broken off and preserved by superstitious persons who are unconscious of the manner in which the custom originated.

To those who have a penchant for exploring uncanny

subjects an interesting field of discovery is open among Southern negroes; nearly any colored person, whether male or female, can point out a spot which is declared to be haunted; and thousands may be found who will make solemn oath that they have seen ghosts many times flitting about with a blue light, trying to reveal mysteries that baffle human understanding by strange gesturing and unearthly groans.

I call to mind now a conversation I once had with an old white-headed negro of Louisiana, who occasionally preached in the neighborhood of Baton Rouge. He was, in every respect, a genuine sample of the way-down darkey that had seen much and heard a great deal more, so that his opinion exerted a controlling influence among the colored people of his parish. After indulging in a general conversation with him for some time, I asked:

"Well, uncle Joe, it has been told me that ghosts have been seen about the premises of the old deserted brick house just above here on the river; now, I have never been a strong believer in spirits visiting the earth, so if you have any experience to relate respecting ghosts, I should like to hear it."

"Is dat so, marsa; why, hain't yo' nebber seed no ghostes in yo' life?"

"No, I never did; but it is not because I have not wanted to see them, if they really exist. Tell me what you know about them."

"Well, sah, I'se seed lots ob 'em, an' if yo' will go up to de ole red house what stan's on Marsa ——'s plantation, an' wait dar till de moon goes down, at midnight, yo' can see a hull graveyawd ob ghostes runnin' about de place like dey had sheets on 'em. I war up dar one dawk night long time ago, wid a passel ob yallah boys, but yo' heah me! I nebber went back dar no moah.

We had been a huntin' coons, an' de dogs dey got to runnin' somphin dat took a straight shoot fo' de ribber; we runned arter 'em fas' as we could, until dey stopped at de big house, an' dar dey bawked an' howled like dey got sumphin treed. We niggahs nebber heerd dat de place war ha'nted, so we jes come to de fac' dat dar war a fox in de house. De doahs dey war all locked, so we clum in at de windah to cotch de animil. Well, sah, w'en we all got in, de dogs dey run 'roun' wus'n befoah an' changed dar bawkin' to a howlin' dat war powahful uncomfo'tabl'. I heerd a noise in one room ob de house an' war pooty shauh dat de fox war in dar, so I calls to de boys an' we run in to cotch mistah fox, but de good Lawd! I run ag'inst de mos' awfulest ghost dat yo' ebah sot yo' eyes on. Dar he war wid his head a tetchin' de ceilin' an' his ahms reachin' 'cross de whole room; his eyes dey war big as de moon, an 'in his mouf he had a fiah dat war a roarin' an' a cracklin' like an' oberflow in de debil's hottes' cornah. Well, dat is 'bout all I seed ob him, case yo' know dar war a powahful lot ob 'tention needin' me on de outside 'bout dat time, but I hearn him go *fhwitt! fhwitt! fhwitt!* free times, fo' all de world like an' ole cat when he's gibbin a da'h to de Thomas what crosses his backyawd. Well, sah, yo' know de doahs dey war all shet an' dar war no way to git out only by de windahs; de one what war open got chuck full ob niggahs so quick dat dey got fas' in dar, an' den dar *was* tr'ubl'. Great Lawd and de Prophets! 'bout two hundred ghostes come rushin' into de room whar de windah was chuck up wid skeered niggahs, an' dey all commenced to groan like de population in de lowah kingdom, an' dar war sich 'casion behin' us dat hell-fiah would a been a blessin' in comparison. It war 'bout sixteen yeahs befoah we got out ob de windah, but

de nex' mawnin', when de plantation ho'n blowed, ebery one ob us niggahs war white as Dick Johnson's lead hoss, an' yo' see dat de colah haint wown off yit."

"Well, uncle Joe, that was a rather exciting experience, and I believe your story, only there is one little point, of no particular importance, that is not exactly plain. I can't understand how you could remain stuck fast in the window for sixteen years and yet be in Baton Rouge on the morning following your adventure."

"Dat's easy 'splained, Marsa, case yo' see 'twas 'sperience dat I war tellin' 'bout. What I means is dat I was skeered outen sixteen yeahs ob my life, 'sides a losin' ob my colah; yo' couldn't grease dis niggah's face now wid any 'vantage, case ile an' tan doant mix well like bar's grease an' a black skin. Ovah hyar in de hollar dar is a old wench dat takes cayar ob two ghostes, an' she haint feerd ob 'em neider."

"Takes care of two ghosts! Why, what do you mean, uncle Joe?"

"I jes means what I says, 'case it's so. Dem two ghostes 's bin in her fambly fo' moah yeahs dan yo' got on yo' head. She calls 'em her chillun an' yo' ought to see how dey brings her good luck. One ob 'em is like a black cat wid white ha'rs in he tail, an' de odder is a mouse wid freckles on he face."

"This is something strange, Joe! you say the cat and mouse are older than I am and that they bring her good luck; how do they influence fortune?"

"Ef yo' wants to know all 'bout dat go ovah an' ax old Silas Pillsburrah, he tell yo' moah 'bout ghostes an' Voudou; an' maybe he took yo' ovah to de wench's house."

I saw in this answer that I was either scaring up an *ignis fatuus* or trenching upon forbidden ground, for it

was apparent that old Joe would not tell me all he knew, because the Voudou oath of secrecy restrained his otherwise free inclination. He did tell me, however, many ghost stories, in which he was always an unhappy participant, so that I could no longer wonder why his complexion was of such a motley, splotched hue; the frequent scares to which he had been subjected had evidently struck in and left their trade-mark on his features.

CHAPTER VII

DOMESTIC LIFE IN SLAVERY DAYS.

FREEDMEN and plantation owners alike look back upon the old times of slavery with a recollection that mingles sadness with much sweetness of by-gone joys; the memory of those years rings in many, many ears like a fading cadence that still leaves the freshness of some enrapturing song, all rhythm and happiness that gives us imaginary foretastes of pleasures that lie between all life and the great beyond.

It is not pleasant to contemplate the grievous, though salient, features of slavery, for all its wrongs are now buried in catacombs of the past, and from this relegation let there be no resurrection, for there is too little real happiness in this world to justify the bringing forth again of dead issues that can only befoul the atmosphere of our existence. I shall, therefore, regard only the bright characters and sympathetic coloring that once distinguished slave-life in America.

With all their ignorance and superstition, it must be

admitted that no race of people possess more generous dispositions and faithful hearts than the negroes. Where one revolted under the bonds of slavery, a thousand remained steadfast, regarding their masters with genuine, even filial, affection and reverence. When the relations thus borne were severed by emancipation, thousands of negroes went to their freedom looking back, through half-blinding tears, upon the old fields, cabins, and surroundings they had known from childhood. Ever since the war every plantation has been a Mecca for old freedmen, drawn back again by remembrances of once happy days, to see and tread the familiar by-ways, to look in upon crumbling cabins where they or their children were born, and to clasp the withering hands of their fast declining "Marstas" and "Missuses" once more before the last call shall be made. There is much in such reunions of master and slave so pathetic as to force tears to the eyes of all whose experience in the South makes these reflections a panorama of human feeling and shifting circumstance.

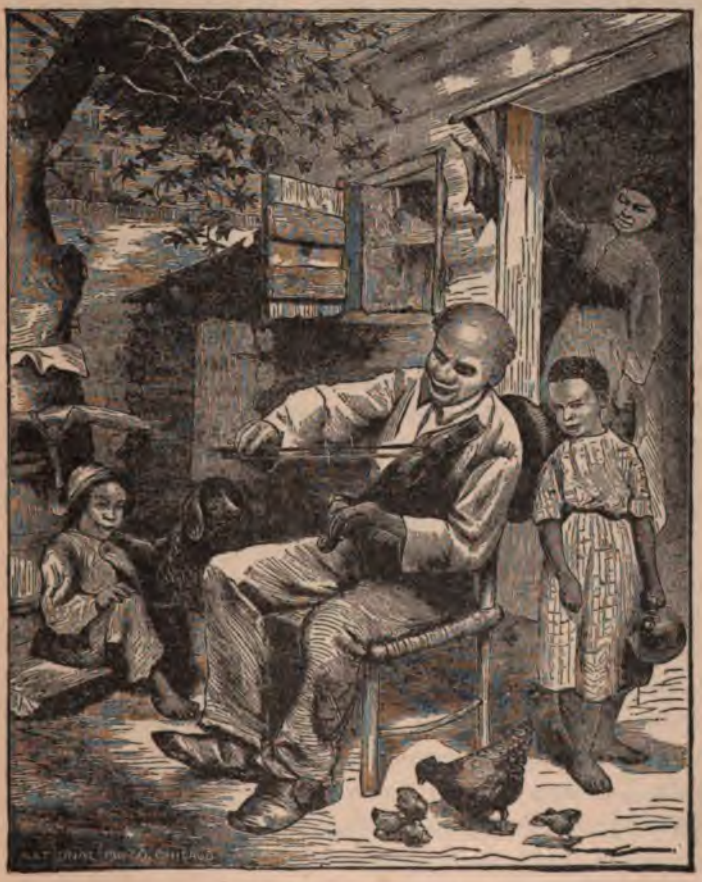
Absolute freedom from responsibility gave to the negro an unrestrained disposition, that went directly to joy with the naturalness that an unmolested vegetable goes to seed. Hard work may induce inactivity at last, but certainly labor did not act as a restraint on the slaves; they were always full of frolic, and, like a boiler carrying too much steam, it had to be worked off. In considering slave-life we cannot avoid the mental query: What would have been the negroes' condition without the banjo, fiddle, juber song and light hearts? Deprived of these they would never have obtained their freedom, because they could never have excited sympathy; but with such instruments and agencies of infectious delight they won the plaudits as well as the commiserations of the world.

Negroes appeared to be chronically affected by two things particularly, viz.: love's malady and an enthusiastic desire for sport, while in a majority of cases the two impulses became confluent and broke out in peculiarities that have impressed the whole race with a spirit not to be found among any other people.

In all his domestic relations the negro seemed to perceive nothing but sunshine; he was immeasurably happy in his courtship, so well described in the old songs that will never be forgotten; in marriage, if his partner had too many blemishes, polygamy remained open to him like a policy-shop lottery, while polyandry was an equally felicitious custom that many negro women appreciated. Every cabin was resonant with song and music, for all, from the little darkey with hair not yet grown long enough to tie up in cotton strings, to the old man whose heels were fairly worn out by years of double-shuffling, were qualified, by an apparent inheritance, to render a melody by voice or finger.

It is a singular fact that the fiddle—violin is a term almost unknown in the South—was an instrument that comparatively few young negroes played upon, as it was considered best suited to old darkies whose fingers had become too stiff for banjo performers. This elder class of musicians harvested well by reason of this popular consideration, for they were in almost constant demand at parties given by both white and colored "folks." The aged darkey, whose sun of life was far down the western empyrean, whose voice was husky, and with joints too stiff to longer gratify his feet, became an object of tender pity, and his cares were ministered to with a devotion that so well became a sympathetic people. But even decrepitude could not bind the joy that was ever a well-spring in negro-slave nature, for the last hours of failing

existence were made cheerful by the fiddle, to the tunes of which many an old darkey has dropped off into the blessed sleep that gives such perfect rest.



THE OLD DARKEY'S LAST LOVE.

As negroes are distinguished for good humor and a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, so are they disciples of gastronomy, and the best cooks on earth, these two characteristics being conjunctive, in that epicures are

invariably good natured and have sound livers. Those who have never dined off 'possum and sweet-potatoes, prepared by a colored cook, are not qualified to express an opinion of delicious eatables. This dish is the *summum bonum* of culinary art, and, as it is a negro creation, to the race must be awarded the chief credit that a well-satisfied stomach can bestow.

Opossum and coon hunting comes next to dancing as an amusement among the colored people, and in slavery days nothing was more popular. Even the *patrols*, which was a system of repression and espionage established first in Virginia, to prevent outbreaks among the negroes, was powerless to restrain darkies from pursuing their favorite game, and the inclination has been but little disturbed since their freedom. This strong attachment to a sport which at once furnished the most delightful amusement and a repast worthy of royalty, has been celebrated in many excellent songs, and will ever be a favorite subject for description by vernacular humorists.

On a visit to North Carolina several years ago, I had occasion to pass through a long stretch of pineries where there were but few houses, all of which were occupied by negroes. As night was about to overtake me, I alighted from my horse before an unpretentious cabin which gave shelter to an old darkey and his family, consisting of a wife and two half-grown boys, and craved his hospitality. I was not surprised to receive a hearty welcome, especially as my offer of two dollars in silver I knew was an unusually liberal one. My horse was first attended to, after which I was invited to supper, which was nearly ready when I bespoke accommodations. My delight was inexpressible when I found that the rude table was ornamented by what I supposed was a richly baked 'possum, but the first bite taken showed how clever was my decep-

tion. Instead of an opossum, one of the most delicious dishes ever prepared, it proved to be a baked coon, something that never struck me as being palatable; but being very hungry, I tried to deceive myself, and really made a very hearty repast, and thought it decidedly good, too.

After supper was over, the old man lit his pipe, filled with natural leaf tobacco, and became very loquacious, telling me about everything he knew or suspicioned. I noticed that one of the boys was slightly lame, as if he had recently received some painful injury, and having nothing more interesting to say, I enquired the cause of his disability. The old man at once began laughing immoderately, as if tickled under the short ribs by some most laughable circumstance; so great was his humor, that it was some time before he could restrain himself sufficiently to tell me how his son became injured. The boy was too backward to tell his own story, but sat beside the "chimbley place" with a wretched grin on his countenance. The old darkey, at length, between fits of laughter, told me the particulars of the accident in the following language:

"Dat's de bigges' fool niggah in de 'hole worl'; he haint got 'nuff sense to cotch a coon, but he moughty good han' to eat 'em. Dat boy, he name Sam (pointing to the injured one), an' 'tother one am Dick. Night afore las' me an' de two boys an' de dogs gwine out to cotch a coon, 'case meat moughty skase in dis lan'. Well, aftah we gwine 'bout ha'f mile, de dogs dey commence a singin' on de trail, an' d'rec'ly ole Tige he holler *bough—bough—bough*, an' I know dey got mistah coon on a tree. W'en we com' to de place, dar, shuah 'nuff, war de coon up a elm tree, humpin' ob he back an' lookin' down on de dogs like as ef he war a

puttin' his fingah on his nose an' a sayin', 'go hunt de debbil wid fiah an' yo' pooty shuah to lose him.' Elm trees is moughty skase in dis section an' de law is agin' cuttin' 'em down, so dat, as dar war no gun in de crowd, what we gwine fo' to do but clim' up in de tree an shake him out. Sam war a moughty nimble niggah, an' I sen' him up to talk to mistah coon, so he clim', an' clim' till he reach de lim' whar de varmint war; den he crawl 'long de lim' while mistah coon was a backin' off slow kindah, like he wanted to git a good start fo' de fight dat he war 'spectin'. Sam, he kep' crawlin' 'long t'wards de coon, an' de coon he kep' a backin', but w'en de space war gittin' skase, so dat de coon he know somphin war a comin' to a pint, yo' arter seed him change his brissle an' start kindah slow, fus', t'wards de boy. Sam, he git skeered an' holler down:

"'Dad! dad! it's a bar, kase I see him a swellin', an' he got claws on him like de debbil's toastin' fawk.'

"Well, I git out'n patience wid dat boy, an' I tole him: 'Git dat coon, yo' tallo'-faced niggah, or I'll wah' yo' shirt-tail off wid de eel-skin crackah.' Sam war moughty feerd ob de eel-skin gad what I keeps hangin' up dar 'hind de doah, so he starts fo' dat coon ag'in; but de coon he got his fightin' suit on now an' lick out his tongue like a 'gator eatin' fresh dog; den Sam he holler down ag'in:

"'Oh, dad, dad, hits wuss'n a bar, 'case he's spittin' fiah an' rubbin' pisen on his hands; good Lawd, he's a comin', an' dis niggah gwine to be fish-bait shuah.'

"Jist den I seed de coon makin' de bawk fly tryin' to reach de boy, but Sam he haint gwine to meet de debbil on his own groun', so he say, an' lettin' all holts go, down come de boy, gowhollop! on de groun', an' dar's how he got his leg in a sling. But de ole man wasn't

gwine to lose dat coon, so I clim' de tree myself wid a stick, an'—well, how did yo' like de way de ole woman cook him?"

CHAPTER VIII.

POLITICAL DIFFICULTIES GROWING OUT OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

The grim accidents of war are always marked by wonderful phases, but few such effects following international hostilities are so remarkable as those produced by our fraternal strife, the recollections of which bring sorrow to nearly every home, whether in the North or the South: some burning pang for loss of friends, relatives and property. Slavery being the issue of that most deplorable contest, upon its subjects now rests the bloody impress of our civil war. No other country was ever similarly conditioned, and, as a consequence, no other nation ever passed through circumstances that produced such changes in its political civilization.

For nearly two hundred and fifty years negro slavery was an institution in a majority of the States; never a passive, incongruous agency, subject to political inconstancy, but the strongest fabric, the very web, woof and factor of Southern reliance and prosperity. These slaves were the motive power in the machinery that impelled the civil and mechanical forces of the South; they became equally essential with the beasts of burden and field appliances, so that there was an inter-dependence between masters and slaves that destroyed, or repressed, every senti-

ment bringing into question the right of one man to enslave another. Besides this, there was Biblical precedent that was accepted as an ordinance of justice, even righteousness, for thousands of conscientious slave-owners really believed that negroes were like domesticated animals, unable to find their own subsistence through all seasons.

The first detonations heard about Ft. Sumter produced a noticeable change among Southern slaves; they regarded themselves at once with a feeling never before inspired even by the songs of Longfellow, Whittier, or the fierce orations of that long line of Northern emancipationists beginning with William Lloyd Garrison; every bondsman seemed immediately to perceive that he was an important adjunct of civilization; a cog in the great wheel that moves humanity; a form not made in God's image for depraved purposes; the restraining burdens born silently for more than two centuries began to shift and slip from his shoulders, and for the first time the full realization of manhood burst upon his half-dazed senses.

It would be out of place in this work to discuss further the issues that were most prominent during this distressful period of our republic, for every such discussion is liable to bring upon the writer a charge of prejudice, regardless of his sincerity or reasonable adjudgment; let it suffice, therefore, to present some of the changes that have been wrought in negro life by their manumission.

The release, from regularly apportioned occupation, of four millions of colored people, very naturally produced a serious disturbance in Southern life, both domestic and political. The whites were scarcely less inconvenienced by a subduction of their slave-laborers than were the emancipated during the first few years following that event. Educated for generations to rely wholly upon the provisionary care of their masters, when thrown upon

their own resources they were compelled to encounter the adversities that assail ignorance and dependency; their condition was, in every respect, deplorably disadvantageous, being entirely destitute of lands, mechanical appliances, the knowledge of management, education, money, or government assistance, and with all the barriers of race-prejudice too high for them to scale in any section of the nation.

It is only natural, therefore, that for a long period they drifted about like a bubble on the ocean, with nowhere to turn their faces except toward the plantations they once cultivated under the discipline of masters, or emigrate to other sections where at most their efforts could only be experimental.

In consequence of these several causes, New Orleans became a rendezvous which for years fairly thronged with idle negroes—anxious enough to work, but so numerous that labor could not be supplied for all. But in these vicissitudes, which sorely tried their cohesion as a race, they never lost the sympathy and attachment which was ever a prominent characteristic of their slave-life. Those who were so fortunate as to obtain remunerative employment, with unexampled self-denial, generously shared with those less fortunate, so that there existed a community of interest among them, sustained entirely by a commendable and lofty concern for each other.

A new world had practically burst upon the vision of these manumitted slaves, and much time, with experience, was required to accustom them to a life of freedom. They became the butt of ridicule, and victims to thousands of inconsiderate wags and cheating frauds who harassed levee crowds of New Orleans negroes by delusions at once humorous and profitable to the perpetrator.

By the adoption of the Civil Rights Bill, (March,

1866), and article fifteen of the Constitutional Amendments, negroes were relieved of many disadvantages, not directly because of their admission to all the privileges of citizenship in the mere exercise of the suffrage pre-

TESTING AN ELECTRIC MACHINE.

rogative, but, indirectly, by reason of their importance, in a purely political sense, as voters.

The blessing as well as the curse of our country has been the ballot-box, as has been already explained in a

chapter on Washington City. This assertion is further illustrated in the results following a colored suffrage in the South, as I shall try to show without exhibiting either race or sectional prejudice, or laying myself liable to a charge of possessing a factious spirit. It is not that the act conferring citizenship upon the negro was an impolitic measure (when regarded as a principle of justice) that evils followed, but purely because these new voters were seized upon by corrupt politicians and made instruments to subvert the best interests of the nation. This was accomplished through a system of intimidation and open bribery, that for a long period did the South an injury scarcely less serious than the civil war, and also engendered a feeling of alienation between the North and South which kept open the wounds that would have readily healed but for this aggravating cause. No one who has given even a small consideration to this subject, will take issue upon the fact, or disagree in opinion concerning the primary cause of Southern disturbances following the war, as here stated.

Keeping constantly in view the peculiar condition and position of the colored people, let us for a moment follow logical consequences to ascertain ultimate results. Unable to read, and with intellects dwarfed through generations of subjection, the negroes were not qualified to form conclusions by a process of reasoning; they, of course, accepted the general fact that the Republican party secured them their freedom, and they, therefore, regarded that party with feelings of pride and obligation. Had this impulse remained with the negroes there would never have succeeded the riots, vendettas, and political demoralization that jeopardized every Southern interest until the pacificatory measures of 1876-77 obtained.

An opinion that proceeds from intuition rather than

reasoning, is easily destroyed when it comes in contact with a superior intelligence that knows how to employ

ARGUING A QUESTION OF POLITICS.

specious pretences, and it was the operation of this very fact that wrested from the negro his palladium and ex-

posed him to the shifting influences and ulterior designs of corrupt knaves who bartered character for political honors. These official aspirants, in whose veins ran the blood of vampyres, comprehended Republicans and Democrats alike; men who were partisans from promises of preferment rather than principle, and so the negro became a shuttle-cock that was mercilessly knocked by both sides, and driven to practice his suffrage by the stronger party. He was, in every respect, like a bone over which two fierce dogs fight for possession, and after the lapse of some years even the most profoundly ignorant darkey learned this fact.

Louisiana, more than any other State, suffered the full effects of this great political evil, and she has not yet quite recovered from its blighting consequence. Negroes, of the more intelligent class, were openly traded for, and put into service by promises of positions or other stipulated stipends, to influence the votes of their less cultivated people. There was presented, therefore, the spectacle of colored men working all their available resources of cunning and duplicity in the interests of both political parties in the South. Intimidations became frequent; first by exaggerated representations of calamities which would follow the accession to power of a particular party; and from these stories, intended merely to frighten ignorant negroes, when they lost their effect, more unscrupulous politicians incited their base followers to acts of minor violence. Thus, from corrupt, though harmless influences, the application grew stronger, from time to time, until it culminated in ku-kluxism and assassination, and this disorganization of society brought carpet-bagism, which was only one degree less intolerant and abusive than the malady it was ostensibly intended to repress. Negroes became the reliance of both parties alike, whose

ignorance and cupidity made them susceptible to the blandishments of either party, and by employing artifices of the most atrocious character the infamous procurers set negro against negro, and posted them in the highway to shoot down each other, as also to assassinate white men who were esteemed political adversaries. This reign of terror was increased by arousing the vengeance of whites and blacks alike, until all the horrors of an inter-race vendetta fell like a Nemesis upon Southern people. It caused a renewal of animosities, inflamed the public mind, and subjected the South to prejudices more difficult of eradication than those excited by our civil war. The entire section seemed burdened with a curse; men again became refugees, emigration thither ceased, plantations were left uncultivated, and over all that fair domain there lingered the mould of dissolution, the ravages of a wild, delirious anarchy.

In a country where freedom climbs the rugged summits of adversity to flaunt her banner in the very eye of heaven, and proclaims the brotherhood of states and the equality of man, national or sectional disorder cannot obtain a permanent foothold. It acts like a genial sun upon the frozen fetters that bind nature, releasing and fructifying every portion with a generous, soul-imparting life. Such is America, the recuperative powers of which are phenomenal, and strike every subject with a spirit of patriotism that knows no section.

Years of freedom and budding opportunities gradually eliminated the weaknesses of negro nature, and served to educate him in independence; with education he began to reach conclusions through deductive processes; he comprehended his position and deprecated the part he had been decoyed and deluded into playing. With this change among those so seriously interested in the political

complications which afflicted every Southern State, Louisiana particularly, there came a reactionary sentiment in the North, and this led to the adoption of reformatory measures—or rather, a common-sense application of well known remedies to a disease that had at last been properly diagnosed. The military and political censors were withdrawn; several officials were decapitated and soon afterward found it convenient to abscond; fraud was duly punished, and every man, white or black, became amenable to the law, which protected him in the right, and visited him with vengeance for every wrong. The changes which this wise policy produced were so immediately corrective that the South almost instantly leaped out of anarchy into a repose that was marvellous. Every cloud of threatening aspect was dissipated by a sun that flooded the Southern States with promise of returning fruitfulness and prosperity. Peace had her victories, the brotherhood of sections was renewed, and at last that dreadful "bloody chasm" was bridged by national fellowship, and the ties of commerce have been binding North and South stronger together every day since, until at last we are all brothers indeed, and sectional prejudice, through the blessings of God, have been banished, let us hope, forever.

CHAPTER IX.

NEGROES AS POLITICIANS AND AGRICULTURISTS—THEIR STRENGTH AND THEIR WEAKNESSES.

SINCE the return of peace and prosperity to the South there has been a rapid upbuilding and wise utilization of her resources. Periods of depression in business have visited all sections, but as the negroes are pre-eminently mercurial and easily influenced, on account of hard times they have made two well-organized and general exoduses from several Southern States, once to Kansas, and again to Arkansas, with an expectation (based entirely on the representations of railroad land agents) of bettering their condition, but in each instance they met with serious disappointment; hundreds died of exposure and starvation, while those that escaped such ill-fortune were glad to return South. Thousands of these deluded emigrants were constrained to write back home of their sufferings, and when it was ascertained that they were really anxious to return, the Southern planters promptly sent forward money to assist them, so that very few of these negroes now remain in either State; those who are still in Kansas have met with indifferent success; in fact, have scarcely been able to live, for the reason that their nature craves a warmer climate, and there only can they hope to prosper, at least for years yet to come.

The freedom, good will, and just laws which now prevail in the South, have given the colored people a latitude in their political as well as domestic concerns that affords them every opportunity for advancement, which they assiduously cultivate.

Political campaigns and elections in Louisiana are now conducted with the same order and acquiescence that will be found to prevail in the North, and negroes are no longer excluded from the ranks of partisans because of their color. Indeed, it is a common sight to see an as-

GOING TO THE POLLS.

semblage of white men addressed by a colored orator, expounding political doctrines with the fire and force of volcanic statesmanship. The negroes have also adapted themselves to prevailing circumstances and take great in-

terest in elections, both in voting and electioneering. Many amusing sights may be witnessed among colored voters during political campaigns, upon which occasions they exhibit the fustian that has become a feature of the race; they also delight in military displays, and often maintain a martial appearance individually, without even a pretense of organization; the negro who can muster in the remnants of soldier uniform, and carry a musket, generally incurs the envy of those destitute of such military accessories, but ridicule falls harmlessly against the invulnerable pride an army cap and coat excite. Along dark lanes that have been cleft through dense pine forests, cart-loads of negroes may be seen on election days driving shrivelled up jackasses toward the various voting places, and scattering tickets along their route. Everyone is good-natured, however, while between songs, speeches, and strong pulls at whiskey bottles, the occasion is made decidedly merry, and sometimes uproariously delightful. Election day in the South now, instead of being disgraced by all manner of violence, as it once was, is the next thing to a barbecue or a frolic.

It must be admitted, that with the short period of opportunities and advantages they possess, the colored people show great progress, and exceptional instances of remarkable talent. Several have been elected to high positions in the National Congress, and these members have conducted themselves in such a manner as showed considerable ability. Fred. Douglass, who was once a slave, is universally regarded as a man possessing much genius of statesmanship, and United States Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, is also well qualified for the high position he has attained. Pinchback, of Louisiana, has developed great talent, and he is one of the few political leaders of

the South. I do not consider character in this allusion to the advanced thinkers and able representatives of the colored people, my reference being entirely to their intelligence; politics will break down the barriers of most consciences, and it would be strange in this fast day, if negroes, as a race, should exhibit inflexible integrity under all political circumstances.

As agriculturists the negroes are not particularly thrifty; one reason for this is, because their disposition runs too much to levity and impracticableness; there are few of the race that would not abandon an urgent duty to participate in a horse-race, attend a barbecue, or lay off for two weeks to help run a camp-meeting. It is not because they are lazy, for their labor education has been too thorough, under forced discipline, for slothfulness to obtain, but solely because of that idiosyncrasy of their nature, a craving for amusement. During the years of bondage, slaves were worked in squads, which permitted an indulgence in song and story that became the spice and incentive of their tasks, which, to a large extent, relieved the burdens of labor. This peculiarity would serve to make negroes more prosperous if they could join their interests into a community and work together.

The railroads that are now in operation and being constructed in every direction through the South, have given negroes an opportunity to gratify their almost unreasonable love for gregarious amusements. A visitor to any of these railroad sections will be readily convinced of the truth here asserted. To obtain employment in building roads, negroes will quit cotton or sugar-cane fields, or any other occupation, regardless of the profit it may be yielding, and this inconsiderate desire has many times resulted in serious injury to plantation owners, who have been left with crops ready to harvest and no laborers to be had at any price.

Another drawback to negro prosperity is improvidence through mismanagement. In the pinery sections of the Southern States pine rails are used almost exclusively for fencing; not because the harder woods are not readily obtained, but purely and simply because pine timber splits easiest. This shiftless, reckless manner of trying to farm is characteristic of negro life; they will always take their pie first, and then hold it down with 'possum and hominy.

AN ATTACK OF THE "STOPS."

Every horse, jack, mule or ox in the South, that has once been the property of a darkey, is afflicted with the "stops," a singular disease, that has been communicated by its colored owner, who was never known to take anything with the hope of curing himself of the affliction. In fact, darkies catch it as quick as they are able to ride, and thenceforth every animal they straddle soon becomes inoculated and remains incurable, save by the exercise of

great patience and persistency. The disease may be determined by noting the following symptoms: A darkey starts out to mill upon an ass carrying a two-bushel grist; everything goes well until another darkey is met riding in an opposite direction; as they approach near, the symptoms begin to declare themselves; there is a mutual slacking of pace until the full spasm of a "stop" seizes the two riders and their long-eared conveyances; there, in the highway, the asses will doze with resignation and comforting rest, while the two darkies talk each other blind, in a spirited rivalry to kill time. When they part, the probability of reaching mill that day depends entirely on the chances of meeting another fellow that has a case of "stops." Every darkey, through all the gradations of age, sex and condition, and, perforce, every carrying animal, drops into this habit, or disease, of stopping each other to gossip, spin yarns, tell experiences, discuss politics, ask questions, make predictions, and declare events. I have no doubt that a negro, hastening to summon a doctor to care for a case that promised speedy death if relief were long delayed, would stop in his most rapid flight to talk "plans and pussons" with every darkey he might meet. It is a habit that runs through their very marrow-bones, and neither fire nor mercury can reach it. Those with no acquaintance among Southerners will incline to the belief that I have exaggerated a very common, everyday habit among all people, but for the benefit of such as these I say that Southern negroes have evoluted a usual custom into an all-day habit, to the serious injury of their interests, and until it has become an evil that can scarcely be estimated, for it amounts to little less than an idle consumption of more than half of the labor hours. When wage-hands are scarce this loss is a great one, while it dimin-

ishes, by one-half, the possible productiveness of nearly every farm-patch cultivated by negroes.

But with all the adverse influences, which are in great part due to the circumscribed limits he was so long compelled to occupy, the negro has done much for himself and been a (not altogether unmixed) blessing to the Southern people. The colored race are as dissimilar to the Caucasian as the variety of lower animals are in adaptation to climate; being descendants of a hot country, they still bear the sluggish blood of their earliest ancestry, and, therefore, thrive best in the South. They are more liable to lose hardihood, and become more readily susceptible to disease, consumption especially, in the North than in the South, while every other consideration makes that section the one best calculated for their material advancement. Thousands of rich plantations are already owned by negroes, not a few of whom are compelled to employ white labor; but there is still a prejudice against this subordination of whites to blacks which will, doubtless, require several generations to eradicate.

It is a noticable fact, and one that ethnologists have already remarked, that the colored race is diminishing, not so rapidly as the Indians, but certainly as surely to become extinct, by amalgamation, at no remote period. There are two reasons for this deterioration, one of which is found in the fact that there is no longer any correlative influence operating as an incentive to rapid propagation as there was during slavery days, when negroes were bred for profit. The other cause is found in inter-marriage, which is an eliminating source so speedy that its surprising effects are noted in the rapidly increasing population of mixed blood. Even in times of slavery the law against miscegenation was frequently invoked and though inexorably administered it did not prevent alliances between

the two races. When this law was nullified by the Civil Rights Bill these inter-marriages became more frequent, and have continued increasing ever since, until now the union of a white man with a black woman, or *vice versa*

A CHROMO PEDDLER AMONG THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTH.

(which is more rare) scarcely excites any remark; they are consummated, however, among the lower classes, but we may anticipate a more general inter-mixture as the years diminish race prejudices.

The love of bright colors is a strong characteristic among negroes, which is in consonance with the jubilant disposition they manifest under all conditions of life. This peculiarity has been worked like a dividend-paying mine by tradesmen and itinerant canvassers in the South. Flashy fabrics, cheap jewelry, and brilliant chromos have cost the negroes more money than their homes and farm-implements; in fact, they are slaves to a desire for cat-fish, water-melons, 'possums and gay colors, and all the philosophy of statesmanship, advice of white men, or the verdict of adversity can never stifle a scintilla of that blooming part of their nature. Chromo peddlers have taken more money out of the South than the agricultural machine men, and the field has not been half worked yet by the former.

CHAPTER X.

A DESCRIPTION OF NEW ORLEANS.

THERE are few cities on the continent that rival New Orleans in beauty, its streets being particularly handsome, and many of the radiating roads are paved with shells. But to its beauty is added not a few singular features that cannot be found in any other American city, which, together with a mild climate, romantic surroundings and remarkable history, makes it a place of great interest, while its commercial aspects are marvellously flattering.

New Orleans is built with much regularity, except in

SCENE IN THE FRENCH QUARTERS OF NEW ORLEANS.

the older portion, which extends itself on the convex side of the Mississippi River into a well-defined crescent, from whence the appellation "Crescent City" is obtained. The old city limits, as they existed under the French and Spanish governments, are defined by Canal, Esplanade and Rampart streets. These three, which embrace what was once the line of the city's defensive works, are two hundred feet in width, with a sidewalk and carriage drive on each side. Through the middle of each of these streets extends a green stretch like a boulevard, called the *Neutral Ground*, which is planted with double rows of trees, presenting a very beautiful appearance. Without the limits comprehended by these three principal streets, the avenues are rather narrow, and the houses compactly built. Just above, beginning with Canal street and extending to Felicity road, lies the 1st city district, which was formerly the Faubourg St. Mary; while still beyond is the 4th district, prior to 1852 the city of LaFayette, in which the dwellings are remarkably spacious and of great elegance, with large grounds ornamented by a profusion of shrubbery. Below the old city proper lies the 3d district, formerly the Faubourg Marigny, which is the residence section of a large portion of the Creole population.

New Orleans is built on a wide level, and the ground is so spongy that none of the houses have cellars. The surface of the river, at high water, is from two to four feet above the city level, and even at its lowest stages the river is above the level of the swamps in the rear. To prevent inundations, a levee from five to thirty feet high is maintained for one hundred miles along the river, while that immediately in front of the city is constructed by employing a continuous series of wooden piers, forming an esplanade several miles in extent, which are made to serve the purposes of wharves.

It is not difficult to account for the low depression and spongy character of the soil about New Orleans, after investigating the formations about the balise. Within the memory of many river pilots, who have been employed for years on towboats to bring vessels from the mouth of the river to New Orleans (distant one hundred and eleven miles), land has formed, or rather the river-mouth has been extended, for a distance of six miles or more. This is caused by a deposition of the alluvial soil that is carried in solution by the Mississippi River current until it strikes the gulf, when it is deposited and forms a constantly lengthening bar. It has been declared by some geologists that the Gulf of Mexico once washed the southern point of Illinois, and that the river has formed, by deposition of sediment, all those States (or at least large adjacent portions) now bounded on one side by the Mississippi River.

But this statement is apparently apocryphal, if not indeed preposterous. The fact is not to be doubted, however, that New Orleans occupies this made-ground, for the proofs are abundant. The soil is so thin as to be almost mobile, and below a few feet no foundation of earth or strata exists; it, therefore, presents the peculiarity of a floating crust of land sustained by adhesiveness, which is the result of vegetable growth that, instead of decomposing, assimilates with the soil, giving to it a texture pliant but cohesive.

In the construction of large buildings in New Orleans, like the Custom House, which was commenced in 1848 and finished in 1873, no material for foundation is available except cotton bales; piles cannot be employed, because, after penetrating the rew feet of earth, they strike a bottomless expanse of water and disappear.

Among the more notable public buildings in New Or-

leans may be mentioned the Cathedral of St. Louis, a magnificent structure of Gothic architecture, that was erected in 1850 on the site of the original parish church, fronting Jackson Square; the St. Charles Hotel, the Government Mint, Capitol, and many imposing churches.

There are six large public squares in the city, the most prominent of which is Jackson Square, which was formerly the *Place d'Armes*, and is coeval with the foundation of the city, which dates back to 1718, at the inception of John Law's Mississippi Bubble; it is handsomely ornamented by choice plants and flowers, and in the centre is a very large bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson, by Clark Mills, the sculptor who took a plaster cast of Guiteau's head during the assassin's trial. A very large statue of Henry Clay was unveiled in the centre of Canal street in 1860, and still stands as one of the most conspicuous features of that broad, magnificent thoroughfare. In fact, there are few, if any, streets in the Northern cities that show so advantageously, in width, pavement and the buildings which line it, as Canal street.

There are seventeen cemeteries in New Orleans, and they are all handsomely laid out, with beautiful parterres and deep, shading woods; the usual mode of sepulture is in vaults constructed above ground, with doors that are sealed up when a body is deposited, so as to prevent the exhalations of decomposition vitiating the air. In earlier years, half a century ago, dead bodies were given burial in graves scarcely two feet deep, water being reached even at that depth; after being left for a few months in these shallow receptacles, to prevent poisoning the atmosphere, the bodies were resurrected and burned, sometimes in heaps. The graveyards, during the prevalence of this practice, resembled ossuaries, the ground being literally strewn with charred bones, and hair that had fallen from the decomposing dead.

New Orleans is the grand emporium of all the vast regions traversed by the Mississippi River and its tributary streams, and enjoys, in consequence, a greater command of internal navigation than any other city either of the Old or New World. Dense populations are still to be found in comparatively small portions only of the immense territories of which this city is the entrepot; and yet her progress, up to the outbreak of the civil war, was rapid almost beyond precedent. The war, however, proved in the highest degree disastrous to the interests of the city by instantly annihilating the cotton trade, and checking both the commerce and industry of the Southern States.

The most memorable event in New Orleans history was the great battle fought there between Jackson and Packenham, of the American and English forces, January 8th, 1815, but an almost equally important event was the capture of the city by a flotilla of gunboats under Admiral Farragut, April 28th, 1862, which was the first great blow to the Confederate cause.

Immediately following the cessation of hostilities, Louisiana fell under the rule of a corrupt horde that drained her treasury, drove capital from the State and brought her to the verge of insurrection; in consequence of these injurious causes New Orleans was forced backward and her importance paled rapidly before the blight that afflicted her commerce so seriously; then the yellow fever (1868) came down upon her in the shape of a frightful plague which destroyed hope as well as life, making beggars as well as victims.

After the decade of seventy spread its pinions through the meridian of time, it flung out some rays of promise to New Orleans, and there succeeded the auroral streaks of a day that warmed into renewed energy the feeble vi-

tality of her people. A wiser policy of local government was obtained, and those who had been driven into idleness by the reaction following the war, turned again to the plantations that had become fallow, and over all there was a new utilitarian spirit brooding that restored the prestige of that famous city in a few years. When her dependencies returned to the plow, fortune extended a generous palm to her commerce, giving men to see the requirements needful for upbuilding a trade that had never before been dreamed of. The wisdom of New Orleans citizens, together with the genius of a great engineer and the assistance of Congress, caused to be constructed a remarkable exhibition of engineering skill that has become equal to Ben. Adim's wish in producing wealth by a saving economy—the jetties. These public works have made New Orleans the most eligible commercial port of the world and are pushing her into an importance almost too great for prospective estimation. They have resulted in bringing out all the latent energies of the West and South, and drawing to her the rich harvests, vast productiveness, and capital that impel America; from a port of the third class New Orleans has leaped forward to the front rank, and now she is advancing in every material resource more rapidly than any other city of the Union. With this impulsive force of circumstances there has gathered in her wake a number of national enterprises which will add to the city's aggrandizement. The success so signally attained by the jetties has incited a spirit of improvement that must soon result in the confinement, deepening and leveeing of the Mississippi River so as to permit an uninterrupted navigation by the largest vessels; when this improvement shall be perfected, New Orleans must needs be so inestimably benefitted that the prospects of her future importance as a commercial entrepot can scarcely be computed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SOCIAL LIFE AND UNDERCURRENTS OF NEW ORLEANS.

All large cities have many features in common, and in these familiar characteristics New Orleans can compete for consideration; she has her share of dishonesty, crime and immorality generally, but in a few respects there are common features, in this city, that exhibit peculiarities of degree hardly to be found elsewhere. Her people are phlegmatic in mind because of the climate, but this same atmosphere has the double influence of imparting excitement to the nervous system while it debilitates the venous, and thus it stimulates the passions to an extent that unbalances nearly every function of the body. Under an invigorating growth both men and women, especially the latter, attain to maturity much earlier than in colder climates.

Previous to the war New Orleans was, in every respect, a very hot-house of sensuality, two potential causes combining to make it excessively immoral. These were: rich living in luxurious idleness, and the climatic stimulus already mentioned. Wealth fairly established its court of sumptuousness in that city, and those whom fortune visited so lavishly had only to temper their wills and gratify disposition, as ambition could not grow in a soil so barren of incentive. Beautiful maidens were wont to idle the warm days by reclining in arm chairs, on long porches, and have colored servants fan away the flies and hot air, so that the fair brow might bask with delight in every comfort that a slave could devise; when night came on and the solar fires were quenched by cool-

ing breezes, lovers came out like twinkling stars, to charm these beauties with serenades, dances, grand masque balls, receptions *en gala*, or private whisperings of tales that sound so musical to willing ears. There was a slave to answer every wish, and life became a roundelay of pleasure, nothing to think of further than a consideration of new means to beguile the hours. As a consequence of this listlessness there developed traits of character that became leprous spots, for it plunged society into indulgences rank with immorality. Not that by this would I seek to give the impression that all New Orleans aristocrats were libidinously inclined, for these practices only obtained among a sufficient class of society to warrant an observation of a general nature. But it is true that up to 1860 there was more of the social evil, and that, too, among the wealthiest citizens, in New Orleans, than could be found in any other American city. Nor is the fact at all strange when the several causes are thoroughly understood, for the same results follow like influences which are found prevailing in all semi-tropical cities of the world.

The blight of war changed everything in the South, and nothing more radically than New Orleans society. Property wasted in a night, as it were, and servants no longer acknowledged masters; Southern belles were forced by circumstances to leave brilliant parlors and listen to the fading cadences of songs and stories that fled with departing lovers. The matin horn no longer aroused a horde of slaves, but became the calling note for beauties to enter the kitchen and swains to take up either a musket or a hoe. But this change was one of the greatest blessings that could have befallen that section, for it aroused giddy fire-flies of fashion and ease, and stripping them of emasculating inertness, rehabilitated them in the

A SOUTHERN BELLE AT A BAL-MASQUE.

noble raiment of manhood and womanhood; it brought them out from a sensuous swirl that beclouds happiness, and set their feet upon the shore of practical life, where ambition grows without artificial fostering, and builds grand triumphal arches for processions of laborers and lovers to pass under eternally. There at once succeeded an interest in themselves never felt before, and a sympathy for neighbors, which was created by this great stroke of adversity, that forged a chain binding society more generously, and with a confidence that begat morality.

New Orleans of to-day is far removed from the sensuality that distinguished her twenty years ago, yet like all cities, aye, towns and hamlets, she gives shelter to depraved objects, and is no exception to the adage: "Vice, like talent, thrives best in large cities." In fact, with the exception of New York and Washington City, New Orleans contains a larger population of bawds than any other American city, but they can hardly be pronounced indigenous, as formerly. There is much in the atmosphere to develop and sensualize women, and in this cause we have a natural effect which may be found in all warm climates.

The French Market District in New Orleans has a notoriety that is very extensive, for located on the streets diverging therefrom are scores of low dives, patronized by the Jack Tars of all nations. These places present many repulsive features common to excessively low life, and not infrequently become the scene of brutal murders resulting from rows over the degraded wretches who inhabit the streets' vilest quarters. Basin street is fairly made up with the palatial quarters of gilt-edged aristocratic bawds, who reserve their favors for fortune's favorites only.

JACK TARS IN A FRENCH MARKET DISTRICT DIVE

Dauphin street is occupied by three classes of citizens, the high, the low, and in the upper end there are many palatial residences of wealthy people, honorable and prominent. St. Charles, Royal and Chartres streets are all infested with bawds, who have succeeded in establishing palaces of iniquity among a high-toned resident population, for along these streets may be found fine buildings owned and occupied by the best society in New Orleans. Canal street, too, which is a dividing line between the French and American populations, and a thoroughfare of exceeding beauty, is also defaced by numerous houses of prostitution, chiefly assignation places.

The Creoles, who are supposed to be a race with French and negro blood mixed, but in reality are of various lineage, constitute the chief number of New Orleans bawds. They are generally of little or no education, and with inborn tastes for depravity; many so-called Creoles are Octoroons and even Quadroons, while others are of French, Spanish and American admixture. As a class, this mongrel hodge-podge of humanity are repulsive in feature and without grace of form, yet among them may be found some of the handsomest women in the world, very Cleopatras with nut-brown and half-transparent complexions; large, melting eyes that emit flames of infectious passion; lips tinged with carnation, like roses set in beds of amber, and having a configuration of limbs and body as delicate in outline as ever sculptor genius created. These women have been as a bane to Southern life, for they have been the inciting cause to many duels, and inspired illicit amours that have disrupted thousands of once happy families. It may with truth be said that not a few Creole females, favored with extraordinary beauty, exercise a wonderful influence on both the social and political life of the South, for by

their magical power of seducement, exerted on so many suceptible aspirants of the Southern Metropolis, they have, on numerous occasions, been able to secure a strong foothold among white aristocrats, who bow low before the potentiality of their charms.

Superstition is a ruling element with this *genre*, which is displayed chiefly by fortune-telling, and while the superstitious art is employed for unfolding the future to their own vision, they use it also as an enticement for the best class of white people, especially wealthy white men, who, giving way to the temptation, fall ready prey to hundreds of cunning expedients designed for plucking money, influence and affection.

On one occasion, some years ago, during a visit to New Orleans, I rambled down into the Creole Quarters out of curiosity to discover a handsome female of that race. I had heard so much of the extravagant beauty sometimes to be met with among the Creoles, that I decided to make a thorough search to determine the truthfulness of such statements.

It was in April, when everything in nature was putting on fresh garments of emerald hues, and the air was full of delicious odors wafted from orange groves that lined the opposite shore; twilight was just gathering, and all the happy phases of a delightful day in the South combined to excite the romance of my nature, until, in contemplating the object of my ramble, I peopled the air with beautiful maidens having midnight tresses, laughing eyes, forms graceful as a swell of the sea, and cheeks soft as the down on a cygnet. Upon reaching the outskirts of Frenchtown, several decidedly unromantic objects stole, one by one, upon my sight, but like Don Quixote in his many adventures, I tried to give them all some coloring from my imagination, and thus got through

to the Creole district without losing the feeling that had been inspired earlier in my walk. When, at last, I strode through several avenues begrimed with putrifying filth, the spirit of Quixote left me entirely and for more than an hour I saw so many villainously ugly men, women and children, that disgust stifled romance, and I felt like choking everybody that had ever declared there was any beauty among Creoles. However, my opinion was not enduring, for before returning again to the St. Charles Hotel, my eyes fell upon an old crone who was sitting on the front stoop of a dilapidated frame shanty, humming an unmusical, disjointed tune. It was now almost dark, yet before I passed by the faded grandam, the form of a young girl came into view sitting beside a window, her features being well brought out by the rays of a lamp that sat on a table near her. In a moment I perceived that she was handsome, and this last chance of determining an assertion that I was really anxious to confirm, prompted me to stop before the tottering domicile and address the aged woman, who I suspected was mother to the young lady inside.

"Beg your pardon, madam, I am in search of a fortune-teller; can you direct me to one that is reliable and who lives hereabouts?" I felt quite sure that she would make answer by disclosing her own qualities as a profound seer, and I therefore concluded this ruse would be the shortest route to the beautiful Creole girl inside. I was not mistaken, for she replied in a dialect that cannot be counterfeited in type:

"They call me the best fortune-teller in New Orleans, and I can tell you that there are none so reliable; step inside, please."

With alacrity I accepted the invitation, and was conducted into a low, dingy room, scantily furnished, and

with mural decorations which suggested appropriate regard for ghosts and other spiritual concomitants of a necromantic sorceress—including a black cat that came purring about the old woman, and a stuffed owl that sat, with mysterious visage, on the mantle-board. But all this weird *ensemble* only served to increase my interest in the surprisingly beautiful young girl who was engaged in weaving an osier basket and scarcely heeded my entrance.

Upon taking a seat, I requested the old woman to give me some information respecting her occult powers, pleading as an excuse for making such request my anxiety to learn how the strange gift of prophecy is bestowed or developed, accompanying the excuse with a dollar bill, which seemed to put her in excellent humor. Said she in effect:

"I cannot tell you how I became favored with the power of forecasting events, for the spirits act in secret and rarely disclose their motives to mortals. However, I was the fourteenth daughter of a seventh daughter, both of whom were endowed with the gift of prophecy. When about seven years of age, I was made conscious of my spiritual endowment by a strange circumstance which I declare, upon oath, to be the truth: One evening, in summer time, shortly after dark, my mother sent me over to a neighbor's for some milk, which we were accustomed to getting and allowing to stand over night so that the cream might rise by morning for use in our coffee. I had proceeded less than half-way when suddenly a whirl-wind seemed to strike me, by which I was borne rapidly upward and then across lake Ponchartrain to the swamps; here I descended into the very centre of more than a score of dwarfs, all of whom were dressed in flaming-red garments, and wore on their heads long, black hoods that terminated in a sharp point from which burned

a small blue blaze that reflected an uncanny light over the swamp. It is needless to tell you that I was frightened; indeed, I was at first rendered almost unconscious by the fear that possessed me. But the bogiæs spoke kindly, and arranging themselves in a circle, began dancing around me and singing such a wild song, that neither in words nor sound resembled anything that ever before had fallen on mortal ears. A fire blazed up around me as the bogiæs danced, and I soon found myself raised up by the force of the flames until I rested upon their flapping tongues; still, I did not feel any heat, but found my seat a very comfortable one. After several minutes were spent in this mysterious ceremony, the dwarfs broke their circle; the fire went out suddenly, and then the scene began to fade until only faint, phantom forms could be discerned, and these gathered around and upon me, while one, who acted as chief, addressed me in a sepulchral voice something as follows:

"'Daughter of mortal—conceived under the influence of an astrologer who is commissioned from the court of a power that seals past, present and future events together; daughter of mortal—the issue of sevens; a fourteenth unto seven, so shall your power be double that of a seventh unto seven. Through you shall the earth and spirit-life be linked by a bond of revelation; look to the stars, for across their faces shall you see written all that is needful to be known by mortals; preserve the emblems of spiritual power, for they shall infuse you with an essence compounded by the shades of death; upon you has now been bestowed knowledge that shall come to none other; see that it shall be exercised rightfully, for the power that grants can also take away.'

"Having delivered this mysterious revelation, the least meaning of which words I could not understand, the

scene dissolved entirely, and I was again caught up in a whirlwind which bore me rapidly back to the place from whence I was so mysteriously taken. My mother was very much offended with me for being so long performing the errand, but when I told her the cause of my detention she was at once satisfied and asked me to repeat, minutely, all that had transpired during the time I was under spiritual influence. I told her all, but confessed that I could not understand the meaning of the strange words spoken to me. She replied: 'Never mind, my daughter, I had an experience somewhat like that which has just befallen you, though I perceive you have been given greater power than ever I possessed; it is not necessary now that you should comprehend what was told you; but try and remember the words, the meaning will be well understood when you are seven years older.'

"From the time I was so mysteriously visited until seven more years had expired, I felt no abnormal power, but at the age of fourteen I became clairvoyant and could look in upon another world; spirits became my constant companions and they continually gave me information of great importance; then I was applied to by many who became acquainted with my marvellous gift of forecast, until, at length, I became a professional fortune-teller; I have followed this, by spiritual direction, for over fifty years, yet in all that time I have never made a mistake in forecasting events. For another dollar I will tell you truly everything liable to happen in the future, that concerns your interests."

I was very much interested in the gracious lie told me with such gilt-edged hypercriticalness by the ancient, bedraggled sorceress, but I had even a greater interest in the young girl, and therefore paid an extra dollar in order to pursue my investigations further. Thereupon

the old crone took my hand and inspected the palm with apparently curious interest for several minutes; she next enquired my exact age, after which she consulted the stars, and then began to unfold the scroll of my past life as well as to lift the curtain that concealed the future. She talked with great rapidity, as if repeating a well-committed formula, as I have no doubt it was. But though she guessed widely of the truth concerning events that had transpired, I, nevertheless, encouraged and pleased her by expressing wonder at the revelations she had made, and by the several means employed I gained both her confidence and good will.

The initiatory as well as the fortune-telling ceremonies having now been completed, I sat back in my chair as though intending to spend an indefinite period with her, and then asked the crone if she had any children.

"Only one," she responded, "that daughter over there, and the prettiest girl in New Orleans, too, she is."

"If that is your daughter, I have no hesitancy in corroborating what you say concerning her beauty," was my reply.

I then spoke to the girl, and was glad to find her very communicative after the first words were spoken; my flattery touched a responsive chord and she tried to show her appreciation of the compliment by giving me a generous attention. I was surprised at her intelligence, but her marvellous beauty exaggerated every attribute in my eye. After a short preliminary conversation I asked her several questions, disguised so as not to give offense, which caused her to disclose her social surroundings. She confessed that her companionship was not among the Creoles, whom she regarded as "poor colored trash," and finally acknowledged that her favors were divided among two of the aristocratic young bloods of New Or-

leans, one of whom she expressed an expectation of marrying. All her conversation betokened a modest demeanor and some cultivation, which I was quite sure she could not have acquired among the immediate influences of her home or through advantages given by the old sorceress.

I spent more than an hour talking with the Creole girl, and of a truth, the longer I conversed with her the more beautiful she appeared to grow. Her eyes were like brown diamonds, and blazed out in that dingy room until every object seemed flooded with a reflex of dazzling splendor; her nose was a pure Grecian, and every feature wore the chaste perfection of Paris' bride when she made Troy delirious with admiration.

Time had flown too rapidly during the latter part of my tour through Creole-town; I had investigated with excellent fortune and found a *rara genus*, a sight of which was worth more than the two dollars I had paid her mother. When at last I arose to depart, the little Creole extended a hand which, in shaking, I found was warm, almost hot, and she said good-bye in a tone that betrayed some regret.

Some days after my strange experience with the sorceress and her daughter, I paid a visit to a fashionable resort on the outskirts of New Orleans, called the West End. This is a delightful spot, and during the summer season its natural charms are very much increased by the gay society people who congregate there, give parties, hold levees, drive, and enjoy themselves in various divertisements. Chief among the objects of interest at West End is a small parterre called the French Puzzle, which is situate near the principal hotel. As you walk through the grounds that adjoin this main hotel, elegant beds of flowers of every variety are observed, all laid out in the

most exquisite manner until, at length, you reach one particular spot which, in point of beauty, far exceeds all the rest. Entering through a little gate the walk among these elegant beds of flowers begins. After a short stroll you are somewhat surprised at finding yourself at the entrance gate again, but egress is now impossible, because of a wire fence which is apparently endless. Once within the enclosure all effort to get out again is futile except by following a labyrinthian path which grows constantly more confusing until after a brisk ten minutes' walk you emerge at a gate opposite the one entered.

It was while visiting West End on the occasion referred to that, by chance, I met the little Creole girl again, and, strange enough, too, we met while treading the devious ways already described, going in opposite directions, which brought us to a halt, face to face. But she was not alone, for a handsome cavalier bore her company, upon whose arm she hung lightly and lovingly. Our recognition was quick and mutual and she insisted not only in giving a recognition but also upon introducing me to her companion. He was an uncommonly handsome young fellow, while both his manners and dress gave unmistakable evidence of his high birth and education. I expected he would manifest some uneasiness at being found in the company of a Creole, but his conduct was directly the opposite, for he appeared proud of the girl, whose beauty had, no doubt, hedged his heart so completely as to drive his soul into his eyes. Who could blame him? More than one man of aristocratic lineage has laid his heart under the feet of a colored beauty, though I cannot say that any such temptation ever pursued me. We talked together for several minutes and, upon parting, I was asked to call on the young gentleman, who proved to be the son of a wealthy cotton

merchant, doing business on a street near the levee.

Before leaving New Orleans, I thought of the young man and decided to see him, particularly to discover his true relations with the Creole girl. It was my good fortune to find him in his father's office, and he appeared glad to see me. After conversing with him for a time on general matters, I became specific and asked him how long he had known the girl he was escorting at West End, and also told him my experience in Creole-town. I was certainly astonished at the answer he made me.

Said he: "I have been acquainted with that girl for about two years, and the moment I first saw her she had me a complete captive. As it has been my good fortune to have considerable means, I have taken great pleasure in giving her several advantages, so that she now possesses a fair education and is the most accomplished guitarist in New Orleans; more than this, notwithstanding the adverse character of her surroundings, she combines the most noble traits of womanhood with a beauty that you can bear testimony to. I will tell you further, that admiration is a small part of the relations I bear toward her, for I love her with all the ardor that a warm-blooded Southerner can bestow, and we will be married next November, should there be no interposition of providence. My parents know nothing concerning either my acquaintance or intentions toward the girl—or lady, I should call her—and when they learn of my marriage with her, I expect them to raise a big thunder-storm, together with lightning, wind and rain accompaniments, but they can't raise a storm big enough to blow her from me, and the sun will come out again just as it does after every other storm. What I have told you, remember, is confidential; I am anxious to keep secret my love for bonnie lit-

tle ——, for you understand, that should the fact become generally known it might cause trouble."

I was astonished at the frank admissions this young man, so well connected, made; there was no occasion for surprise in the acknowledgment that he greatly admired the Creole girl, for she was irresistibly beautiful, but I could hardly understand how a Southerner, all of whom are supposed to yield everything to their bitter race prejudice, could so confess his love and declare his intentions. He told me, however, that marriages between prominent white men and beautiful Creoles are not occurrences so uncommon as to excite wonder, and then cited instances that had fallen under his own observation. Despite myself, I could not help applauding the frank devotion this young lover exhibited; it requires a brave heart to go through life's battles, but there is every evidence that the pretty Creole's lover will wave the banner of domestic happiness over every difficulty that may interpose between his wife, himself and the world.

This episode in Southern life is an excellent example of the power which love exercises over all human nature, and it serves to show that no prejudice can be so firmly implanted in any race but that the bonds of affection may uproot it.

Social life in the beautiful Southern Metropolis is seen to best advantage during a brief season immediately preceding Lent. New Orleans has a peculiarly cosmopolitan population which is largely Catholic in religion, and church observances are so general as to constitute a feature of the city's social life. Nowhere else on either continent are the festivals of Mardi Gras so magnificently celebrated, or to which such large crowds of visitors are attracted. The latter part of February, at which time these festivities are inaugurated, is the beginning of the

spring season in New Orleans, when a delicious air stealing through orange groves that are full of fast maturing fruit, makes the South, at this season, positively delightful. People from all parts of the nation, combining in large excursion parties, visit New Orleans to witness the gorgeous panorama that is presented with unexampled elaborateness by what is known as the "Mystic Krew," an organization that has accomplished great good for New Orleans by way of drawing immense crowds who annually leave among the citizens a large sum of money for their entertainment. Canal street, being the most prominent as well as broadest thoroughfare in the city, is gorgeously decorated on these occasions and through its beautiful ornamentation the Mardi Gras pageant, which, as it distributes its lines and grows into a procession miles in length, presents a scene of bewildering pleasure. Observation points and windows along the line of march are frequently rented by visitors at as much as twenty-five dollars an evening.

When the procession disbands, another season of revelry is inaugurated, despite the restrictive proscriptions of Catholic creeds, and New Orleans, for a time, resumes the magnificent social festivities which distinguished her aristocratic society before the war. Thus, Mardi Gras celebrations, aside from being a prominent feature in Southern life, have been productive of inestimable benefits upon the nation at large, for they have assisted largely in renewing the fraternal ties which so long remained unbroken between the North and South; besides, they have advertised the beauties and advantages of New Orleans.

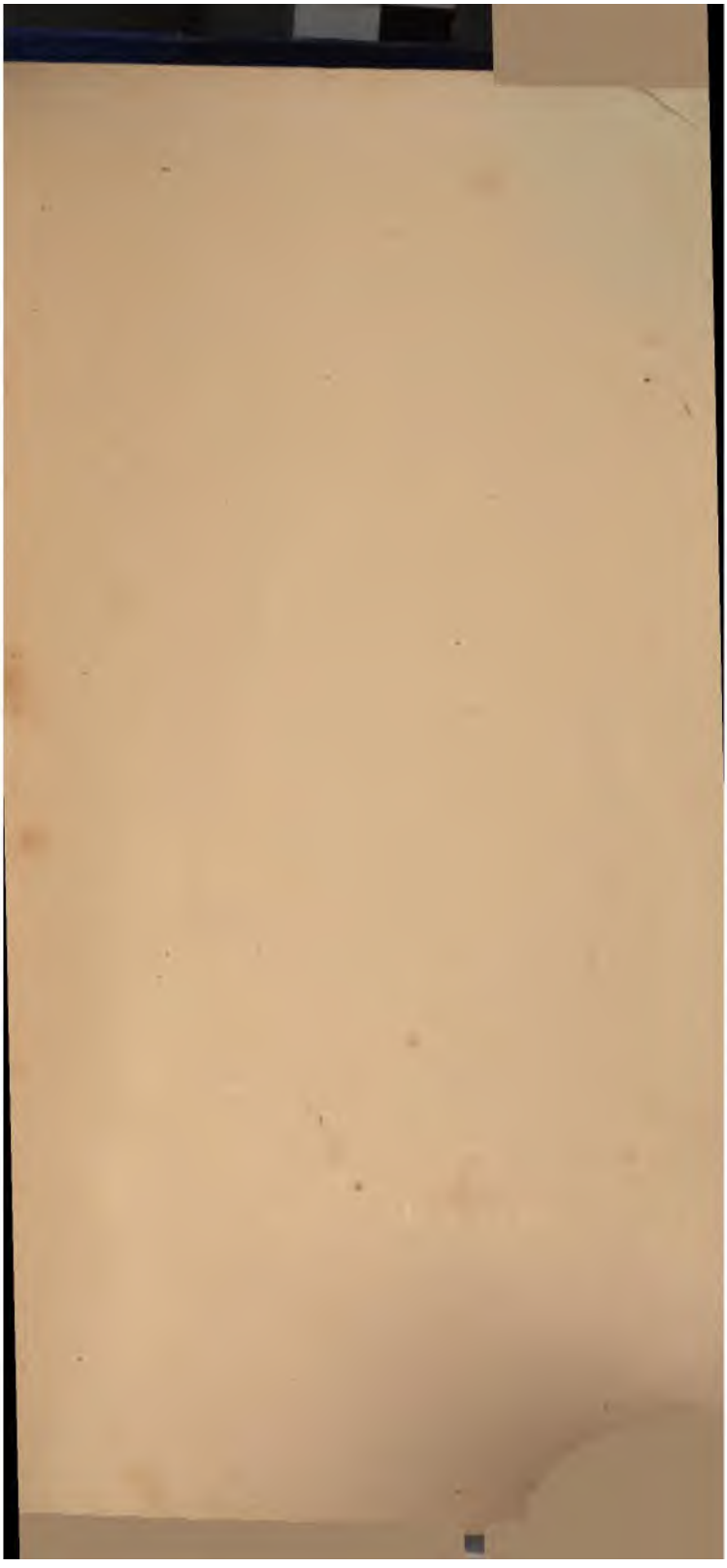
One of the most delightful trips that can be made on the continent is from New Orleans to the jetties. St. John's River, Florida, is an interesting stream, chiefly because along its banks grows a wild profusion of tropi-

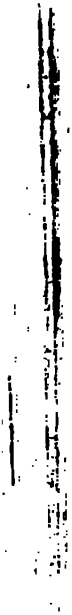
cal vegetation, and glimpses may also be had of large water reptiles and many bright plumaged birds; but below New Orleans there are sights much grander than any of these; for those who delight in looking upon the curious species of animal life, there may be found much to amuse their sight on a trip to the jetties; alligators cover every large log and lay in numbers along the banks, dreaming and catching flies; immense turtles, living between fresh and salt water, bask their commissured backs on logs, rocks or banks; pelicans, flamingos and gulls people the air in moving lines, and as you pass through the jetties, schools of porpoises are seen curvetting on rolling seas. But these sights are not to be compared with the other natural beauties which distinguish this short water route; on either side the land extends in a level plane, revealing orange groves, rice plantations, beautiful palms and a rank growth of evergreen plants that are curiously attractive. Fort St. Philip, nearly mid-way between New Orleans and the river mouth, is a place interesting in its dissolution and memory of the part it played in 1862, when so many Union gunboats and transports were sunk by its guns. Pilot Town, an ancient village at the jetties, is a quaint place, standing, as it does, upon boards and short piles; the ground is of such a mobile character that a person trusting himself upon it would disappear as in a quick-sand. The people derive their support from piloting steamers, running tow-boats, catching red-snapper fish, crabs and oysters; near the Chandeleur reefs are large beds of Mobile oysters, that are brought up to New Orleans and retailed at fifty cents per barrel, which is regarded as a remunerative price. The Mississippi River at the jetties is filled with steamers, sailing vessels, tow-boats, fishing smacks and fruit boats; these latter are brought in laden heavily with bananas, cocoa-

SOUTH PASS JETTIES, INDICATING DEPTH OF CHANNEL BY FEET.

nuts, pine-apples and conch-shells, and are manned by weather-beaten, dusky-skinned Mexicans and Italians, who submit themselves to many dangers, crossing the Gulf in such frail barks, and are contented with a very small profit on their cargoes.

The climate about Pilot Town is almost like perpetual summer, tempered by cooling Gulf breezes and tropical winds, which conjunctively prevail to make the air perennially delightful, while before the eye there moves an ever shifting view by river and sea, and a meeting of waters that assemble to exchange, in Runic rhyme, strange stories gathered from the uttermost bounds of the earth.





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